

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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NO. 1.

CANVAS-BACK AND TERRAPIN.



DIVIDING THE SPOILS.

THE Chesapeake has conferred upon Baltimore the title of the "gastronomic capital" of the country. The fish, the game and the reptiles of its generous waters, and the traditions of the Maryland kitchen, have made Baltimore a Mecca toward which the eyes of all American *bon-vivants* are turned with a veneration that dyspepsia cannot impair. Places have their dishes and exult in them. New England points with pride to an unsullied record of pumpkin-pies. New Orleans has its pompano,

and boasts it much as Greenwich does its white-bait. In San Francisco you win the confidence of the Californian by praising his little coppery oysters and saying that they remind you of "Ostend penn'orths" or Dublin's Burton-Bindins, and that after all the true taste of the "natives" is only acquired in waters where there is an excess of copper in suspension. At Norfolk the sacred dish that is offered upon the altar of hospitality is the hog-fish. The modest New Yorker, in the acerbity of the lenient

season, asks his foreign friend if he ever saw anything like "our shad." In Albany you partake of "beef" sliced from a Hud-



AB OVO—A BRITISH SUBJECT.

son River sturgeon; a fish of which cutlets from the shoulders are served in San Francisco to excellent purpose as *filets de sole*. Chicago has been heard to speak of white-fish. In Calcutta one inwardly consumes with curry. Bird's-nest soup, made from the gelatinous and insipid secretion of the sea-swallow, is the dish of honor at Shanghai. But Baltimore rests not its reputation upon the precarious tenure of a single dish; it sits in complacent contemplation of the unrivaled variety of its local market and calmly forbids comparison. While the Chesapeake continues to give it its terrapins, its canvas-backs, its oysters and its fish, this may be done with safety; and among the pleasantest recollections that a stranger may have shall be those of a Maryland kitchen in the "season." Visitors from the mother-country seldom overlook it and they have recorded their sentiments ever since the old colonial days. In these days of rapid transit it were strange if our trans-Atlantic cousins did not know more about it; and Liverpool receives many a crate of canvas-backs, many a barrel of choice oysters, and many a can of terrapin, cunningly packed in Baltimore. There have recently been dinners given in London and Paris at which every article of food upon the table came from America.

The shores within reach of Baltimore are of considerable extent and are for the most part owned by wealthy citizens. In winter they are known as "ducking-shores," in summer as "fishing-shores." Some are leased to "clubs" just as trout and salmon rivers are in England and Scotland and Norway, but a majority are private property and are carefully guarded. The ducks of the Chesapeake are the same birds that are seen in Hudson's Bay and on the northern lakes. They follow the edge of the winter along the Atlantic coast, and the water they prefer to feed in is that in which ice is about to form or from which it has just disappeared. Nowhere are they so good

for the table as in the Chesapeake. Elsewhere they are tough or fishy, but the great vegetable beds of its shallows, and the quantity of wild celery that they contain, impart to their flesh its greatest delicacy and best flavor. In the matter of variety they are known as canvas-backs, red-heads, bald-pates black-heads and mallards. There are numbers of smaller ducks with arbitrary names depending apparently very much upon the locality and its peculiar ornithological bent. In the way of larger birds there are swans and geese. Their numbers are inconceivable, but they are very wild and hard to approach. Both, for the table, are as fine in their way as any game bird that flies.

There are various ways of shooting the ducks of the Chesapeake and its broad affluent, the Susquehanna. Gentlemen for the most part shoot from "blinds" and use decoys; while market gunners use the "sink-boat" or the "night reflector." "Blinds" are any sort of artificial concealment placed at an advantageous point upon the shore. They generally consist of a seat in a sort of box or shelter some four feet deep, and capable of containing three or four persons and a couple of dogs. They are thoroughly covered up with pine branches and young pine-trees, and communicate with the shore by a path similarly sheltered. The water in front is comparatively shallow, and, if it



DIVING FOR CELERY—NO. 1.

contain beds of wild celery on the bottom, is sure to be a feeding ground for the ducks. About thirty yards from the "blind" are anchored a fleet of perhaps a hundred and fifty decoys. They are wooden ducks roughly carved and painted, but devised

with a strict regard for variety and sex. At a little distance they are calculated to deceive any eye, and they certainly have a great



DIVING FOR CELERY—NO. 2.

deal of weight in determining the action of a passing flock or "bunch" of ducks. The sink-boat is in reality a floating blind. It

is nothing more than an anchored box or coffin with hinged flaps to keep the water from invading it. The gunner lies on his back in it, completely out of sight, and around it are placed the decoys. It is extremely tiresome work, but very destructive to the birds. They float down the stream when shot and are picked up from a boat stationed below. It is a wholesale murthering sort of thing and has little "sport"

hesitation is felt at having a crack at the "pot-hunter's" nefarious light.

Accepting an invitation for a day's duck-shooting at B.'s gave me a personal experience of one of the best "shores" in Maryland. Seated in a good, serviceable wagon, our party of three left Baltimore in the afternoon, and a brisk trot of two hours and a half over roads for the most part in excellent condition brought us to the ducking-



THE NEFARIOUS POT-HUNTER.

about it. The "night reflector" is quite as bad. It consists of a large reflector behind a common naphtha lamp and mounted upon the bow of a boat. The latter is rowed out into the stream where the ducks are "bedded" for the night, and the birds, fascinated by the light, swim to it from every side and bob against the boat in helpless confusion. The number of birds secured depends only on the caliber of the gun. From twenty to thirty ducks to each shot fired is a common experience. The hunter who uses one of these reflectors may succeed in getting into half a dozen "beds" in a night. Another thing he sometimes succeeds in is getting a charge of shot in his body from some indignant sportsman on shore. If a rifle is handy and any one chances to be up and about at the hour, no

shore on Bush River. The last mile or so was through the "woods" over a comparatively new road with water on each side of it, the surrounding ground being evidently in a marshy condition. The undergrowth was very thick and young, as if it were taking the place of a forest recently destroyed by fire. There were, however, plenty of tall gum-trees, chestnuts and pines, and it was, as B. enthusiastically described it, while pointing to the track of an animal in the road, a splendid spot for 'coons and 'possums. We drew out shortly into a clearing, on the other side of which was a house and some out-buildings, the only habitation in sight or within a considerable distance. The barking of innumerable dogs welcomed our approach, and, as we pulled up in front of the door, the river, about four hundred

yards in width, came into view just in the rear. It was evidently the establishment of a plain, comfortable farmer, whose guardianship of the ducking and fishing doubtless greatly diminished the annual rental to the owner. Our "traps" were soon inside and the horses stabled. We had one large room containing six small and well-kept beds, and at one end a capacious fire-place, on which a great pile of hickory logs was burning and diffusing a genial glow and the not disagreeable odor of a wood fire. On the ceiling were fishing-rods, nets, and tackle of every description; while around the walls were gun-racks, clothing, and hunting paraphernalia in profusion. At seven o'clock a substantial and well-cooked dinner or supper was served in the adjoining kitchen, to which our farmer sat down with us. The conversation related chiefly to some recent incidents of 'coon-hunting, and a discussion as to the probable direction of the wind in the morning. Apprehensions of a north-west wind were expressed, but the general idea was that it would blow up from the south-west with snow or rain, in

the kitchen. A hasty douse of water with an eighth of an inch of ice on its surface, and a liberal "nip" of whisky,—the latter insisted upon for sanitary reasons of obscure origin but evidently great weight,—and we sat down. Either there was something in the air or the spirits were at the bottom of it, but at any rate the heavy supper of the previous evening seemed entirely forgotten and the quantity of breakfast consumed was amazing. We were out in the sharp, frosty air and bright moonlight at a quarter to four o'clock, excellently fortified to meet the demands of the day and the rigor of the weather.

It was but a few yards from the house to the water, and we had a row of a mile and a half to the "blind." We got into a good, steady, flat-bottomed boat, in which two dogs, whom no one had called, took their places in perfunctory and solemn fashion, and we shoved off, while about a dozen hounds and yard-dogs howled a muffled and anxious adieu from the bank. The moon hung low near the tree-tops, the river was dark and its outlines black and



OUR QUARTERS.

which case the ducks would be plentiful. After half an hour spent in selecting guns, filling cartridge-belts and satchels, and in other preparations, we turned in at nine o'clock, and, although the hour was somewhat unusual to me, I slept soundly. At three o'clock our farmer came in and called us and lit the lamp. Breakfast—beefsteak, rashers of bacon, eggs and coffee—was already sputtering and crackling in

mysterious. About a quarter of an inch of ice had formed, and as we crashed steadily through it, odd and fantastic echoes came from the gloomy and silent shores. As we reached the broader water nearer the mouth of the creek the ice disappeared, but the surface was calm and nowhere gave back a reflection of the moon. M. was in the bow and I in the stern, our host, B., rowing in the middle. Suddenly he

stopped, seized his gun and loaded it. M. did the same; I was too mystified to understand the proceeding and was content to wonder and look on, peering around in the

The ducks, on rising, had wheeled around, making a semicircle of half a mile, and, as my friends' experience led them to expect, had come directly down the river. There



ROWING DOWN TO THE BLIND, 4:30 A. M.

gloom to find the occasion and seeing nothing but the impenetrable shadows and the undefined depths of the dark shore.

"Hist!" said B. "There is where they are," and taking his gun between his knees he pulled a few strong, quiet strokes again. In a moment there was a most astonishing and startling noise, and I saw, about five hundred yards to the right, a long line of bright silver break upon the water. Thousands of ducks that had made a great "bed" in the creek during the night had been startled and were taking wing simultaneously, and the noise made by their splashing as they rose was tremendous. Presently, as the last duck lifted into the air, it ceased and all was as silent as before. Not a duck could be seen, but my two friends had their guns cocked and were apparently listening intently. In a minute I heard a curious whistling sound. It grew louder and seemed to approach, but I could see nothing whatever. As I looked, both my companions brought up their guns and fired both barrels almost simultaneously overhead.

"Hush!" said B. "Listen carefully. Mark one! Mark two! Mark three!"

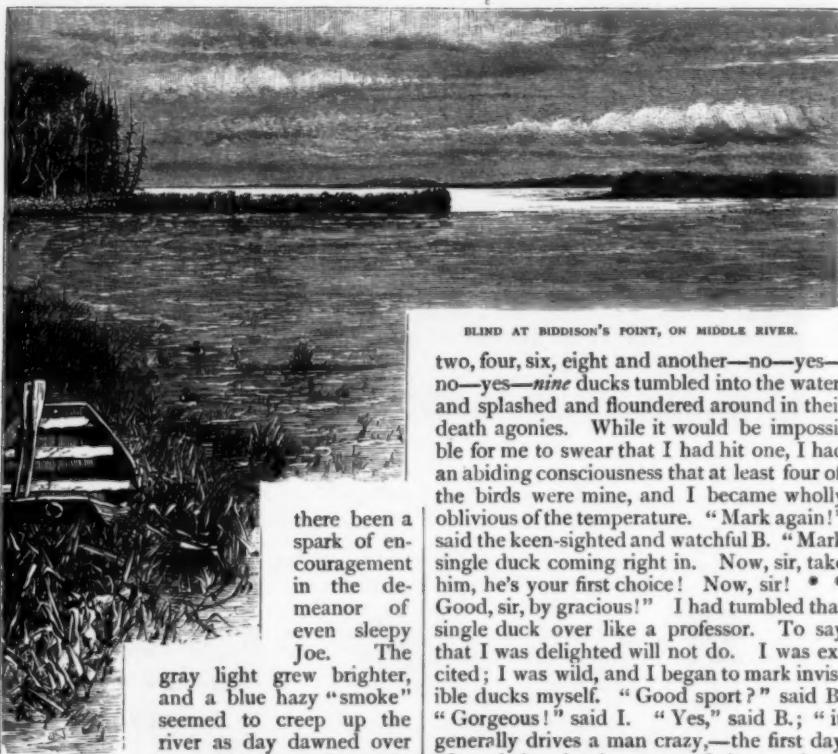
I heard the splashes, and as the birds falling broke the water it faintly caught up the moonlight and we could see three ducks struggling not one hundred yards off; at the same moment both dogs, without an order from any one, disappeared overboard.

"How did you know where to fire?" I asked.

"You are not used to it yet," replied B. "When you are you'll see ducks easily enough on the darkest night."

were thousands of them in the air and the whistling sound was made by their wings. In the meantime both dogs came up to the side to be taken in. Each had a red-head in his mouth; the third bird having died, could not be detected in the darkness and was abandoned.

A further pull of some ten minutes brought us to the blind, inside of which we found Joe, the darkey who had put out the decoys during the night. He was fast asleep in the straw, though the thermometer was below freezing-point. He took our boat and rowed it away out of sight around the nearest point, and then returning, lay down by the dogs and went asleep again. We seated ourselves to wait for day-break and ducks, and I endeavored to persuade myself that I was not cold. My companions spoke in hushed ecstasy of the south-west wind that blew up the river as the moon went down. It struck me as the coldest wind I had ever known, and I drew my hands up my sleeves and made a manful effort to keep my teeth from chattering. A gray light stole across the eastern sky and I began to see the *canards* riding at anchor in front of our blind. I was undeniably cold, and it was all I could do to keep from confessing to myself that I felt miserable. Besides, my companions had been whispering dismal experiences of whole days in blinds without a solitary shot, and I began to despise the whole business. The blind became a dry goods box in a bush, and the decoys an unblushing and unworthy device, and I could have readily proclaimed the whole thing unsportsmanlike and disgraceful, had



BLIND AT BIDDISON'S POINT, ON MIDDLE RIVER.

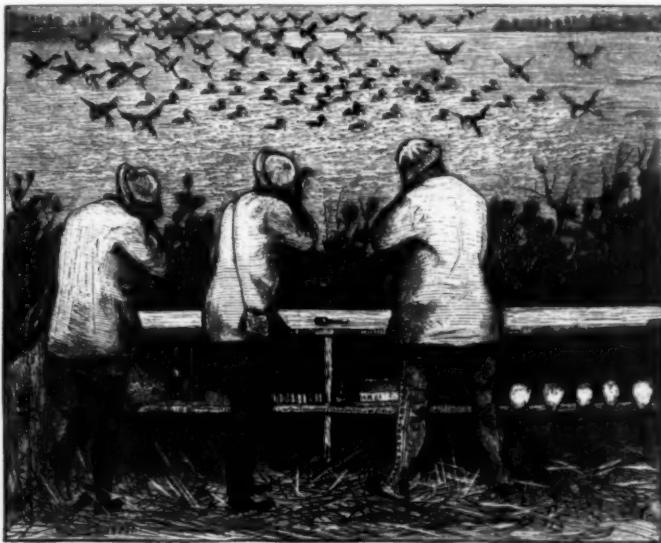
there been a spark of encouragement in the demeanor of even sleepy Joe. The gray light grew brighter, and a blue hazy "smoke" seemed to creep up the river as day dawned over the cold water. Presently we heard a shrilly feeble whistle, precisely such as the young puddle-duck of the barn-yard makes in his earliest vocal efforts. "Bald-pates!" said B., and overhead, far out of reach, we saw four ducks. "There'll be lots of them now," said B. "They are coming up the river before the wind. H'sh! mark, mark, now, quiet everybody!" Right out of the blue smoke, coming directly toward our blind, came not less than two hundred black-heads. On they came, straight toward the decoys. Within a hundred yards of our noses, the leader swerved and out they all went, not one coming within gunshot. Before I could give way to my disappointment, B. gave his warning again. "Mark! mark a bunch of canvas-backs!" and from the same direction, flying within a foot or two of the water, came some twenty ducks. They saw the decoy flock, turned in, and in a moment more were hovering within a few inches of the wooden heads. All three stood up, and as the ducks hung fluttering, six barrels were poured into them, and one,

two, four, six, eight and another—no—yes—no—yes—nine ducks tumbled into the water, and splashed and floundered around in their death agonies. While it would be impossible for me to swear that I had hit one, I had an abiding consciousness that at least four of the birds were mine, and I became wholly oblivious of the temperature. "Mark again!" said the keen-sighted and watchful B. "Mark single duck coming right in. Now, sir, take him, he's your first choice! Now, sir! • • Good, sir, by gracious!" I had tumbled that single duck over like a professor. To say that I was delighted will not do. I was excited; I was wild, and I began to mark invisible ducks myself. "Good sport?" said B. "Gorgeous!" said I. "Yes," said B.; "it generally drives a man crazy,—the first day of good shooting he gets, and then we have to take him up here in the woods and tie him to a tree till he calms down, and is fit to be allowed back in the blind." I did not think I was so excited, but I soothed myself. But by this time it was almost sunrise, and we could see ducks coming up the river in countless numbers. Presently a large flock left the middle of the stream, and swept out about half a mile below into a broad bay. At first it seemed as if they would "bed" there, but they turned and headed for the blind. We crouched low, and scarcely dared to breathe lest they should swerve out into the stream again. On they came like a whirlwind, and were fluttering and splashing on the decoys as we rose and fired six barrels into the thickest part of them. Not less than twenty canvas-backs and red-heads fell, and, as some, only disabled, tried to swim away, a few more shots made sure of them.

"Mark, gemmen, mark!" said Joe, holding down the dogs, and "whir" came a flock of bald-pates right over us from

behind. B., who shoots from his left shoulder, had his gun up in an instant and fired both barrels directly over his head, and two large, heavy birds fell wounded outside the line of the decoys. Neither M. nor myself had been quick enough. "Now, Joe," said B., "out with you; quick!" Joe let go the dogs and dived under the blind and in a moment more was paddling out and picking up duck after duck with his little canoe. Here came in the office of the dogs, whose wonderful instinct and training and perfect experience constitute one of the most astonishing examples of animal intelligence that one may see. They were not, in appearance, dogs that would attract any

dog each time waiting patiently for the duck's re-appearance, and each time getting nearer and nearer to it. Finally, with a sudden dash and a partial dive, each dog seized her duck, and turning, swam to shore with it. They would not trouble themselves with the ducks that Joe could secure, but selected those that required their particular attention, swimming after each not less than a quarter of a mile. When a shot is fired and a duck falls, a dog trained as these were will, unless forbidden, leave the blind immediately and secure the bird. If no duck falls he lies down again, invariably using his own judgment as to the result of the shot. He will never stir



OVER THE DECOYS.

special attention. They belonged to the breed known as Chesapeake duck-dogs, and they certainly showed that retrieving ducks was their vocation. They went out straight through some thirty birds, in and around the decoys, toward the two bald-pates, which, only slightly disabled, were swimming rapidly away. Each dog selected his bird, and went for it steadily. As the dog drew near, down went the duck. The dog stopped, and, as it were, stood up in the water turning slowly round in a circle looking for the duck to re-appear. The moment it came up he went for it again. This time he got nearer. The same thing was repeated, the

without express orders if he thinks the shot has been ineffectual. The breed is peculiar to these waters. It is a short-haired water-spaniel, drawn from imported stock, and peculiarly adapted to the cold water, and has been cultivated for years and is greatly prized by the sportsmen of Maryland.

By nine o'clock we had ninety-six fine ducks in our blind, and a very handsome and imposing-looking lot of game, indeed, they made. After that hour the ducks ceased "trading," as flying from one point to another is termed, and began to form great beds of countless thousands out in the



JOE.

open water. As far as the eye could reach, the middle of the stream and the broad water of the river below were covered with them. There were literally acres of ducks of all kinds, but "trading" was at an end, and shooting, except of an occasional single or stray duck, was temporarily suspended.

"Well," said B., "I suppose, now, you'd like to see some duck-tolling?"

"I'd like to be told," I replied, "what tolling is."

B. declined to explain, and said the only way to find out was to see it for oneself. It was determined to go over to Cold Spring, and as a walk of half a mile across one of these peninsulas will take one from one estuary to another, we shouldered our guns and were soon in sight of it. It was just such another sheet of water as we had left, with woods growing thickly down to a sandy shore. We walked leisurely over, and Joe, having gone to his cabin for a young spaniel in his keeping, overtook us. Cold Spring was full of ducks, but they were all "bedded" far out from the shore. We made for a sheltered cove, and were shortly crawling on our hands and knees through the calamus and dry, yellow-tufted marsh grass, which made a good cover almost to the water's

edge. Joe left the dogs with us, and, going back into the woods, presently returned with his hat full of chips from the stump of a tree that had been felled. The ducks were swimming slowly up before the wind, and it seemed possible that a large body of them might pass within a few hundred yards of where we were. The two dogs, "Rollo" and "Jim," lay down close behind us, and Joe, lying flat behind a thick tuft a few yards to our right, and about fifteen feet from the water's edge, had his hat full of chips and held the young spaniel beside him. All remained perfectly quiet and watched the ducks. After nearly three-quarters of an hour's patient waiting, we saw a large body of ducks gradually drifting in toward our cove. They were between three and four hundred yards away, when B. said:

"Try them now, Joe! Now, boys, be ready, and don't move a muscle until I say fire!"

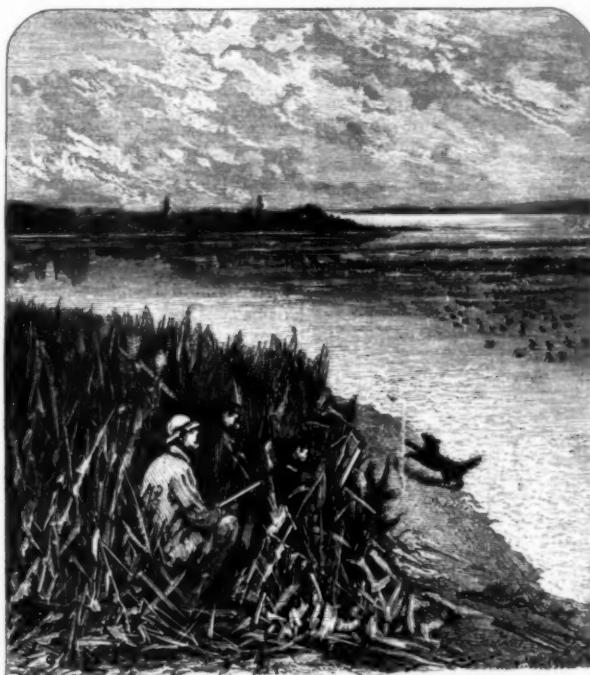
Then Joe commenced tolling the ducks. He threw a chip into the water, and let his dog go. The spaniel skipped eagerly in with unbounded manifestations of delight. I thought it for a moment a great piece of carelessness on Joe's part. But in went another chip just at the shallow edge, and the spaniel entered into the fun with the greatest zest imaginable. Joe kept on throwing his chips, first to the right and then to the left, and the more he threw, the more gayly the dog played. For twenty minutes I watched this mysterious and seemingly purposeless performance, but presently, looking toward the ducks, I noticed that a few coots had left the main body and had headed



POSTHUMOUS MIGRATION—A CRATE OF CANVAS-BACKS FOR LONDON.

toward the dog. Even at that distance, I could see that they were attracted by his actions. They were soon followed by other coots, and, after a minute or two, a few large ducks came out from the bed and joined them. Others followed these, and then there were successive defections of rapidly increasing numbers. Several ducks stood

movement. The more wildly he played, the more erratic grew the actions of the ducks. They deployed from right to left, retreated and advanced, whirled in companies, and crossed and recrossed one another. Stragglers hurried up from the rear, and bunches from the main bed came fluttering and pushing through to the front to see what it



A TOLL OF DUCKS COMING IN.

up in the water by the aid of their wings, sustained themselves a moment, and, sitting down, swam rapidly around in involved circles, betraying the greatest excitement. And still the dog played, and played, and gamboled in graceful fashion after Joe's chips. By this time the ducks were not over two hundred yards away, and, taking heart of their numbers, were approaching rapidly, showing in all their actions the liveliest curiosity. It was an astonishing and most interesting spectacle to see them marshaling about, to see long lines stand up out of the water, to note their fatuous excitement and the fidelity with which the dog kept to his deceitful antics, never breaking the spell by a fatal bark or a disturbing

was all about. By this time the nearest skirmishers were not a hundred yards off, and as Joe threw the chips to right or left and the dog wheeled after them, so would the ducks immediately wheel from side to side. On they came until some were about thirty yards away. These held back, while the ungovernable curiosity of those behind made them push forward until the dog had a closely packed audience of over a thousand ducks gathered in front of him.

"Fire!" said B., and the spectacle ended in havoc and slaughter. We gave them the first barrel sitting, and, as they rose, the second. We got thirty-nine canvas-backs and red-heads, and some half dozen coots.

Another way of "tolling" ducks, said to



INTERRUPTED PILGRIMS.

be very effectual, is with a gorgeous yellow-and-red bandana handkerchief, waved above the grass and rushes on a stick. Ducks will walk right up on shore to examine it and pay the penalty of their curiosity. The canvas-back has the bump of inquisitiveness

more largely developed than any other wild variety.

Upon the table, the canvas-back makes a royal dish, though few can distinguish between it and the red-head when both are in season. Only those very familiar with the birds can tell which is which when alive, and, when served, it becomes almost an impossibility. The celery flavor is more marked in the canvas-back in the best of the season. It is seldom served precisely as it should be anywhere out of Maryland. If allowed to remain in the oven five minutes too long, it is unfit for the table. A great deal also depends upon the carving. A good quick oven will cook a full-sized duck in twenty-two minutes. It should never remain in over twenty-five. After a duck is picked and drawn, it should be simply wiped dry. Water should never touch it, and it should be fairly seasoned before going to the fire. When done, the birds should be placed in pairs in hot, dry dishes. There is no need to prepare a gravy; immediately they are cut, they will fill the dish with the richest gravy that ever was tasted. One canvas-back to each "cover" is considered a fair allowance at a Maryland table, but when the bird is only an incident of the dinner or supper, of course half a bird is sufficient for each person. Slicing the bird is unheard of. The two-pronged fork is inserted diagonally astride the breast-bone, and the knife lays half of the bird on each side, leaving the "carrass" on the fork between. The triangle of meat an inch thick comprised between the leg and the wing, with its apex at the back and its



IN THE LARDER.

base at the breast, is considered the most delicious morsel of meat that exists. The canvas-back in Maryland is served with large hominy fried in cakes, celery, and a dry champagne, or a bottle of Burgundy that is Burgundy.

Terrapin, in the order of dishes, precedes the duck at the table. In Baltimore it is a great lenten dish, devout and wealthy Catholics finding that it greatly facilitates the observance of the "regulations." It is singular that it should appear to be exempt from the church prohibition, for when on the table it would be hard to define it as anything but very positive meat. It is certainly quite as much meat as a broiled leg of a frog. Terrapins are worth from \$25 to \$36 a dozen during the season. A dozen terrapins consist of twelve "diamond-backs," no one of which measures less than seven inches in length on the under shell. A seven-inch terrapin is called a "count terrapin," and anything smaller is not counted. The largest known do not exceed ten inches in length and eight pounds in weight; and such are extremely rare. The seven-inch terrapin averages four pounds in weight. "Sliders," the common river turtles of almost all the rivers of the region, grow to a much larger size. They sell at from \$6 to \$9 a dozen, and are largely used by hotels and restaurants, where they are retailed at \$1 and \$1.25 a dish as genuine diamond-back terrapin. It is next to impossible to get a genuine dish of terrapin at a public house. The one or two people controlling the trade say they sell almost exclusively for private tables.

Terrapin are caught all the way from Savannah and Charleston to the Patapsco River at Baltimore, but the genuine diamond-back belongs only to the upper Chesapeake and its tributaries. The majority of the sliders are brought to Baltimore from the James River. The terrapin-catchers make from \$5 to \$50 per week, and they find the reptile, or "bird" as the *bon vivant* calls it, by probing the mud in the shallows with sticks. The terrapin is dormant, and when found is easily secured. A four-pound terrapin taken about September 15th, will exist prosperously in a dark, cool place, without food or drink, until April 15th, and (the dealers say) will gain two ounces in weight. After that time it gets

lively and active, and will take hold of a finger with great effusion and effectiveness. The male terrapin is known as a "bull," and the female as a "cow." The latter is much more highly prized and generally contains about thirty eggs. No dish of terrapin is thought complete without being garnished with these. It is sad to be compelled to state that the sinful restaurateur and hotel man betakes him to the egg of the pigeon,



TERRAPIN-HUNTING.

wherewith to set off his counterfeit presentment of a noble reptile.

Thirty years ago the largest dealer in Baltimore had hard work to dispose of the terrapin he received at \$6 a dozen. The product, he tells me, is about the same, year in and year out. He sells as many now as he did then. But old people on the eastern peninsula bring to mind the time when of a warm day the terrapins basking in shoals on the surface of the water were caught in seines and fed to the pigs. That day, however, is of the past, and it is doubtful if this valuable article of food is not gradually becoming extinct. The negroes who make a business of sending them to market complain of their increasing rarity, and nothing but the high price has stimulated them to keep up the supply.

The negroes are credited with having been the first to bring the virtues of the terrapin to notice. They cooked, and still

cook it by placing it alive among the hot coals or in an oven. When it is sufficiently cooked the under shell is easily removed with a knife, and the contents are then eaten from the inverted upper shell, nothing being

a box or two addressed to the New York restaurant. With all due respect for a New York *cuisine*, neither the terrapin nor the canvas-back is ever the same when eaten away from, so to speak, its native heath.



A TERRAPIN-HUNTER'S ESTABLISHMENT.

removed but the gall sac. There are many, particularly epicures of long experience with the terrapin, who maintain that this is the true way to cook it. One noted for his knowledge of Maryland dishes, invariably cooks his terrapin as follows: He places a "count," alive, on its back in an old-fashioned ten-plate stove, roasts it until the under shell is easily detached, removes the gall, adds a little butter, salt and a glass of good sherry or madeira, and then eats it with a sense as of a Mussulman discounting the delights of the seventh heaven. He has never met Mr. Bergh.

Baltimore consumes most of the terrapins caught. Large numbers are shipped to New York. Delmonico is a good customer of the Baltimore market, and Scoggins's game and terrapin dépôt is seldom without

There is an indefinable halo of originality about Maryland cookery, wholly independent of the process just delicately alluded to in connection with terrapin, that obtains nowhere else. A Maryland dinner is simplicity itself, but it would tax the capacity of the "best men" of a New York club.

Washington eats more fish than any other city in the United States in proportion to its population, but Baltimore probably eats more good things generally. There is a sort of refined barbarism about such a *menu* as that of a plain winter dinner in Maryland that would doubtless vex Mr. Felix Deliée, and his confrères of that august fraternity, the *cordons bleus* of New York. Here it is, without any of the "illusions" in which a French artist would so like to enshroud it: "Four small oysters from Lynnhaven Bay

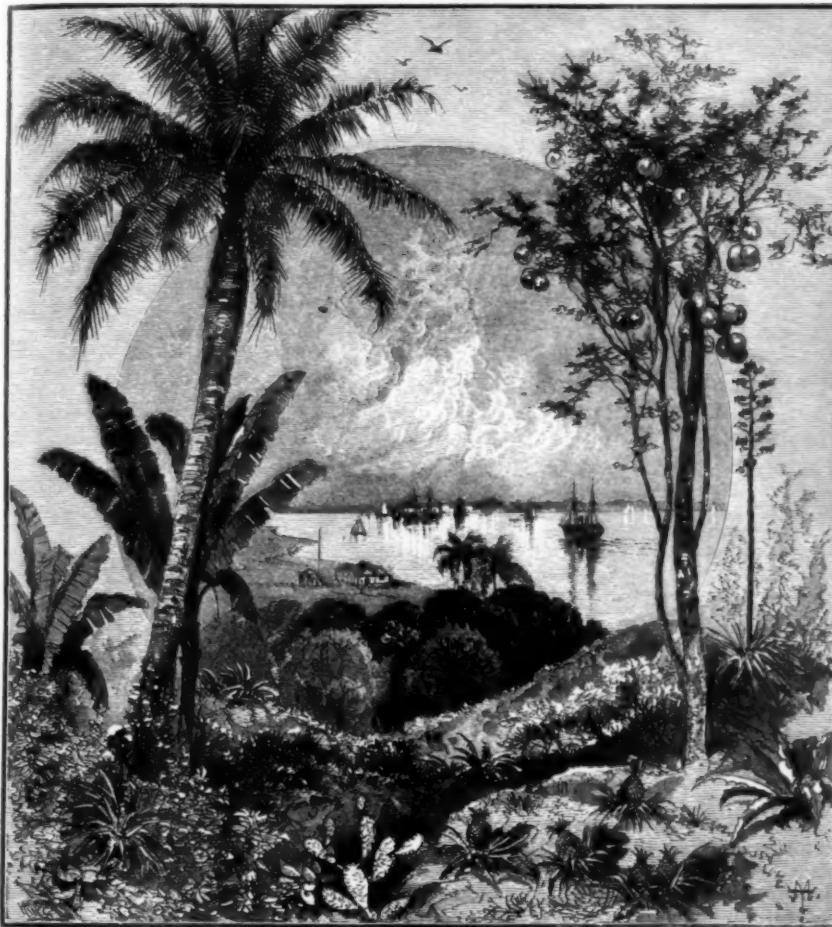


TERRAPIN FOR THREE.

(once opened they would never again be inclosed in the self-same shell); terrapin à la Maryland; canvas-back ducks; a small salad of crab and lettuce. Vegetables:—baked Irish potatoes; fried hominy cakes,

and plain celery." If this shall have been attended by adventitious circumstances it will put the artificialities of refined cookery of the exalted order entirely to the blush.

AN ISLE OF JUNE.



NASSAU HARBOR, FROM HOG ISLAND.

It was on a cold, rainy morning in February that we left Savannah on the steamer for Nassau. We steamed through the yellow waters of the Savannah River and over

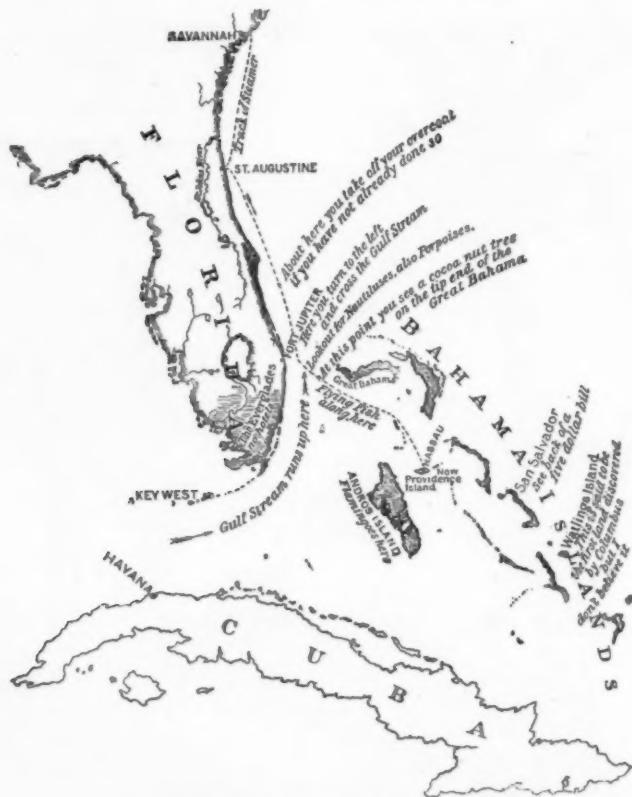
the bar at its mouth, and soon were fairly out at sea, where the long, even swells took our vessel gently in their arms and rolled her slowly from side to side as if they were

trying to put her to sleep. Those of the passengers who remained on deck wore overcoats or other wraps, and did not find it very convenient to do much promenading. However, the light of hope was burning in every eye, and by sunrise next morning we found ourselves off St. Augustine, Florida, with the rolling swell changed to short, chopping waves, which suited some persons better and other persons not so well.

stronger. It seemed as if we had suddenly sailed into early June, or the latter part of May. The sea was smooth, the air was mild, the skies were lovely. Everybody was on deck.

Off came our overcoats. It was no longer winter!

These ever-summer seas were lovely. Out of the waves rose the flying-fish, skimming in flocks through the air, and dropping down



MEMORANDUM MAP OF THE ROUTE TO THE BAHAMAS.

We sailed over the bar and anchored in front of the town. The disposition to get off for an hour or two was very strong, but our captain gave us no time for landing. He took on the passengers who stood clustered on the wharf, hoisted anchor and was over the bar again before the tide fell.

We kept on down the Florida coast until the next morning, when we turned eastward into the Gulf Stream. And now the hope on every countenance grew brighter and

again just as we were beginning to believe they were birds; the porpoises leaped and darted by the vessel's side, and every now and then we passed a nautilus, cruising along in his six-inch shell, with his transparent sail wide-spread and sparkling in the sun.

Early in the afternoon of this delightful day we descried, far in the distance, a speck on the horizon, and were told that this was land—a part of the Great Bahama Island; and as we drew nearer and nearer, we saw

a little tuft in the air and a little thread beneath it, connecting it with the land ; and the tuft and the thread were a cocoa-nut tree !

We were journeying to find a pleasant winter climate,—one that could be depended upon. We knew of very commendable semi-tropical resorts—Florida for instance ; but among the northern visitors to Florida that year had been frost and ice. We could get all we needed of such things at home, and so we had agreed to postpone, until later in the season, our trip to the state of flowers and alligators, and in our search for the happy land we longed for, to do as Columbus did, and begin at the beginning. First to the Bahamas came he, and thither would we go too. These islands might be called the first chapter of America ; we would turn back and see how our continent opened to the eyes of the venturesome Genoese.

And here we were. True, that distant island was not San Salvador, but it was all in the family.

Through the whole afternoon we cruised down the shores of the Great Bahama, and then left it and went southward toward New Providence. Early in the morning, from my open port, I heard voices coming from the water, and the thumping of oars. I hastily looked out, and there was Nassau. We were almost at the wharf. A long boat, full of negroes, was carrying a line to the shore.

I hurried on deck and looking over the rail saw to my astonishment that we were floating in water not more than a foot deep ! This great ship, with her engines, her cargo, her crew and passengers, was slowly moving along



THE FIRST CHAPTER OF AMERICA.

in water not up to your knees ! The bottom was clearly visible—every stone on it could be seen as you see stones at the bottom of a little brook. I could not understand it.

“ How deep is this water ? ” I asked of a sailor.

“ About three fathom,” he answered.

I had heard, but had not remembered, that the waters around Nassau, especially when you looked down upon them from a height, were almost transparent, but the explanation did not make the sight any less wonderful. As to the color of the water, I had heard nothing about that. This water was of an apple-green or pea-green tint,—as charming as the first foliage of spring.

The town—a very white town—stretched before us for a mile or two along its waterfront, and seemed to be a busy place, for



THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, NASSAU.

there were many vessels, large and small (principally the latter), moored at the piers; there were store-houses on the street by the

land called Hog Island. In spite of its name this island is a very ornamental and useful one, for it acts as a breakwater, and



VIEW DOWN GEORGE STREET, NASSAU.—LOOKING FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE.
[CATHEDRAL ON THE RIGHT, VENDUE HOUSE AT END OF STREET, HOG ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE.]

water; there was a crowd of people on the wharf; there were one-horse barouches, driven by negroes wearing red vests and dreadfully battered high silk hats, and altogether the scene was lively and promising.

The town was larger than I had expected to see it, but it ought to be a good-sized place, for nearly all of the people of the island of New Providence live there, and they number some eleven or twelve thousand. Columbus named this island Fernandina, which was a good name,—but the poor man never had much luck in christening the lands he discovered.

The town is certainly very well placed—all the passengers agreed to that. It lies on the northern edge of Ferna—of New Providence, and in front of it, less than a mile away, stretches a long, narrow piece of

in a picturesque way, helps to inclose an admirable harbor for Nassau.

There is no lack of islands and islets in what might be called the Bahamian Archipelago, which stretches some six hundred miles from San Domingo nearly to Florida. The collection comprises, according to official count, twenty-nine islands, six hundred and sixty-one cays, and two thousand three hundred and eighty-seven rocks,—assorted sizes.

New Providence is the most important member of this collection, but like many other most important things, it is by no means the biggest, being only twenty-one miles long and seven broad, while the Great Bahama, Abaco, Eleuthera, Andros, and some of the other islands, are very many times larger, some of them being a hundred

miles long. But New Providence has the brains, the other islands have merely size.

The health-officer came on board, and we were soon free to go ashore. We found that, like ourselves, nearly all our fellow-passengers were going to the Royal Victoria Hotel. We speedily secured one of the one-horse barouches; the red-vested driver pulled his silk hat a little tighter on his head, cracked his whip and away we went. As we rode through the town we noticed that the streets were very hard and smooth, and white and narrow, and that there was a great preponderance of wall in every direction; and in about two minutes we noticed that we were at the hotel.

The hotel made quite an impression upon us, even before we entered it. It stands high, spreads wide, and looks large, and cool, and solid. It is a hotel of which Her Majesty need not be ashamed. In front of the main door-way, which is level with the ground, is an inclosed and covered court. In the sides of this are arched gate-ways through which the carriage-road passes, and in the front wall are four or five door-ways. The space—and there is a good deal of it—between the carriage-way and the house is paved and is generally pretty well covered with arm-chairs, for this court, as we soon found, is the favorite resort of the guests. The sun can get no entrance here, while through the numerous door-ways cut in the massive walls the breezes come from nearly every direction. The interior of the house is also arranged with a view to coolness and shade. There is not a fire-place or a chimney in the whole structure. The cooking is done in a separate building, and in Nassau the people do not

need fires for warmth. We found, in fact, that Nassau is almost a town without chimneys. In looking over the place, from some of the high piazzas of the Royal Victoria, scarcely a chimney could be seen on a



A LITTLE BOY IN FULL DRESS.

dwelling-house, and those on the little outside kitchens were so covered up by foliage that they were not easily perceived.

We went to breakfast with hopeful hearts. It was a good breakfast. In addition to the fare which one would expect at a first-class and well-kept hotel, we had fresh fruit, radishes, lettuce, sliced tomatoes, and other little matters of the kind to which we were not accustomed in winter-time.

The very first thing I did after breakfast was to go and buy a straw hat. I always wear a straw hat in sliced tomato time. I saw a little of the town while I was buying my hat, but I did not look at it much, for I did not wish to take an unfair advantage of my wife; and, as soon as possible, we started out together to see the town.

It was certainly a novel experience to walk through the streets of Nassau. At first it seemed to us as if the



"GIVE US A SMALL COPPER, BOSS."

whole place—streets, houses and walls—had been cut out of one solid block of the whitest lime-stone, for the material in all appeared to be the same. There are very few side-walks, and these are generally not so good to walk on as the middle of the street. The houses are wide and low, and generally have piazzas around them on every story. Nearly every house has a garden,—sometimes quite a large one,—surrounded, not by a fence, but by a high stone-wall. It is these walls, over which you see the broad leaves of bananas, or the beautiful tops of cocoa-nut-trees, with other rich and unfamiliar foliage, which, more than anything else, give the town its southern, and, to us, its entirely foreign, appearance. The gardens, and all the spaces about the houses, are crowded with trees, bushes and flowers. Roses were in bloom everywhere, and oleanders, twenty feet high, waved their pink blossoms over the street.

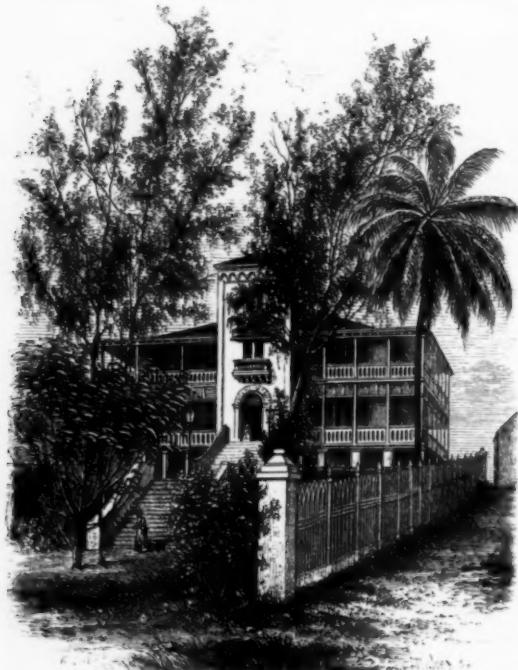
We walked down Parliament street, which leads from the high ground on which the hotel stands to Bay street, which is the principal thoroughfare and business avenue of the town. This street runs along the water-front, and on one side for some dis-

tance there is a succession of shops and business places of various kinds. On the water side of the street are the wharfs, the market, the Vendue House, the barracks, and quite a number of stores and counting-houses. And all these, taken in the aggregate, give Bay street quite a busy appearance.

And here we began to understand what is meant by the statement that there are negroes in Nassau. If I should say that the whole surface of the ground as far as the eye could reach, up or down the street, was covered with darkeys of every possible age, sex, size and condition in life, I should say what is not exactly true. It is difficult, however, to erase that impression from the mind,—for there they were strolling along the sidewalks (this street boasts those conveniences), standing in groups, laughing, talking, arguing, sitting on stones and door-steps, and by gate-ways, selling bananas, short pieces of sugar-cane, roots, and nuts; running hither and thither, flirting, begging, loafing, doing anything but working. Down by the market they swarmed like bees, some selling, some looking on, a few buying, and all jabbering away right and left.

When we next took a walk, we rambled to the south of the town,—to the suburbs, where these darkeys live. We went down a long street, or lane, bordered on each side by little gardens, in which stood thatched cottages and small low houses of various kinds, all in the most picturesque state of dilapidation, and surrounded, covered, embraced, sheltered and fondled by every kind of bush, tree and vine that will grow without the help of man; and, as nearly all the vegetation in Nassau will do that, bananas, cocoa-nuts, oranges and tamarinds clustered around these contented-looking little huts in masses of every shade of green, picked out with the golden hues of oranges, and the colors of every blossom that grows.

Looking down the lane, the view was lovely. The tall cocoanuts, with their tufts of long, magnificent leaves, waved on each side, until in the distance they seemed to touch across the white street that ran down through the



A NASSAU MANSION.

sea of foliage which spread away on either side, broken only by the thatched and pointed roofs that rose here and there like islands out of the green. The red shawls of the distant negro women gave the brilliant points of color, while the strong sunlight gave warmth to a scene that was more than semi-tropical. In the street, in the gardens, on the door-steps lounged and lay the happy people who had

if I gave half of what was asked, I conferred a measureless content upon the seller. Subsequently I learned that about one-eighth of one per cent. of the sum asked was enough for an opening offer, when trading with the negroes of Nassau. The youngsters who had no wares to sell were nothing loth to ask for donations, and "Give us a small copper, boss," was the refrain of most of the infantile prattle that we heard.



NASSAU HARBOR.

all this for nothing. They are true lotus-eaters, these negroes, but they need not sail away to distant isles to eat and dream. Their lotos grows on every cocoa-nut-tree, and on every banana; it oozes out with the juice of their sugar-cane, and they bake it in their yams.

From out of the huts and gardens the brown, black and yellow little girls came with roses and bunches of orange-blossoms. We first bought of one and then of another, until, if we had not suddenly stopped, we should have ruined ourselves. The prices they asked were but little more than the flowers would have cost in the hot-house of a New York florist, but I soon found that

If colored people feel lazy in the Bahamas, it is not to be wondered at. Everything feels lazy, even the mercury in the thermometers. It is exceedingly difficult to get it to move. While we were there, it was always at, or about, seventy-four degrees, once rising to eighty degrees, but soon subsiding again to the old spot. For myself, I like mercury that is content to dwell at seventy-four degrees. There is no better spot on the whole surface of the thermometer. And why should people toil and sweat in this happy island? The trees and vines and vegetables do not ask it of them. Things grow in Nassau for the love of growing; they do not have to be coaxed. In the

negro suburbs we saw very little cultivation. The trees and plants did not even seem to care about soil to any great extent. We saw large trees growing, apparently, right out of the stones and rocks. Of course, there was some earth in the crevices, but there was precious little of it anywhere. The whole island is of coral origin, and is now like a great lime-stone rock, covered with a very thin layer of rich soil. But this thin layer suffices for the luxuriant vegetation of the Bahamas, although I think that one of the long carrots of our country would find it very difficult to grow at Nassau, unless it were furnished with a rock-drill at the extremity of its root.

There is a fine, large jail here, a very cool and well-arranged edifice. The inmates are almost exclusively negroes. There was one white man there when I saw the place, but he was a sailor from a foreign ship in port, who did not know, perhaps, that it was not a custom of the country for white folks to get themselves put in prison. When a negro enters this jail,—and he generally goes in for petty larceny or a similar crime,—his habits undergo a complete revolution. He has to work hard. Dressed in white shirt, trowsers and cap (for here white is the color that does not show dirt), with bare feet and a long chain running from each ankle to a belt at his waist, he marches in military order with a company of his fellows to sweep the streets, mend the pavements and work in the public grounds. He also labors in the jail and learns to despise, from the bottom of his soul, the temporary, but deplorable, weakness of Adam. But it must not be supposed that these criminals are the only negroes who are industrious. There are colored people in Nassau who have found out that it pays to work,—moderately,—and so have arrived at positions of ease and comparative independence. The policemen here, with one or two exceptions, are black men. They wear handsome blue uniforms, and walk slower and put on greater airs of dignity and authority than any other body of police officers that I have ever met.

The government of the Bahamas appears to be highly satisfactory to all parties concerned. As a colony of Great Britain, the islands have a colonial governor, who is assisted in his governmental duties by Her Majesty's executive council and Her Majesty's legislative council. The people at large have also a voice in the matter through the representatives they send to the House of Assembly, a body of about thirty members.

The currency in use is a curious mixture of American and English money, with occasional additions of the coins of other climes. Our greenbacks are readily received at par, and our silver half and quarter dollars at a slight discount, but the smaller money in use with us will not pass current. The small change is principally English coin,—eight, six, four and three-penny pieces, a small silver coin called a "check," worth a penny and a half, and copper pennies and halfpence. Among the latter we met with a great many friends of other days in the shape of our old-fashioned copper cents. One or two of the guests at the hotel, who were coin collectors, found prizes among the coppers. The negroes gave, in change, not only rare United States cents, passing for halfpence, but copper coins of the same general size, from various parts of the world. It quite recalled the feelings of my youth to get change for a quarter, and go about with a lot of heavy coppers jingling in my pocket.

But there is no difficulty at all in getting rid of this weighty change. An opportunity is afforded twice a day at the main entrance of the hotel, where, after breakfast and after dinner, will be found on every week-day a regular fair or market. The negroes come with the greatest variety of commodities for sale, and range themselves around the inside of the inclosure, some sitting down by the walls with their baskets before them, others standing about with their wares in their hands, while others, more enterprising, circulate among the ladies and gentlemen, who are taking their after-meal rest in the numerous arm-chairs on each side of the door. It would be impossible to name everything which may be bought in this market, for new and unique commodities are continually turning up. Flowers and fruit of every kind that grows here, sponges, shells of almost every imaginable variety, canes and hats of native manufacture, star-fish, berries, conchs, sugar-cane, sea-beans of all kinds and colors, and all sorts of ornaments made of tortoise-shell and other shells. One day a boy brought a little dog; a girl had a live bird, which she would either sell or liberate on the payment of a small sum by any humane person. A big black man brought a tarantula spider in a bottle, and you can always get centipedes if you want them. Many things—sponges, for instance—can be bought at very low prices by people who are willing to bargain a little.

We bought and tasted of almost every kind of native fruit; some of it was very curious to look at, and some was very good to eat. The sappadillo is a small round fruit, the color of a potato on the outside, and as sweet as sugared honey inside. The grape-fruit has the flavor and taste of an orange, and is a rich and juicy fruit for a hot day, but the skin and pulp must be avoided. Guavas are fragrant and luscious. Jamaica apples, which are masses of sweet custard, covered with a thin skin, are almost too rich for a novice in West Indian fruits. Mangoes are said to be delicious, but they ripen later in the season. The sour-sop is a great green fruit, like a bloated cucumber, and has been aptly compared, in regard to taste, to cotton soaked in vinegar. The lemons are enormous and very fine, and there are limes, and star-apples, and tamarinds, and other things of the kind which I cannot remember. But the fruits we liked best were those to which we had been accustomed,—oranges, pine-apples and bananas. We had not, however, been accustomed to pine-apples naturally ripened. Those sent from Nassau to the United States are shipped in a partially green state, and ripen themselves as well as circumstances allow. But a pine-apple ripened in its native soil, and under its native sun, was an unknown joy to us. It was not the pine-apple season, but in this happy climate season does not make much difference to fruits, and there were generally some pine-apples to be had.

Not only venders of merchandise but every one who has any means of making money out of the visitors is to be found at this hotel-door market,—men with horses and carriages to hire; captains of sail-boats; humbler folk who will take you rowing, or commanders of fishing-smacks anxious to take a fishing party "outside." As soon as possible I engaged a man to take me fishing.

I have always delighted in the sport, and here I should certainly have some new experiences. We started after breakfast, myself and the fisherman, in a tight little, round little, dirty little sloop, with a "well" in it to keep captured fish alive, and decked over fore and aft. The boat was strong and safe, if not very pretty, and away we went over the bar and out to sea. We anchored off Hog Island, some distance from land, and my good man lowered his sail and got out his lines and bait. The latter was conchmeat. He took up a conch, several of which he had bought in the market before we started, and broke the shell to pieces with a small iron bar. Then he pulled out the inmate, which resembles an immense clam with a beak and a tail, and examined it for pearls. In these conchs, pearls of a pretty pinkish hue are occasionally, but not often, found by fortunate fishermen and divers. One of them sold for four hundred dollars in London, I was informed. Small



SELLING A TARANTULA.

ones, worth from ten to a hundred dollars, are occasionally seen in the Nassau shops. Finding no pearl, my fisherman laid his conch on the deck and hammered it with a wooden beater until it was soft enough to cut up for the hooks. All this made a good

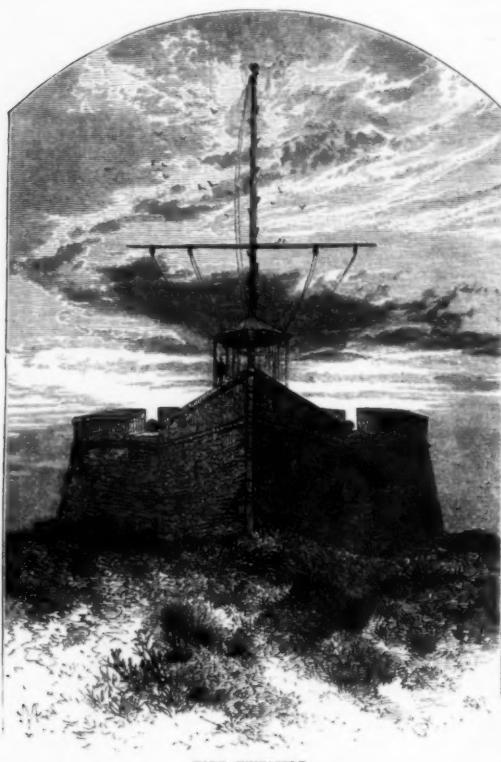
deal of noise, which I was afraid would frighten away the fish, but when the hooks were baited and we were ready to commence operations, the man took an old and empty conch-shell, and holding it over the water

deck he drew forth a "water-glass," which is a light wooden box, about twenty inches long and a foot square, open at one end, and with a pane of glass inserted at the other end, which is somewhat the larger.

He held this box over the side of the boat, and sinking the glass end a few inches below the surface of the water, he put his eye to the other end and looked in. —"Yes," said he, "there's lots of fish down there. Take a look at them." I took the box and looked down into the water, which was five or six fathoms deep. I could see everything under the water as plainly as if it had all been in the upper air,—the smooth white sandy bottom; the stones lying on it, covered with sea-weed; the star-fish and such sea-creatures lying perfectly still, or gently waving themselves about, and the big fish slowly swimming around and occasionally turning up one eye to look at us. Looking through this "water-glass," it was as light as day down under the sea.

The fisherman, who was of white blood, although he was tanned as dark as a mulatto, knew all the different fish and told me their names. The "mutton-fish" and the "groupers" were the largest we saw. Some of these were two or three feet long. We now lowered our lines and began to fish. The man kept the water-glass in his hand

most of the time, so as to see what would come to the lines. Sometimes I would take a look and see the fish come slowly swimming up to my bait, which rested on the bottom, look at it, and perhaps take a little nibble, and then disdainfully swim away. They did not seem to be very hungry. Pretty soon the fisherman caught a "hind,"—a fish about a foot long, of a beautiful orange color with red and black spots. I soon caught one of the same kind. Then the man hauled up a "blue-fish," one of the very handsomest fishes I ever saw. It was not at all like our so-called blue-fish. This was about twenty inches long and of a beautiful polished, dark sky-blue all over—fins, head, tail and every other part. It was more like a very bright blue china-fish than anything else.



FORT FINCASTLE.

hammered it into bits, making as much noise as possible in so doing. This, he said,—and he seemed to know all about it,—was to attract the fish. These proceedings were very different from what I had been accustomed to in my fishing excursions at home, when everybody kept as quiet as possible, but my fisherman's next move astonished me still more. He coolly remarked that he would look and see if there were any fish in the water about our boat. We were gently tossing on waves that were entirely different from the transparent water of the harbor, and apparently as opaque as any other waves. I could see a few inches below the surface perhaps, but certainly no more. But my man knew what he was talking about. From under his little

This man had a queer way of classifying fish. "There's one at your hook now, sir," he would say, and when I would ask if it was a big one he would sometimes answer, "Well, about two shillin's," or "That's a big feller; three shillin's, sure," and sometimes, "That's a little one, biting at you, about six-pence."

While we were fishing, we saw, at a short distance, some conch-divers at work. There were two of them, and neither of them wore any clothes. One of them sculled their small boat, while the other fellow stood like a bronze statue in the bow. Every now and then they would stop and look into the sea with a water-glass, and if they saw a conch, over would go the diver into eight or ten fathoms of water and bring it up. It seemed like a very lonely kind of business, to go away off on the sea in a little bit of a boat and then to leave even that, and dive down into the ocean depths, among the quiet fishes and the solemn rocks, for a three-cent conch. I asked my fisherman if there were sharks hereabouts.

"Plenty of 'em," he answered; "sometimes they come around my boat and snap at my fish as fast as I catch 'em. They soon break the lines and make me pull up and get away. Yes, there's lots of 'em, but they wont bite a nigger."

We soon became convinced that February is June in Nassau. The weather was that of early summer, and everybody was in light clothes and straw hats. In the sun it is often quite warm; in the shade you can generally rely on seventy-four degrees. We never found it too warm to go about sight-seeing, and there is a good deal to see in and about Nassau, if you choose to go and look at it. Back of the hotel, on a commanding hill, stands Fort Fincastle, a curious old stronghold. Viewed from the front, it looks very much like a side-wheel steamer built of stone. The flag-staff increases the delusion by its resemblance to a fore-mast. This fort was built long before steamboats were heard of, so that the idea that it is a petrified steamer is utterly ridiculous.

The fort is commanded and garrisoned by one man whose duty it is to signal the approach of vessels. He must have had a lively time, during our late war, when so many blockade-runners came to Nassau, and when a steamer might come rushing into the harbor with a gun-boat hot behind it—at any time of day or night.

Fort Charlotte, at the western end of the town, is a good place to go to, if you like

mysterious underground passages, deep, solemn and dark chambers, cut out of the solid rock, and all sorts of uncanny and weird places, where a negro with a double-barreled lamp leads you through the darkness. In this fort, which was built by the Earl of Dunmore, nearly a hundred years ago, there is a curious deep well, with circular stairs leading to the bottom of it, and the stairs, central pillar and well are all cut out of the solid rock. We went down that dismal well, slowly and cautiously, and we found at the bottom a long passage which led to the "Governor's room." There was no governor there, for the fort is now deserted, except by a couple of negroes, who help the Fincastle man to look out for vessels, but it must have been a very good place for a governor to go to, if his subjects did not love him.

The military element is quite conspicuous in Nassau. There are large barracks at the west end of the town; a British man-of-war generally lies in the harbor, and in the cool of the evening you may almost always see, down the white vista of the narrow street, the red coat of a British soldier.

There is a nice little public square which lies on the water side of Bay street and fronts the public buildings, where are the court-houses, house of assembly, Bank, and other similar places of resort. Whenever we would go—on a pleasant morning, afternoon or evening—to this square, to sit by the stone boat-stairs, or to stand on the sea-wall and view the lovely water with its changing hues of green, its yachts, its ships, and all its busy smaller craft, and sniff with delight the cool salt breeze that blows so gayly over the narrow back of Hog Island, there would certainly come running to us two, three, or a dozen little black boys with the entreaty: "Please, boss, give us a small dive." If I happened to have any change, and wished to see some funny work in the water, I put my hand in my pocket, and instantly every little black boy jerked off his shirt. It is no trouble for the negro children to undress in Nassau. The very little ones wear only a small shirt and a straw hat. Sometimes there is not much muslin in this shirt, but they are always particular to have it come down low enough to cover the breast-bone. If I find a penny, I toss it into the water, and instantly every darkey boy, clad in nothing but his scanty trowsers, plunges in after it. Sometimes a spry little fellow catches the coin before it reaches the bot-



DARKEYS DIVING FOR PENNIES.

tom, and it is never long before some fellow comes up with the money in his mouth. Sometimes when a coin is not readily found, it is curious to look down through the clear water and see the young rascals moving their legs and arms about down at the bottom like a lot of enormous brown frogs.

There are not many places of public resort in Nassau; but there is a library which has eight sides and six thousand books, and where the pleasant young people of Nassau—and there are a great many of them—go to see one another, and to look over the volumes in the cool alcoves.

There is another place which always looks delightfully cool and shady, and which, if it is not patronized by lovers, ought to be, and this is a very long, narrow and deep ravine which was cut in the lime-stone rock, not far from the hotel, many years ago by the people who were building the town. At the upper end is a long flight of steps leading to the hill on which Fort Fincastle stands, and this is called "The Queen's Staircase." It has been long since any stone has been taken from this ravine. The stairs, which were admirably

cut out of the rock, have been worn away in places by many feet, and the whole place has grown up cool and green, with all sorts of vines and shrubbery. Here we found a great many of the "life-leaf" plant,—a curious growth, from the fact that a leaf of it will live for months, pinned to your wall, and not only that, but little plants will come out of the edges of the leaf and grow just as comfortably as if they were in the ground.

It is genuine pleasure to take a ride about Nassau. Apart from the fact that there is a good deal to be seen, it is delightful to ride over roads which are so hard, so smooth, and so level that it does not seem to be any trouble whatever for a horse to pull a buggy. If it were any trouble, I don't believe the Nassau horses would do it.

The first time we took a buggy-ride, our little mite of a horse bowled us along at a lively rate, and all was charming—fine breeze, lovely road by the water, suburbs fading into country, and all that—until we met a wagon. Then we came very near having a smash-up. For some reason or other, myself and the other driver turned right into each other. We pulled up in time to prevent damage; the other man swore,

and, jerking his horse around, drove off angrily. I could not imagine why this should have happened, until I suddenly remembered that this was, theoretically, English soil, and on English soil drivers turn to the left. It was well I thought of this and remembered it, or else on our return, when we met all the fashionable people of Nassau taking their afternoon air on the road, I should have run into the governor's carriage containing some of his family; then, in a few minutes, into the governor himself, riding rapidly on a fine horse, and after that into a number of ladies and gentlemen in buggies or one-horse barouches. Some of those in buggies were visitors from the hotel, and very difficult to avoid, having a habit of turning sometimes one way and sometimes the other.

The governor, who resides in the government house, a spacious building on the heights back of the city, is a tall, handsome Englishman, who has filled his present post for about two years to the satisfaction of everybody, I believe, excepting those enterprising people who wish to revive the old business of wrecking, for which the Bahamas used to be so famous. It is certain that there are very few islands which are so advantageously placed for this sort of business; for it is not only difficult for ships sailing in these waters to keep at a safe distance from the twenty-nine islands, the six hundred and sixty-one cays, and the two thousand three hundred and eighty-seven rocks, but there is a constant temptation to skippers to run a vessel ashore and share with the wreckers the salvage money. Then, too, it is so much more enjoyable (to wreckers) to see a vessel smash her sides on a coral reef than to see her sail stupidly into port that any one who endeavors to persuade these people that it will be better for all parties to give up the time-honored business of wrecking and devote themselves to raising oranges and pine-apples, has a hard task before him.

The principal road on the island runs along the northern shore for fifteen miles or more, and is a beautiful drive, for the most part along the edge of the harbor. This was the road we took on our first ride, and among the curious things we saw on the way was a banyan-tree. There it stood by the roadside, the regular banyan of the geographies, with its big trunk in the middle and all its little trunks coming down from the branches above. I always thought of the banyan as an East Indian tree, and

did not expect to find it in the Bahamas. However, there are not many of these trees on the island, I believe, of the size and symmetry of this one.

There are a good many trees of distinction in and about Nassau. In the garden of the Rev. Mr. Swann, rector of the cathedral, there are two very fine royal African palms, and back of the public buildings is a "silk cotton-tree" which is a wonderful specimen of what Nature can do when she tries her hand at curious vegetation. This tree, which is inclosed by a fence to protect it from visitors, is nothing very remarkable, as to its upper works, so to speak, except that it bears a pod which contains a silky cotton, but it is very remarkable indeed when one considers its roots. These stand up out of the ground six or eight feet high, like great wooden walls, radiating from the trunk ten or twenty feet outward, making an arrangement somewhat resembling a small, circular church with high-backed pews. The branches extend outward for a great distance, making this the most imposing tree on the island, although



THE NASSAU LIBRARY.

silk cotton-trees are not at all uncommon. There is a very fine one on the hotel grounds.

In the interior of the island are some very pretty lakes. One of these, called, I am sorry to say, Lake Killarney, is a charming spot. We rode over there one afternoon in a one-horse barouche with a high-hatted driver. The road for some miles

leads westwardly along the beach, and gives views of some lovely bays and coves, and the cays that guard the western side of the entrance to the harbor, with the white foam dashing up against their coral sides. Then we struck back into the country and

green and yellow in the leaves, the blossoms and the young fruit, made a very striking picture.

From the top of the hill on which the plantation lies may be had the finest view in the whole island. Before you lies Lake



SILK COTTON-TREE.

rode through the pines to the lake, which stretches up and down for three miles. Its water is a beautiful green, like that in the harbor, and the banks, which were cut up into picturesque little bays and peninsulas, were heavily wooded, except in one spot, where a hill running down to the water's edge had been cleared and planted with pine-apples. Going out on a rude little pier we saw a couple of negroes in a boat, returning from a duck-hunt. One of these we hired to row us to the pine-apple plantation, about a mile away, leaving our stately driver to enjoy the shade of the wild orange and lemon trees until our return.

A pine-apple plantation was something entirely new to us, and this was a very large and fine one. The plants were set out all over the field about two or three feet apart. The alternations of bright pink, purple,

Killarney, its apple-green waters sparkling between its darker-hued shores, while back to the left, you see another and a larger lake shimmering in the distance, and back to the right, over the masses of foliage that stretch away for miles and miles, you can see the ocean, with the steeples of the town peeping up along its edge.

We took another long ride—the road running by the beach all the way—to what are called the Caves. Two of these are good-sized caverns near the shore, but there is another one, better worth seeing, which is nearly a mile back in the country and to which we walked, for there is no road across the fields. The outer portion or vestibule of this cave is divided into two portions at right angles with each other, and one of them is not at all unlike a small cathedral, with altar, pillars, a recessed

chancel, and long cords like bell-pulls or supports for chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. The latter were slender rootlets, or rather branches seeking to become trunks, which came down from banyan-trees on the ground above, and finding their way through crevices in the roof, took root in the floor of the cave. I took away one of them, about one-third of an inch in diameter and some fifteen feet long, and, coiling it up, put it in my trunk. When my travels were over, and I had reached home, I hung the coil on a nail in the wall, and there, at least three months after it was cut, that bit of banyan, which had remained perfectly green and flexible all this time, began to sprout out rootlets down toward the carpet, and these are now six or seven feet long. This ridiculous piece of wood is growing yet, without water, without earth, and with no other culture than that of being packed in a trunk and hung up on a nail.

As to the main cavern, which opens from what I have called the vestibule caves by means of a four-foot hole, and which extends for a half mile or thereabouts toward the beach, we did not visit it. We were told by our negro guide, with many gesticulations, that this was a wonderful cave, and that if we had candles and plenty of matches it would be a good thing to go in, but that if we should accidentally be left there in the dark we would never, never come out alive!

The Hog Island beach is one of the best places that I know about Nassau. It is a short row across to the island, which is so narrow that a minute's walk takes one to the other side. Here the shore is high and rocky, rising, in most places, twenty feet above the water-level. The rocks are what are called "honey-comb rocks," and are worn and cut by the action of the waves into all sorts of twisted, curled, pointed, scooped-out, jagged forms, so that it is difficult to pick your way over them, although their general surface is nearly level. The surf comes rolling in on the rocks, and dashes and surges and leaps against them, while every now and then a wave larger and mightier than its fellows hurls itself high up on the shore, throwing its spray twenty or thirty feet into the air, like an immense glittering fountain.

In many places the rocks are undermined for a considerable distance, and the sea rolls and rumbles in under your feet. Here and there are holes, three or four feet wide, down which you can look into the submarine caverns and see the water boiling and surging and hissing, while occasionally, a great wave rushing in below sends a water-spout through one of these holes, high into the air. When the wind is from the north the sight here must be magnificent. There is a reef a short distance from the beach which breaks the force of the surf somewhat, but when there is a strong wind blowing directly on shore, the waves often leap clean over Hog Island and dash into the



A FINE-APPLE IN ITS NATIVE SOIL.

harbor. At such times the light-house on the point would be a better place to view the scene than the rocks where we usually sat.

Toward the eastern part of this island, there are several little coves with a smooth beach, of the very whitest sand that a beach can have. Here the surf is not high, and the bathing is excellent. A comfortable sea-bath in winter-time—a bath in water that is warm, and under skies that are blue with the blueness of our summer mornings, is a joy that does not fall to the lot of every man. But here you may bathe in the surf almost any day, and along the water-front

of the city there are private bath-houses, for still-water bathing, and I was told that others are to be erected for the use of the Royal Victoria, which gathers under its wings nearly all the winter visitors, though there are one or two small hotels in Nassau, one good American house of the first class, and some boarding-houses.

Once a year there are regattas at Nassau, and the occasion is made a grand holiday by all classes—the principal holiday of the year. We were lucky enough to be there on regatta day, which fell on the sixth of March, and it would have warmed the cockles of anybody's heart to see so many happy people. All the places of business were shut up, and everybody came to see the sights. The buildings fronting on the water were crowded with white folks, and the piers and wharves, and coal-heaps, and piles of lumber, and barrels, and boxes, and posts were covered with negroes, as ants cover a lump of sugar. And better than sugar to ants was this jolly day to that black crowd with so few shoes and so many hats. Like the shore, the water was crowded. Craft of every kind were to be seen: sloops just in from sponging expeditions or voyages to the "out islands;" vessels at anchor; sail-boats shooting here and there; and among all, wherever there was room for a row-boat, there a row-boat was. There were races for schooners, yachts, fishing-smacks, spongers, and for row-boats of all grades; and there were swimming matches, and a "duck-hunt," in which an active fellow in a little boat was chased, for a wager, by other boats. But the best thing of all, to me, was the per-

formance of "walking the greased pole." This amusement is far superior to climbing a greased pole—there is something aesthetic about it—when the grease is thick. A long round spar is projected horizontally over the side of a vessel, and at the extreme end of it hangs a bag containing a pig. The upper surface of the pole is covered with a coating of grease. Along this pole the competitors must walk and seize the prize—the pig in the bag. About a dozen young negro men, clad in nothing but short muslin trowsers, gathered on the deck to engage in the sport. One at a time, these fellows would walk cautiously out, doing everything in their power to keep their balance and to avoid slipping, and then, before they knew it, up would go their feet, and down they would tumble, head foremost, into the water, amid yells and screams of laughter from the excited crowds on shore. But they did not mind the water, and would climb up the ship's side and try it again. After about fifty attempts, during which the negroes on the wharves became so excited that if they had all tumbled overboard amid their wild yells and gesticulations, I should not have been surprised, a long, thin, black fellow made a run along the pole, slipped off the end, but seized the bag in his fall and hung fast to it. The crowd screamed in one mad spasm of delight, and the thin black man got the prize.

But it is not necessary to participate in a regatta in order to have good sailing in Nassau waters. Sail-boats and yachts are continually cruising about in the harbor, and you can always hire a craft for a sail.



A LITTLE COVE AT NASSAU.

The best sail we had while we were there—and we have no reason to expect ever to have a better one—was an excursion to a coral reef, some five miles from town. We were a party of four, with Captain Sampson Smart at the helm; and we took with us

water." And his words were true, only what we saw was more like a garden than a farm. Down at the bottom we could see—quite plain with the naked eye, but ever so much better with the water-glass—a lovely garden where there were sea-fans,



A NASSAU DIVERSION.

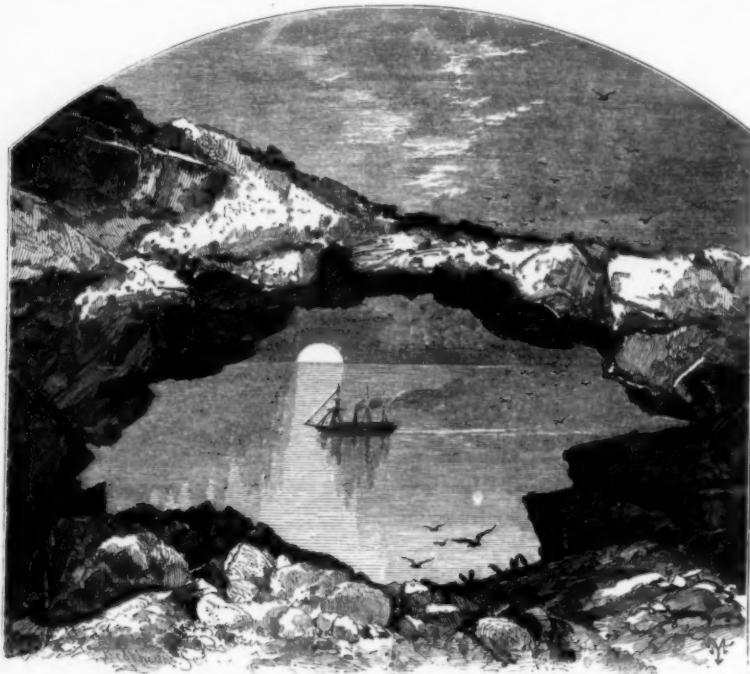
two young negro divers. Captain Sampson is a fine sailor-looking darkey, and if you believe him, he can take you in his little boat and sail you to the lowlands low, or the highlands high, or to any other place on earth accessible by water. He certainly can sail a boat, and he took us away on about five Japanese fanfuls of wind, up the harbor, and past the town, and close by Potter's Cay—a narrow island lying lengthwise between Hog Island and the mainland; and past the long suburb of little cabins and cottages belonging to fishermen, and spongers, and other folk with watery occupations, and among the little fleet of small craft always to be found here, and so on to the end of Hog Island, where a strip of channel, called "The Narrows," separates it from Athol Island, which here relieves Hog Island of the duty of harbor guard. We sailed through the Narrows, and in a short time were anchored on the reef, in about ten or twelve feet of water. Here, the captain had told us, we should see "a farm under

purple and green, that spread themselves out from spurs of coral; sea-feathers whose beautiful purple plumes rose three or four feet high, and waved under the water as trees wave in the wind; curious coral formations, branched like trees, or rounded like balls, or made up into any fantastic form or shape that one might think of, and colored purple, green, yellow and gray, besides many-hued plants that looked like mosses, lichens, and vines growing high and low on the coral rocks. All among the nodding branches of the curious sea-plants, swam the fish. Some of these were little things, no longer than one's finger, colored as brilliantly as humming-birds,—blue, yellow and red,—and there were large blue-fish, and great striped fish, with rich bands of black and purple across their backs. Down into this under-water garden we sent the divers to pick for us what we wanted. Whenever we saw a handsome coral, or a graceful sea-feather or sea-fan that pleased our fancy, we pointed it out to

one of the young fellows, and down he plunged and brought it up to us.

I have never been in the habit of going about with governors' wives to call upon queens, but on one fine Sunday afternoon, the wife of a governor—not the governor of the Bahamas—did take us to call upon a queen—not she of England, but one of un-

ing no authority. Of course we were anxious to see her, and so, as I have said, the governor's wife accompanied us to her house. On the way I took a few lessons in African from our obliging guide, and succeeded in learning one or two phrases which I thought might be useful at court. The queen's palace was larger than an old-fashioned high-



THE GLASS WINDOWS, HARBOR ISLAND.

doubted royal blood. We first went to see the governor. He is a native African, Sampson Hunt by name. About forty years ago, a couple of slavers, containing select cargoes of Africans, were captured by an English man-of-war, and the liberated negroes were brought to the Bahamas. They settled down on the outskirts of Nassau and have since kept pretty well together, the older ones using their native language among themselves, although most of them can speak English. Sampson Hunt is their governor and lives in a little two-roomed house with a tall flag-staff in front of it. He is an intelligent man, and showed us a portion of the Bible printed in his language, the Yuruba. Among these Africans, when they were captured, was a young queen, who still lives, enjoying her rank, but hav-

posted bedstead, but not much. In one of its two rooms we found her majesty, sitting in a rocking-chair in front of the door, while on a bench at the side of the room sat four grizzled old negro men. The queen was a tall woman, with a high turban and a red shawl wrapped majestically about her. She stood up, when we entered, and gave us each her hand, making at the same time a low courtesy. She either felt her royal blood or had the lumbago, for she was very stiff indeed. She did not seem to be able to talk much in English, for the governess spoke to her in African and her majesty made a remark or two to us in that language. Here was a chance for my phrases, so said I to the queen, "*Oqua galla*," which is equivalent to "good evening." What the queen said in answer I don't know, but the

four grizzled old negroes on the bench jumped as if they had been struck by lightning. They rolled about on the bench, their eyes sparkled, their teeth shone, they were convulsed with joy. "You been dar?" asked the grizzliest. He was sorry to find that I had never visited his native land, although he probably thought it strange that I did not go, knowing the language so well. When he found it necessary to subside into English, he gave us a very interesting account of the life on the slave-ship and the stirring events of the capture.

The reputation of Nassau as a health-resort is increasing every year. There are many reasons for this. Not only is its climate in winter warm and equable, but its air is moderately dry, its drainage excellent, and its drinking-water plentiful and wholesome. The island, according to excellent medical authority, is entirely free from malarious diseases, and it is, moreover, very easy of access. Its peculiar attractions draw to it, from our shores, a great many invalids and persons of delicate constitutions who would find it difficult to keep alive during our terrible and deceptive winter weather, but who, under the blue skies of the Bahamas, are happy as kings and are out-of-doors all day. At times there is a good deal of moisture in the air, especially at sunset, when a heavy fall of dew may be expected for an hour or two. But as there is very little change of temperature night or day, even persons with rheumatism and neuralgia may find relief in this steady-going climate. The doctor, from whom I had most of my information on these points, thought that while he would hardly recommend patients having those forms of lung trouble in which there is much expectoration and perspiration to visit the Bahamas, he considered that in the early stages of chronic pneumonia, and tuber-

culosis, in convalescence from acute diseases, in malarial affections and in exhaustion from overwork and worry, Nassau was one of the most healthful resorts of which he had any knowledge. This physician, a New Yorker who visited Nassau and made himself thoroughly acquainted with it, has since written very strongly in praise of the place. He went so far as to have some of the ordinary drinking-water analyzed, and found it very similar, indeed, to Croton water, each of them containing 0.4852 grains of chlorine to the gallon. I never discovered this in drinking it, but I know the water is very good. It may also be remarked, to the credit of the town, that the importation of ice is carefully attended to.

When we speak of this part of the world we generally say Nassau, because it is, so to speak, the center of the whole Bahamian system. But there are many attractions on the twenty-eight other islands, on which are some fifty small towns and settlements, and about thirty thousand inhabitants.

Harbor Island on the northern edge of the group, boasts the most pretentious provincial settlement. Dunmore Town has two thousand inhabitants, and attractions of its own, some of which its citizens believe to be quite equal to anything of the kind in the Bahamas. The "Glass Windows," a high arch or natural bridge, eighty or ninety feet above the level of the sea, is one of the lions of Harbor Island.

I have said it is easy to get to Nassau, and it is indeed a great deal easier than most persons suppose. There is a steamer every ten days from Savannah to Nassau, touching at St. Augustine, and the trip is always short, and generally smooth and pleasant. We made a good, long stay in Nassau, and set sail for St. Augustine, our faces browned with Bahama sunshine, and our souls fired with the spirit of seventy-four Fahrenheit.

PEACE.

THE king encumbered of his crown,
In cot content, can lay it down;
The bird far faring from her nest,
Some kindly spray may rock to rest.

The lark led on through upper air,
At eve forgets his journey there;
And th' eagle's eyes on glories far,
Ere long recede from sun and star.

The leaves which people lofty trees;
The snow—shed foam of th' over seas;
The rain that rings along the sky,—
Together meet and lowly lie.

Thou too, O Soul, striving to soar
Each flight beyond the flight before,
Shalt, past the vexèd years that yearn,
To humbler haunts of Peace return.

ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



THE HOE-DOWN AT KIRTLEY'S.

CHAPTER I.

THE BARBECUE.

You would have known that it was a holiday in the county-seat village of Luzerne, had you fallen in with a party of country boys dressed in white cotton shirts and trowsers of blue jeans, who hurried along the road at sunrise, to the summit of the hill that overlooks the town. You might have guessed that it was an occasion of merry-making by the eager speech and over-reaching steps of the boys, hastening, boy-like, hours beforehand to the scene of anticipated excitement, trembling lest some happening of interest should be unseen by them. Job's war-horse was never half so eager for the fray. Hearing already the voices of others of their kind shouting in the village streets below, they do not pause a moment on the crest but plunge forward down the "dug-road" that slants along the steep hill-side, until it reaches the level plain below

and debouches into the main street of the town.

But you, had you been of their company, must have halted on the hill to look off eastward where the sun is quivering in the thin yellow-and-white horizon-clouds that hang over green hills. You must have stopped to look at the Luzerne island in its many shades of green, from the dark maple-leaf to the lighter cotton-wood and sycamore, the whole fringed by a margin of yet paler water-willows which dip their outermost boughs into the placid water of the broad Ohio, glistening in the early sunlight like the apocalyptic river of life. You must have paused and looked away in the other direction to the long stretch of river to the westward, till at last in a grand sweep to the south you lost sight of that majestic current, which first by the Indians, then by the French, and then by the English-speaking settlers has been called "The Beautiful." You must have looked across the mile-wide cur-

rent to the little Kentucky village on the bank opposite you, its white houses shut in by a line of green hills behind. And just beneath, on the nearer bank, lies Luzerne, one of the oldest towns in this new country, and the fairest object in the landscape. There are no fine houses—only white “frame” and red brick ones, with now and then an aboriginal log-cabin standing like an old settler, unabashed among more genteel neighbors. But all the yards are full of apple-trees and rose-bushes and lilacs—*lay-locks* the people call them—and altheas and flowering almonds. Here one sees chimney-tops and roofs jutting out of the surrounding green of the trees, and there are large patches of unfenced greensward or “common” upon which the newly milked cows are already congregating, their bells, each on a different key, keeping up a ceaseless tinkling. You see the brand-new courthouse with glittering brass ball above the belfry, standing in the treeless, grass-green “public square;” and there in plain sight is the old town-pump in front of the courthouse, and about it the boys and girls who have come hither for water.

But the party of country boys with whom we started have almost reached the foot of the hill. They have gone down running, walking, and leaping by turns. Now and then one of them stops, and looking over the valley and the village, swings his cap and cries out: “Hurrah for Harrison and Tyler!” or, “Hurrah for Tippecanoe and Tyler too!” Not, perhaps, because he knows or cares anything about the candidates for the presidency, but because a young cock must flap his wings and crow. Most of the enthusiasm of a political canvass is the effervescence of animal spirits. The struggle of the leaders is to make this overflowing tide of surplus life grind their grists. It was the processions and hard cider and log-cabins of 1840 that gave the Whigs the election.

But now other parties of straggling boys and men are coming into the village, afoot and on horseback, over this hill, and over others, and along the river-banks; while skiffs are crossing from Kentucky. In the village the trees are full of birds; yellow-hammers, jays, blue-birds, sap-suckers, red-birds, pee-wees, cat-birds, martins, and all the others that abound in the genial climate of southern Indiana, are filling the air with their whistling calls to one another; the singing locust sends forth everywhere in quick-following vibrant waves his curious

notes; but we do not hear these things. The usually quiet streets have already the premonitory symptoms of the on-coming excitement of the day, and the village lads in Sunday clothes, but barefoot none the less, are singing lustily to one another, such refrains as this:

“ Hurrah for Harrison and Tyler!
Beat the Dutch or bust your b'ler !”

to which some sturdy Democratic boy, resolved not to strike his colors, replies with a defiant, “Hurrah for Little Van!” and the Whig, feeling himself in the ascendant for the day, responds by singing:

“ Little Van's a used-up man,
A used-up man, a used-up man,
A used-up man is he !”

But the opposite side can readily answer again with ditties quite as forcible and ungrammatical.

By this time it wants a quarter of six o'clock, and the bell in the belfry of the tavern is ringing in a jerky fashion its warning for breakfast. It is the one invariable thing—holidays may come and go, but the tavern bell never fails to ring at six and twelve and six, with a first bell fifteen minutes before the hours for meals. The movements of all the people in the town are regulated by this steady old bell, and were it to waver in its punctuality the life of the community would be thrown into disorder; clocks would have no regulator; meals would be out of time; farmers would not know when to start toward home; preachers would have no reminder of the length of their sermons.

By seven o'clock on this day of the barbecue, the village is in a state of general expectancy. Girls are traveling to and fro singly and in squads; women are talking to each other over garden fences, and at front gates; merchants in their Sunday clothes are standing on the sidewalks, and boys are hurrying away to the great beech-woods on the river-bank above the town, where the barbecue is to be held, and then hurrying back to the village to see what is to be seen there. Wagons loaded with provisions of various sorts are constantly arriving from the country and making their way direct to the barbecue ground.

“Where are you going, Roxy?” asks a girl of sixteen in a lawn dress of another a year older, perhaps, in a bright new gingham. She speaks with that flutter of expectancy in her voice which girls always have at such times.

"To the beech-woods to see them roast the oxen,—I thought it might please Bobo, here," and saying this she turned toward a pale boy whom she led by the hand.

"Please Bobo here," the lad echoed with a childish exultation, and a strange wistful look in his eyes.

"I wonder what poor Bobo thinks about these things?" said the girl in lawn, looking at the lad's pale face and uncertain eyes.

"Bobo thinks about these things," he echoed with a baby-like chuckle of happiness.

"I believe he does, don't you, Roxy?"

"I know he does," said Roxy, looking at her unfortunate charge tenderly; "to be sure he does."

"To be sure he does," chimed in Bobo, with a delight, which was increased by the smiles of the girls.

"You see," continued Roxy, "he was a very smart little fellow till he got that fall. I don't think his mind is injured, exactly. It is only the brain. It seems to me like old Mrs. Post's cataract over her eyes, a sort of film,—a cataract over his mind, Twonnet.* Things don't get in and out well, but he seems to keep trying to think inside."

"Think inside!" cried the foolish fellow, beginning now to pull Roxy's hand to signify that he wanted to go, and saying, "See how nice!" as he pointed to the flags suspended over the street.

"He is very fond of red," exclaimed Roxy.

"You're better than most people, Roxy. They'd be ashamed to take anybody that was—was—simple—you know, around with them."

"Why?" said Roxy in surprise. "I think Bobo will always be one of those 'little ones' that are mentioned in the Bible. He don't know any harm, and I wont let him learn any. I could hardly live without him." Then she added in a lower tone: "I used to feel a little ashamed of him sometimes when people laughed. But that was a very bad feeling, I am sure. Good Bobo!"

"Good Bobo!" he chuckled, still pulling at Roxy's hand until she had to go on, Bobo expressing his pleasure whenever they passed beneath the flags. Going through the crowd of people in holiday dress, who were slaking their thirst at the town pump,

—the handle of which had no rest,—they turned at last into the principal street running toward the river. The village was chiefly built upon the second bank or terrace. The street led them down to the lower bank, which was thinly occupied by one or two hay warehouses and some dilapidated dwellings. This part of the town had once been in a fair way to take the lead on account of its proximity to the landing, but in the great flood of 1832 the river had quite submerged it, rising almost to the height of the rooms on the second floor, and floating away one or two buildings. The possibility of a repetition of this calamity had prevented the erection of new houses on this level, and some of the better ones had been given up by their owners, so that now this part of the town was the domain of fishermen, boatmen, and those poor people who, having always to struggle to keep the soul in the body, are glad to get any shelter in which to keep the body itself. The fewness of their chattels made removals easy, and since they were, most of them, amphibious creatures, they had no morbid dread of a freshet. Several of the better class, too, had held on to their rose-embowered homes on this lovely river-bank, declaring their belief that "the flood of '32" had deepened the channel of the river, so that there was now no danger.

But this lower bank seemed all the more beautiful to Roxy and Bobo that there were so few houses on it. The fences for the most part had not been rebuilt after the flood, so that there was a broad expanse of greensward. Their path took them along the river-bank, and to Roxy the wide river was always a source of undefined joy.

Following the hurrying squads of boys and men, and the track of wagons, they came at last into the forest of primeval beech that stretched away for a mile above the town, on this lower flat bordering the river. Here were not such beech-trees as grow on the valley hills of New England, stunted in height and with a divided trunk. These great trees, having a deep and fertile soil, push their trunks in stately columns heavenward, sending forth, everywhere, slender lateral limbs that droop soon after leaving the trunk, then recover themselves and droop a little once more at the distant tips, almost making Hogarth's line. The stillness of the deep shade was broken now by the invasion of busy men and idle boys; there were indescribable

* This orthography best represents the common pronunciation of the name among the village people. It rhymes exactly with the word "bonnet."

cries; the orders, advice, and jokes shouted from one to another, had a sound as of desecration. Here a table was being spread, set in the form of a hollow square to accommodate a thousand people; in another place hundreds of great loaves of bread were being cut into slices by men with sharp knives.

All of this pleased Bobo, but when at last Roxy led him to the pit, thirty feet long, over which half a dozen oxen split in halves were undergoing the process called barbecuing, he was greatly excited. A great fire had been kept burning in this trench during the night, and now the bottom, six feet below the surface, was covered with a bed of glowing coals. As the beeves over this fire were turned from time to time, they kept up a constant hissing, as such a giant's broil must; and this sound with the intense heat terrified the lad.

He was better pleased when Roxy led him away to a tree where a thrifty farmer was selling ginger-cakes and cider, and spent all her money—five old-fashioned “coppers”—in buying for him a glass of cider which sold for five cents, with a scoloped ginger-cake thrown in.

But now the drum and fife were heard, and Roxy could plainly see a procession of Whigs from the country coming down the hill in the rear of the village. Others were coming by the other roads that led into the town. The crowd of idlers who scattered about the grove now started pell-mell for the village, where all of these companies, in wagons and on horseback, were to be formed into one grand procession.

But Roxy took pains to secure for Bobo a perch on a fence-corner at the end of the lane by which the wood was entered. When at last the procession came, the poor fellow clapped his hands at sight of the wagons with log-cabins and great barrels of “hard cider” on them. Every waving banner gave him pleasure, and the drum and fife set him into an ecstasy. When the crowd cheered for Harrison and Tyler, he did not fail to join in the shout. The party of country boys who had come over the hill in the morning, observing the delight of the poor fellow, began to make sport of him, calling him an idiot and quizzing him with puzzling questions, thus drawing the attention of the crowd to Bobo, who sat on the fence, and to Roxy, who stood by, and tried in vain to shield him from the mockery.

Happily, about that time the procession halted on account of some difficulty in turning an angle with the long wagon which

held the twenty-five allegorical young girls from Posey township, who represented the two dozen states of the Union, with a plump Hoosier Goddess of Liberty presiding over them. It happened that in the part of the procession which halted opposite to Bobo's perch on the fence, was Mark Bonamy, who was quite an important figure in the procession. His father—Colonel Bonamy—had been a member of Congress, and as a Whig son of a Democratic father of such prominence, the young man of twenty-one was made much of. Reckoned the most promising young man in the county, he was to-day to proclaim his maiden speech before the great audience at the barbecue. But being a politician, already ambitious for office, he chose not to ride in the carriage with the “orators of the day,” but on his own horse among the young men, to whose good-will he must look for his political success. The boys perched on the “rider” of the rail-fence were now asking Bobo questions, to which the simple fellow only gave answer by echoing the last words; and seeing the flush of pain on Roxy's face at the laughter thus excited, Mark called out to the boy to let Bobo alone.

“It don't matter,” replied the boy; “he's only a fool, anyhow, if he is named Bonaparte.”

At this the other boys tittered, but young Bonamy wheeled his horse out of the line, and, seizing Bobo's chief tormentor by the collar of his roundabout, gave him a vigorous shaking, and then dropped him trembling with terror to the ground. His comrades, not wishing to meet the same punishment, leaped down upon the other side of the fence and dispersed into the crowd.

“Thank you, Marcus,” said Roxy.

“Oh, that's all right,” answered Mark, with Western unconventionality. He tried to look unconscious as he again took his place in the ranks with reddened face, and the same crowd that had laughed at the ridicule put upon Bobo now cheered Mark for punishing his persecutor. Even Bobo showed satisfaction at the boy's downfall.

The Whig leaders of 1840 roasted beeves in order to persuade the independent voters to listen to arguments on the tariff; they washed down abstruse reasonings about the United States Bank with hard cider; and by good feeding persuaded the citizens to believe in internal improvement. But in order to the success of such a plan, it was necessary that the speeches should come first. The pro-

cession, therefore, was marched to the stand; the horsemen dismounted; the allegorical young ladies, who represented sovereign states, dressed in white muslin, took places on the stand; and most of the other people seated themselves on the benches in front, while the drums and fifes were played on the platform, where also were ranged the speakers and some ornamental figures,—an ex-Congressman, a colonel of the war of 1812, and a few lingering veterans of the Revolution, who sat near the front, that their gray hairs, solitary arms, and wooden legs might be the more conspicuous.

Since Mark Bonamy's interference in her behalf, Roxy had rapidly elevated the young man into a hero. She cared nothing whatever about banks or tariffs, or internal improvements, but now she was eager to hear Mark make his speech. For when an enthusiastic young girl comes to admire a man for one thing, she straightway sets about finding other reasons for admiration.

Mark was sent to the front to make the opening speech, upon which one of the young men got up on a bench in the back part of the audience and cried: "Three cheers for Bonamy!" The grateful Roxy was pleased with this tribute to her hero, whose triumph seemed somewhat to be her own. Bobo recognized his deliverer and straightway pointed his finger at Mark, saying to Roxy:

"Look y', Roxy, look y' there!"

Indeed, she had much trouble to keep him from pointing and talking throughout Mark's speech.

In Roxy's estimation the speech was an eloquent one. There were no learned discussions of banks and tariffs, no exhaustive treatment of the question of the propriety of internal improvements by the general government,—all of these questions were to be handled by Judge Wool, who was double-shotted with statistics. Mark Bonamy's speech was not statesman-like. It was all the more popular for that. He had the advantage, to begin with, of a fine presence. His large, well-formed body, his healthful, handsome countenance, his clear eye, and the general look of quick intelligence about him, and a certain air of good-fellowship won upon the audience, even while the young man stood with flushed face waiting for the cheering to subside. He did not lack self-possession, and his speech was full of adroit appeals to national pride and to party spirit. He made some allusions to the venerable soldiers who sat by him and

to their comrades who slumbered in their bloody graves on the hard-fought fields of Bunker Hill and Brandywine, and Germantown and Trenton. He brought forth rounds of cheers by his remarks on Harrison's log-cabin. Measured by the applause he gained it was the best speech of the day. A critic might have said that many of the most telling points were unfairly taken, but a critic has no place at a barbecue. How else could Roxy judge of such a speech but by the effect?

Very few of the voters were able to follow Judge Wool's argument against the veto of the Bank Bill and the removal of the deposits, and in favor of the adoption of a protective tariff that should save the country from the jaws of the British lion. But the old heads declared it a "mighty weighty" argument, and the young ones, feeling its heaviness, assented. After some stirring speeches by more magnetic men, there was music by the drum and fife, and then the hungry crowd surrounded the tables, on which there was little else but bread and the barbecued meat.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER THE FEAST.

WHEN Roxy wended her way home that afternoon she found the streets full of people, many of whom had not limited their potations to hard cider. Flem Giddings, whose left arm had been shot away while he was ramming a cannon at a Fourth of July celebration, was very anxious to fight, but even his drunken companions were too chivalrous to fight with a one-armed man. So the poor cripple went round vainly defying every man he met, daring each one to fight and declaring that he "could lick any two-fisted coward in town, by thunder and lightning!" A little further on, big Wash Jones kept staggering up to plucky little Dan McCrea declaring that Dan was a coward. But Dan, who was not quite so drunk, was unwilling to strike Wash until at last the latter slapped Dan in the face, upon which the fiery little fellow let his hard fist fly, doubling the big man against a wall. Roxy, terrified at the disorder, was hurrying by at that moment; she saw the blow and the fall of the bleeding man, and she uttered a little startled cry. Forgetting herself and Bobo, the excited girl pushed through the crowd and undertook to lift up the fallen champion. Dan looked ashamed of his blow

and the rest crowding round felt cowed when Roxy, with tears on her face, said :

" What do you stand by for and let drunken men fight ? Come, put poor Wash on his horse and send him home."

The men were quick enough now to lift up the sot and help him into his saddle. It was notorious that Wash could hardly be so drunk that he could not ride. He balanced himself in the saddle with difficulty, and the horse, who had learned to adapt himself to his reeling burden, swayed from side to side.

" Psh-shaw ! " stuttered the rider as the blood trickled upon his mud-bespattered clothes, " aint I a-a-a purty sight ? To go home to my wife lookin' this a-way ! "

Whereupon he began to weep in a maudlin fashion and the men burst into a guffaw, Jim Peters declaring that he 'lowed Wash would preach his own funeral sermon when he was dead. But Roxy went home crying. For she was thinking of the woman whose probable sufferings she measured by her own sensibilities. And the men stood looking after her, declaring to one another that she was " a odd thing, to be sure."

When Roxy had passed the pump on her return, and had come into the quieter part of the village, Bobo, who had been looking at the flags, perceived that she was crying. He went directly in front of her, and taking out his handkerchief, began eagerly to wipe away the tears, saying in pitiful tones, " No, no ! Roxy mustn't cry ! Roxy mustn't cry ! " But this sympathy only made the tears flow faster than ever, while Bobo still wiped them away, entreating her not to cry, until at last he began to cry himself, upon which Roxy by a strong effort controlled herself.

The house in which Roxy Adams lived was one of the original log-buildings of the village. It stood near the edge of the common, and some distance from the large, four-chimneyed brick which was the home of the half-witted Bobo, who was first cousin to Roxy on the mother's side. Roxy's father was the principal shoe-maker of the village; he could make an excellent pair of "rights and lefts," and if the customer insisted on having them, he would turn out the old-fashioned "evens,"—boots that would fit either foot, and which, by change from one foot to another, could be made to wear more economically. The old shoemaker was also quite remarkable for the stubborn and contentious ability with which he discussed all those questions that agitated the village intellect of the time.

When Roxy passed in at the gate with

Bobo, she found her father sitting under the apple-tree by the door. He gave her a word of reproof for her tardiness,—not that she deserved it, but that, like other people of that day, he deemed it necessary to find fault with young people as often as possible. Roxy took the rebuke in silence, hastening to milk the old, black and white, spotted muley * cow, whose ugly, hornless head was visible over the back gate, where she stood in the alley, awaiting her usual pail of bran. Then supper had to be cooked in the old, wide-mouthed fire-place. The corn-dodgers—or, as they called them on the Indiana side of the river, the "pones"—were tossed from hand to hand until they had assumed the correct oval shape. Then they were deposited in the iron skillet already heated on the fire, coals were put beneath, and a shovelful of hot coals heaped on the lid—or "led," as the Hoosiers called it, no doubt from a mistaken derivation of the word. The coffee was ground, and after being mixed with white of egg to "settle" it, was put into the pot; the singing iron teakettle hanging on the crane paid its tribute of hot water, and then the coffee-pot was set on the trivet, over the live coals.

By the time the tavern bell announced the arrival of the hour for eating, Roxy had called her father to supper, and Bobo, who found no place so pleasant as Roxy's home, sat down to supper with them. While they ate, they could see through the front door troops of horsemen, who, warned by the tavern bell, had taken their last drink in honor of the hero of Tippecanoe, and started homeward in various stages of inebriety, some hurrahing insanely for Harrison and Tyler, many hurrahing for nothing in particular.

The pitiful and religious soul of Roxy saw not a particle of the ludicrous side of this grotesque exhibition of humanity in voluntary craze. She saw—and exaggerated, perhaps—the domestic sorrow at the end of their several roads, and she saw them as a procession of lost souls riding pell-mell into a perdition which she had learned to regard as a place of literal fiery torment.

Is it strange, therefore, that when Mr.

* This word, like many of our most curious and widely prevalent Americanisms, is not in the dictionaries. It may have come from mule—the aboriginal English cows are hornless, and our hornless breed is, perhaps, hybrid. Hornless cows on Long Island are called "buffaloes." The word *muley* is not to be confounded with "mooley cow," a child's word for any cow.

Whittaker, the Presbyterian minister, came in after supper, she should ask him earnestly and abruptly why God, who was full of love, should make this world, in which there was so awful a preponderance of sorrow? It was in vain that the minister tried to answer her by shifting the responsibility to the shoulders of man, who committed sin in Adam, "the federal head of the race;" it was in vain that he took refuge in the sovereignty of God and the mystery of His existence. The girl saw only that God brought multitudes of people into life whose destiny was eternal sorrow, and whose destiny must have been known to Him from the beginning. She did not once venture to doubt the goodness of God; but her spirit kept on wounding itself with its own questioning, and Mr. Whittaker, with all his logic, could give her no relief. For feeling often evades logic; be it never so nice and discriminating. Whittaker, however, kept up the conversation, glad of any pretext for talk with Roxy. The shoe-maker was pleased to see him puzzled by the girl's cleverness; but he seemed to side with Whittaker.

It was not considered proper at that day for a minister to spend so much time in the society of the unconverted as Whittaker did in that of Roxy's father; but the minister found him, in spite of his perversity, a most interesting sinner. Whittaker liked to sharpen his wits against those of the shoe-maker, who had read and thought a good deal in an eccentric way. The conversation was specially pleasant when the daughter listened to their discussions, for the minister was not yet quite twenty-five years of age, and what young man of twenty-five is insensible to the pleasure of talking, with a bright girl of seventeen for a listener?

When the minister and her father seated themselves under an apple-tree, it cost Roxy a pang to lose the pleasure of hearing their talk; but Bobo was exacting, and she sat down to amuse him with a monotonous play of her own devising, which consisted in rolling a marble round the tea-tray. The minister was not quite willing to lose his auditor; he asked Mr. Adams several times if the night air was not bad, but the shoe-maker was in one of his perverse moods, and refused to take the hint.

At last the time came for Roxy to lead Bobo home, and as she came out the door, she heard her father say, in his most disputatious tone:

"I tell you, Mr. Whittaker, Henry the

Eighth was the greatest monarch England ever had. He put down popery."

"But how about the women whose heads he cut off?" asked the preacher, laughing.

"That was a mere incident,—a mere incident in his glorious career, sir," said the other, earnestly. "Half-a-dozen women's heads, more or less, are nothing to what he did for civil and religious liberty."

"But suppose one of the heads had been Roxy's?" queried Whittaker, watching Roxy as she unlatched the gate.

"That's nothing to do with it," persisted Adams. "Roxy's head is as light as the rest."

Roxy was a little hurt by her father's speech; but she knew his love of contradiction, and neither she nor any one else could ever be quite sure when he was in earnest. His most solemn beliefs were often put forth in badinage, and he delighted to mask his jests under the most vehement assertions. I doubt if he himself ever quite knew the difference between his irony and his convictions.

But after Roxy had gone the father relented a little. He confessed that the girl's foolishness was different from that of other girls. But it was folly none the less. For if a girl isn't a fool about fine clothes and beaux and all that, she's sure to make up for it by being a fool about religion. Here he paused for Whittaker to reply, but he was silent, and Adams could not see in the darkness whether or not he was rendered uncomfortable by his remark. So, urged on by the demon of contradiction, he proceeded:

"Little or big, young or old, women are all fools. But Roxy had it rather different from the rest. It struck in with her. She was only ten years old when old Seth Lumley was sent to jail for stealing hogs and his wife and three little children were pretty nigh starving. That little fool of a Roxy picked blackberries three Saturdays hand-running and brought them into town three miles, and sold them and gave all the money to the old woman. But the blackberry-briers tore more off her clothes than the berries came to. The little goose did it because she believed the Bible and all that about doing good to the poor and so on. She believes the Bible yet. She's the only person in town that's fool enough to think that all the stuff you preachers say is true and meant to be carried out. The rest of you don't believe it,—at least nobody tries to do these things. They were just meant to sound nicely in church, you know."

Again he paused to give Whittaker a chance to contradict.

"I tell you," he went on, "I don't believe in over-pious folks. Roxy would take the shoes off her feet to give them to some lazy fool that ought to work. She will take care of Bobo, for instance. That gives Bobo's mother time to dress and run 'round. Now what's the use in Roxy's being such a fool? It's all because you preachers harp on self-denial so much. So it goes. The girls that are not fools are made fools by you preachers."

Adams had not meant to be so rude, but Whittaker's meekness under his stinging speeches was very provoking. Having set out to irritate his companion he became irritated at his own failure and was carried further than he intended. Whittaker thought best not to grow angry with this last remark, but laughed at it as pleasantry. The old shoe-maker's face, however, did not relax. He only looked sullen and fierce as though he had seriously intended to insult his guest.

"Preachers and talking cobblers *are* a demoralizing set, I grant," said Whittaker, rising to go.

"It is the chief business of a talking cobbler to protect people from the influence of preachers," answered Adams.

Suspecting the growing annoyance of his companion, Adams relented and began to cast about for some words with which to turn his savage and quite insincere speech into pleasantry. But the conversation was interrupted just then by the racket of two snare-drums, and one bass-drum, and the shrill screaming of a fife. The demonstrations of the day were being concluded by a torch-light procession. Both Whittaker and Adams were relieved by the interruption, which gave the minister a chance to say good-night and which gave Adams the inscriptions to read. The first one was a revolving transparency which had upon its first side "Out of;" then upon the second was the picture of a log-cabin; on the third, the words "into the;" on the fourth, a rude drawing of the "presidential mansion," as we republicans call it; so that it read to all beholders: "Out of a log-cabin into the White House." There were many others denouncing the administration, calling the president a "Dutchman," and reciting the military glories of the hero of Tippecanoe. Of course the changes were rung upon "hard cider," which was supposed to be General Harrison's meat and drink. At the

very rear of the procession came a company of young fellows with a transparency inscribed: "For Representative, Mark Bonamy—the eloquent young Whig."

Meantime Roxy stood upon the steps of her aunt's house with Bobo, who was transported at seeing the bright display. She herself was quite pleased with the inscription which complimented Mark.

She handed little Bonaparte Hanks over to his mother, saying,

"Here's Bobo. He's been a good boy. He saw the torches, Aunt Henrietta."

"Saw the torches, Aunt Henrietta," said the lad, for he had lived with Roxy until he had come to style his mother as she did.

Aunt Henrietta did not pay much attention to Bobo. She sent him off to bed, and said to Roxy:

"He must be great company to you, Roxy. I like to leave him with you, for I know it makes you happy. And he thinks so much of you."

And then, when Roxy had said good-night and gone away home, Aunt Henrietta turned to Jemima, her "help," and remarked, with great benignity, that she did not know what that poor, motherless girl would do for society and enjoyment if it were not for Bo. And with this placid shifting of the obligation to the side most comfortable to herself, Mrs. Henrietta Hanks would fain have dismissed the subject. But social distinctions had not yet become well established in the West, and Jemima, who had been Mrs. Hanks's school-mate in childhood, and who still called her "Henriette," was in the habit of having her "say" in all discussions.

"You air rare kind, Henriette," she answered, with a laugh; "it must be a favor to Roxy to slave herself for that poor, simple child. And as he don't hardly know one hand from t'other, he must be lots of comp'ny for the smartest girl in Luzerne," and Jemima Dumbleton laughed aloud.

Mrs. Hanks would have been angry, if it had not been that to get angry was troublesome,—the more so that the indispensable Jemima was sure to keep her temper and get the best of any discussion. So the mistress only flushed a little, and replied:

"Don't give me any impertinence, Jemima. You haven't finished scrubbing the kitchen floor yet."

"I'm *much* oblieged," chuckled Jemima, half aloud, "it's a great privilege to scrub the floor. I'll have to git right down on my knees to express my gratitude," and down

she knelt to resume her scouring of the floor, singing as she worked, with more vigor than melody, the words of an old chorus:

"Oh, hender me not, fer I *will* serve the Lord,
And I'll praise Him when I die."

As Roxy walked home beneath the black locust-trees that bordered the sidewalk, she had an uncomfortable sense of wrong. She knew her aunt too well to hope for any thanks for her pains with Bobo; but she could not quite get over expecting them. She had taken up the care of the boy because she saw him neglected, and because he was one of "the Bible little ones," as she phrased it. Her attentions to him had their spring in pure benevolence and religious devotion; but now she began to rebuke herself sternly for "seeking the praise of men." She offered an earnest prayer that this, her sin, might be forgiven, and she resolved to be more kind than ever to Bobo.

As she entered the path that led out of the street to the edge of the common in which stood their house and garden-patch, she met the minister going home. He paused a moment to praise her for her self-denying kindness to her unfortunate cousin, then wished her good-night, and passed on. Spite of all Roxy's resolutions against caring for the praise of men, she found the appreciative words very sweet in her ears as she went on home in the stillness of the summer night.

When she came to the house, her father stood by the gate which led into the yard, already reproaching himself for his irascibility and his almost involuntary rudeness to Mr. Whittaker; and since he was discordant with himself, he was cross with Roxy.

"Much good you will ever get by taking care of Bobo," he said. "Your aunt wont thank you, or leave you a shoe-string when she dies."

Roxy did not reply, but went off to bed annoyed—not, however, at what her father had said to her. She was used to his irritability, and she knew, besides, that if she were to neglect Bo, the crusty but tender-hearted father would be the first to take him up. But from his mood she saw that he had not parted pleasantly with Whittaker. And as she climbed the stairs she thought of Whittaker's visit and wondered whether he would be driven away by her father's harshness. And mingling with thoughts of the slender form of Whittaker in her imagination, there came thoughts of the fine pres-

ence of Mark Bonamy, and of his flowing speech. It was a pleasant world, after all. She could afford to put out of memory Aunt Henrietta's ingratitude and her father's moods.

Mark, on his part, was at that very moment drinking to the success of the log-cabin candidate, and if Roxy could have seen him then, the picture with which she pleased herself of a high-toned and chivalrous young man would doubtless have lost some of the superfluous color which the events of the day had given it.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUNTRY HOE-DOWN.

IT was some weeks after the barbecue that Mark Bonamy, now a Whig candidate for representative in the Indiana legislature, set out to electioneer. He was accompanied on this expedition by Major Tom Lathers, who was running for sheriff. Both the young politician and the old one had taken the precaution to dress themselves in country jeans, of undyed brown wool, commonly known as butternut. Lathers was a tall, slim, fibrous man, whose very face was stringy. He sat straight up on his rawboned, bobtailed horse and seemed forever looking off into vacancy, like a wistful greyhound. Mark had not succeeded in toning himself quite down to the country standard. He did his best to look the sloven, but there was that in his handsome face, well-nourished physique and graceful carriage that belied his butternut clothes. He was but masquerading after all. But Lathers was to homespun born; his gaunt, angular, tendinous figure, stepping when he walked as an automaton might when worked by cords and pulleys, was not unbecomingly clad in brown jeans and "stogy" boots.

The two were riding now toward Tanner Township, the wildest corner of the county. Here on the head-waters of Rocky Fork there was a dance appointed for this very evening, and the experienced Lathers had scented game.

"I tell you what, Bonamy, there's nothing like hoe-downs and the like. Everybody is good-natured at a dance. I went to church last Sunday,—I always go to church when there is an election coming on. People think I am in a hopeful state and the like, you know, when they see that, and they vote for me to encourage me."

Here Lathers gave his companion a significant look from his small, twinkling gray eyes and then diving into his pocket he drew forth a plug of tobacco and bit off a large corner of it, which he masticated for a while with all the energy of a man of serious purpose.

"You see," he proceeded, "a man's mind is always on his own business even in meeting and the like, at least mine is when I'm running for anything. Well, I heerd Whittaker read something from the Apostle Saul, I believe. No, I aint jist right shore, now. Now I come to think, I believe he said it was from the first apostle to the Corinthians, an' I swear I aint well 'nough up in Bible to know who was the first and who was the second apostle to the Corinthians."

Here Lathers spat meditatively, while Mark turned his head away.

"Well, never mind. It was either Saul or Paul, I think. He said something about a feast, or big goin's-on and the like, at Jerusalem, that was to come off sometime shortly. And he said that a great and effectual door was opened to him. Well, I says to myself, that old Saul—Saulomon his full name was, I reckon—understood his business mighty well. He took folks when they was a-havin' a good time and the like. Them was my meditations, Mark, in the house of the Lord."

And Major Lathers stopped to laugh and wink his gray eyes at Mark.

"An' when I heerd they was a good, ole-fashioned hoe-down over onto Rocky Fork, I says a great and effectual door—a big barn-door, it 'peared like—is opened to me and Mark Bonamy. Tanner Township is rightly Locofoco, but if you show your purty face among the women folks, and I give the men a little sawder and the like, you know, we'll use them up like the pilgrim fathers did the British on Bunker Hill that fourth of July."

About sunset the two arrived at Kirtley's double cabin. Already there were signs of the oncoming festivities.

"Hello, Old Gid," said Lathers, who knew just when familiarity was likely to win, "you alive yet, you old sinner? How air you, any way? It's mighty strange you a' me haint dead and done fer, after all we've been through. I wish I was half as hearty as you look."

"Well, Major, is that air you?" grinned Kirtley. "Howdy, ole coon?" and he reached out his hand. "I'm middlin' peart.

Come over this way to get some votes, I reckon? Taint no use. Dernedest set of Locos over here you ever see."

"Oh, I know that. I tho't I'd come along and shake hands and the like with a ole friend, and quarrel with you about Old Hickory, jist for fun. You always hev a bottle of good whisky, and you don't kick a ole military friend out-doors on account of politics, and the like. Blam'd if I don't feel more at home when I'm inside your door than I do in ary 'nother house in this county. How's the ole woman and that doggoned purty girl of yourn? I was afraid to bring Bonamy along, fer fear she'd make a fool an' the like out of him. But I told him you was a pert'cle friend of his father, the colonel, and that you'd perfect him."

"Wal," said Kirtley, hesitating, "I wish I could make you comfortable. But the folks is got a hoe-down set fer to-night, an' you-all wont git no sleep ef you stop over here."

"A hoe-down!" cried Lathers, with feigned surprise. "Wal, ef I'd known that, I'd a fixed things so as to come to-morry night, seein' as I want to have a square, old-fashioned set-down and the like with you." Here he pulled a bottle of whisky from his pocket and passed it to Kirtley. "But next to a talk with you, I'd enjoy a reel with the girls, like we used to have when I was a youngster." Saying this, Lathers dismounted, without giving Kirtley (who was taking a strong pull at the bottle) time to object. But Mark hesitated.

"Light, Mr. Bonamy, 'light," said Kirtley; "ef you kin put up with us we kin with you. Come right in, gentlemen, and I'll put your hoses out."

"Pshaw!" said Lathers, "let me put out my own. Bonamy and me knows how to work jist as well as you do. You Rocky Fork folks is a little stuck-up and the like, Kirtley. You don't know it, but you air. Blam'd ef you haint, now. You think they haint nobody as can do real tough work an' sich like but you. Now Bonamy, here, was brought up to that sort of thing, and as fer me, I was rocked in a gum stump."

The major instinctively spoke more improperly even than was his habit, in addressing Kirtley and others of his kind, though Tom Lathers's English was bad enough at any time.

The old man grinned at the flattery, and Lathers passed the bottle again.

An hour later the dancers were assembling; the beds had been cleared out of the largest room in the cabin, and the fiddler—

a plump and reprobate-looking man—was tuning his instrument, and scratching out snatches of "Hi Betty Martin" and "Billy in the Lowgrounds," by way of testing its condition.

Major Lathers went jerking and bobbing round among the guests, but Mark was now the leader. Quick-witted and adroit, he delighted the young women, and by shrewd flattery managed not to make the young men jealous. He ate greedily of the potatoes roasted in the ashes, which were the popular "refreshment." He danced a reel awkwardly enough, but that gave him a chance to ask some of the young men to explain it to him. Major Lathers knew the figure well, and was so proud of it that in nearly all the earlier dances he jerked his slender legs up and down like a puppet. Bonamy might have captured half the votes on Rocky Run, if there had been no Nancy Kirtley. Nancy was at first detained from the room by her household cares, but it was not in Nancy's nature to devote herself long to the kitchen when she had a chance to effect the capture of the young man from town. About eight o'clock, when the dancing had been going on an hour, and Bonamy had made a most favorable impression, he observed a look of impatience on the face of the green country girl who was talking with him. Turning in the direction which her eyes took, he saw half-a-dozen young men gathered about a young woman whom he had not seen before, and who now stood with her back to him. He asked his companion who she was.

"Oh! that air plague-gone Nance Kirtley. All the boys makes fools of theirselves over her. She likes to make a fool of a man. You better lock out, ole hoss!" said she with a polite warning to Mark.

Mark was curious to see Nancy's face, but he could not get away from his present companion without rudeness. That young lady, however, had less delicacy. For when a gawky youth, ambitious to cut out the "town feller," came up with "Sal, take a reel with me?" she burst into a giggle, and handed over the roast potato she had been eating to Bonamy, saying, "Here, feller, hold my tater while I trot a reel with this 'ere hoss."

Taking the potato as he was bidden, Mark made use of his liberty to seek the acquaintance of the belle of Rocky Fork.

Nancy had purposely stationed herself with her back to the stranger that she might not seem to seek his favor. On his first ap-

proach she treated him stiffly and paid more attention than ever to the rude jokes of her country beaux, though she was in a flutter of flattered vanity from the moment in which she saw him approaching. Such game did not come in her way more than once.

Mark on his part was amazed. Such a face as hers would have been observed in any company, but such a face among the poor whiteys of Rocky Fork, seemed by contrast miraculous. There was no fire of intellect in it; no inward conflict had made on it a single line. It was simply a combination of natural symmetry, a clear, rather Oriental complexion and exuberant healthfulness. Feeling there was—sensuousness, vanity, and that good-nature which comes of self-complacency. Nancy Kirtley was one of those magnificent animals that are all the more magnificent for being only animals. It was beauty of the sort that one sees among quadroons and octoroons—the beauty of Circassian women, perhaps—perfect physical development, undisturbed and uninformed by a soul.

From the moment that Mark Bonamy looked upon this uncultivated girl in her new homespun and surrounded by her circle of hawbuck admirers, he began to forget all about the purpose of his visit to Rocky Run. Major Tom Lathers, as he flung himself through a Virginia reel with a gait much like that of a stringhalt horse, was still anxiously watching Bonamy, and he mentally concluded that Mark was as sure to scorch his wings as a moth that had caught sight of a candle.

"Will you dance the next reel with me?" Mark asked somewhat eagerly of Nancy Kirtley.

"Must give Jim his turn first," said the crafty Nancy. "Give you the next chance, Mr. Bonamy, ef you keer fer it."

It was in vain that Mark's former companion, when she returned for her half-eaten potato, sought to engage him again in conversation. He did nothing but stand and wait for Nancy and look at her while she whirled through the next reel as Jim McGowan's partner. In fact, everybody else did much the same; all the young men declaring that she *was some, sartain*. She danced with a perfect *abandon*, for there is nothing a well-developed animal likes better than exercise and excitement; and perfect physical equilibrium always produces a certain grace of motion.

While Mark stood looking at Nancy,

Major Lathers came and touched him on the shoulder.

"Mark," he whispered, "if you don't take your eyes off that air creature you're a gone tater, shore *as shootin'*. Don't you see that Jim McGowan's scowlin' at you now, and if you cut him out he'll be dead ag'in you. Come, old feller, you'll git used up as bad as Julius Caesar did when he went down into Egypt and fell in love with Pharaoh's daughter and the like, and got licked by it. Let an ole friend pull you out of the bulrushes and the like. Don't you have no more to do with that girl, do ye hear?"

"But I've promised to dance the next reel with her," pleaded Mark, feeling the force of Lathers's remark and feeling his own powerlessness to resist the current upon which he was drifting.

"The devil you have!" cried the major. "Then you're a goner, sure enough. Salt-peter wont save you. All the young men'll be ag'in you, because you've cut 'em out and sich like, and all the girls'll be down on you, because you run after the prettiest one. Don't be a fool, Mark. Think of my interest as well as your'n."

"Wait till I've had one reel," said Mark. "I'm only in for a little fun, you know. Isn't she a splendid creature, Major?"

"Splendid! the devil!" muttered Lathers, turning away and shrewdly meditating how to cut loose from Mark.

Mark danced his reel with Nancy, and then devoted himself to her. Having no further use for Jim, she snubbed him, and Jim swore that Bonamy shouldn't git a vote on the Fork. Nothing but Bonamy's excellent muscle prevented McGowan's taking a more summary revenge.

When at midnight the company marched out-of-doors and stationed themselves around a table made of rough boards supported by stakes driven in the ground, they found a rude but substantial supper of bacon and hominy, corn-bread, sweet-cake and apple-pies. For luxury, there was coffee in place of the sassafras tea with which Rocky Fork was accustomed to regale itself, and, for a wonder, the sweet'nin' was "store sugar"—of the brown New Orleans variety—instead of "country," or maple molasses, such as was used on ordinary occasions. The cake, however, was made with the country molasses.

Mark, whose infatuation seemed to increase, devoted himself at supper to his Hebe, whom he would have liked better had she been entirely silent. It taxed his

gallantry to laugh at her awkward and bearish pleasantries.

"I say, Bonamy," whispered Lathers, "ef you don't flop round into the channel almighty quick, I shan't lash flat-boats weth you no longer. I'll cut mine loose and swing around and leave you high and dry onto the san'-bar."

"I'll be a good boy after supper, Major," said Mark. Lathers saw that he was hopelessly enchanted by the siren of Rocky Fork, and he proceeded straightway to execute his threat. He sought out Jim McGowan, and told the irate fellow how he had done his best to keep Mark from makin' a fool of hisself.

"I'll pay him back," said Jim.

"I know'd you would," answered Lathers.

"He wont get no votes on Rocky Fork," said Jim.

"I tolle him so," said the major. "He might know you'd hurt him, severe like, when he comes in and spiles your game an' the like. I'll git him away first thing in the mornin'. Then the girl'll find she's throw'd away her beau and got nothin' but a fool an' the like for one dance. She'll come back to you mecker'n Moses when the Philistines was after him. He'd orter know you could keep anybody from votin' fer him here, and git Whigs to trade off somewhere else. Now, for instance, ef you should git a lot of Rocky Forkers and the like to trade with Whigs,—to say to some of my friends that ef they'd vote ag'in Mark, you-all'd vote for me or the like, you might hit a enemy and do a good turn fer a friend. Besides you know I'm dead ag'in the dog law, and dog law is what Rocky Fork don't want."

From Jim the major proceeded to talk with "old man Kirtley," to whom he said that he didn't blame Mark fer gittin' in love with sich a girl. He might do worse'n to marry sich a splendid creature and the like. Fer his part he'd tell Mark so in the mornin'. He also assured Mr. Kirtley that fer his part he was dead ag'in the dog law. Dogs an' sich like was one of the things a man had a right to in a free country. Poor men hadn't got many comforts, and dogs was one of 'em. (The chief product of the Rocky Fork region, as the major knew, was dogs.)

Lathers then talked to the "women folks." He said he didn't think so much of a party face and sich like as he used to. What you wanted in a woman was to be of some account; and girls *too* good-looking got to be fools, and stuck-up like and got

into trouble, like Cleopatry, and the like, you know. He also took occasion to tell the ladies of Rocky Fork that he was dead ag'inst the dog law. Poor folks had as much right to dogs and *sich* like as rich folks to sheep and *sich* like.

To the young men Tom Lathers said he didn't believe in a man dancin' with one girl all the time, particular when he didn't mean to marry her and *sich* like. It was scandalious. When he come to Rocky Fork ag'in he wouldn't bring no town fellers and the like along. He believed in country folks himself, and besides he was dead ag'inst all your dog laws and the like. Ef

he got to be sheriff he'd show 'em that dog laws couldn't be crammed down people's throats in this county. Didn't the Declaration, which our fathers signed on Bunker Hill, declare that all men was born free and equal? Wasn't a dog just as good as a sheep and *sich* like, he'd like to know; and if taxin' dogs wasn't taxation without representation, he'd jist like to know what was, now you know, hey?

With such blandishments Lathers spent the time until the party broke up with a final jig, when at length he succeeded in getting Mark away, but not until after nearly all of the guests had departed.

(To be continued.)

FOUR MEETINGS.

I SAW her but four times, but I remember them vividly; she made an impression upon me. I thought her very pretty and very interesting—a charming specimen of a type. I am very sorry to hear of her death, and yet, when I think of it, why should I be sorry? The last time I saw her she was certainly not — But I will describe all our meetings in order.

1.

THE first one took place in the country, at a little tea-party, one snowy night. It must have been some seventeen years ago. My friend Latouche, going to spend Christmas with his mother, had persuaded me to go with him, and the good lady had given in our honor the entertainment of which I speak. To me it was really entertaining. I had never been in the depths of New England at that season. It had been snowing all day and the drifts were knee-high. I wondered how the ladies had made their way to the house, but I perceived that at Grimwinter a *conversazione* offering the attraction of two gentlemen from New York was felt to be worth an effort.

Mrs. Latouche in the course of the evening asked me if I "didn't want to" show the photographs to some of the young ladies. The photographs were in a couple of great portfolios, and had been brought home by her son, who, like myself, was lately returned from Europe. I looked round and was struck with the fact that most of the young ladies were provided with an object of interest more absorbing than

the most vivid sun-picture. But there was a person standing alone near the mantel-shelf, and looking round the room with a small, gentle smile, which seemed at odds, somehow, with her isolation. I looked at her a moment, and then said, "I should like to show them to that young lady."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Latouche, "she is just the person. She doesn't care for flirting; I will speak to her."

I rejoined that if she did not care for flirting, she was, perhaps, not just the person; but Mrs. Latouche had already gone to propose the photographs to her.

"She's delighted," she said, coming back. "She is just the person, so quiet and so bright." And then she told me the young lady was, by name, Miss Caroline Spencer, and with this she introduced me.

Miss Caroline Spencer was not exactly a beauty, but she was a charming little figure. She must have been close upon thirty, but she was made almost like a little girl, and she had the complexion of a child. She had a very pretty head, and her hair was arranged as nearly as possible like the hair of a Greek bust, though it was presumable that she had never seen a Greek bust save in plaster. She was "artistic," I suspected, so far as Grimwinter allowed such tendencies. She had a soft, surprised eye, and thin lips, with very pretty teeth. Round her neck she wore what ladies call, I believe, a "ruche," fastened with a very small pin in pink coral, and in her hand she carried a fan made of plaited straw and adorned with pink ribbon. She wore a scanty black silk dress.

She spoke with a kind of soft precision, showing her white teeth between her narrow but tender-looking lips, and she seemed extremely pleased, even a little fluttered, at the prospect of my demonstrations. These went forward very smoothly, after I had moved the portfolios out of their corner, and placed a couple of chairs near a lamp. The photographs were usually things I knew, —large views of Switzerland, Italy and Spain, landscapes, copies of famous buildings, pictures and statues. I said what I could about them, and my companion, looking at them as I held them up, sat perfectly still, with her straw fan raised to her under lip. Occasionally, as I laid one of the pictures down, she said very softly, "Have you seen that place?" I usually answered that I had seen it several times (I had been a great traveler), and then I felt that she looked at me askance for a moment with her pretty eyes. I had asked her at the outset whether she had been to Europe; to this she answered, "No, no, no," in a little quick, confidential whisper. But after that, though she never took her eyes off the pictures, she said so little that I was afraid she was bored. Accordingly, after we had finished one portfolio, I offered, if she desired it, to desist. I felt that she was not bored, but her reticence puzzled me and I wished to make her speak. I turned round to look at her, and saw that there was a faint flush in each of her cheeks. She was waving her little fan to and fro. Instead of looking at me she fixed her eyes upon the other portfolio, which was leaning against the table.

"Wont you show me that?" she asked, with a little tremor in her voice. I could almost have believed she was agitated.

"With pleasure," I answered, "if you are not tired."

"No, I am not tired," she affirmed. "I like it—I love it."

And as I took up the other portfolio she laid her hand upon it, rubbing it softly.

"And have you been here too?" she asked.

On my opening the portfolio it appeared that I had been there. One of the first photographs was a large view of the Castle of Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva.

"Here," I said, "I have been many a time. Is it not beautiful?" And I pointed to the perfect reflection of the rugged rocks and pointed towers in the clear, still water. She did not say, "Oh, enchanting!" and push it away to see the next picture. She looked awhile, and then she asked if it was

not where Bonivard, about whom Byron wrote, was confined: I assented, and tried to quote some of Byron's verses, but in this attempt I floundered, helpless.

She fanned herself a moment and then repeated the lines correctly, in a soft, flat, and yet agreeable voice. By the time she had finished, she was blushing. I complimented her and told her she was perfectly equipped for visiting Switzerland and Italy. She looked at me askance again to see whether I was serious, and I added, that if she wished to recognize Byron's descriptions she must go abroad speedily; Europe was getting sadly dis-Byronized.

"How soon must I go?" she asked.

"Oh, I will give you ten years."

"I think I can do it within ten years," she answered very soberly.

"Well," I said, "you will enjoy it immensely; you will find it very charming." And just then I came upon a photograph of some nook in a foreign city which I had been very fond of, and which recalled tender memories. I discoursed (as I suppose) with a certain eloquence; my companion sat listening, breathless.

"Have you been *very* long in foreign lands?" she asked, some time after I had ceased.

"Many years," I said.

"And have you traveled everywhere?"

"I have traveled a great deal. I am very fond of it; and, happily, I have been able."

Again she gave me her sidelong gaze.

"And do you know the foreign languages?"

"After a fashion."

"Is it hard to speak them?"

"I don't believe you would find it hard," I gallantly responded.

"Oh, I shouldn't want to speak—I should only want to listen," she said. Then, after a pause, she added: "They say the French theater is so beautiful."

"It is the best in the world."

"Did you go very often?"

"When I was first in Paris I went every night."

"Every night!" And she opened her clear eyes very wide. "That to me is—" and she hesitated a moment—"is very wonderful." A few minutes later she asked: "Which country do you prefer?"

"There is one country I prefer to all others. I think you would do the same."

She looked at me a moment, and then she said softly—"Italy?"

"Italy," I answered softly, too, and for a moment we looked at each other. She looked as pretty as if, instead of showing her photographs, I had been making love to her. To increase the analogy, she glanced away, blushing. There was a silence, which she broke at last by saying:

"That is the place which—in particular—I have thought of going to."

"Oh! that's the place—that's the place!" I said.

She looked at two or three photographs in silence.

"They say it is not so dear."

"As some other countries? Yes, that is not the least of its charms."

"But it is all pretty dear, is it not?"

"Europe, you mean?"

"Going there and traveling. That has been the trouble. I have very little money. I teach," said Miss Spencer.

"Of course one must have money," I said, "but one can manage with a moderate amount."

"I think I should manage. I have laid something by, and I am always adding a little to it. It's all for that." She paused a moment, and then went on with a kind of suppressed eagerness, as if telling me the story were a rare, but a possibly impure, satisfaction. "But it has not been only the money; it has been everything. Everything has been against it. I have waited and waited. It has been a mere castle in the air. I am almost afraid to talk about it. Two or three times it has been a little nearer, and then I have talked about it and it has melted away. I have talked about it too much," she said, hypocritically; for I saw that such talking was now a small, tremulous ecstasy. "There is a lady who is a great friend of mine; she doesn't want to go; I always talk to her about it. I tire her dreadfully. She told me once she didn't know what would become of me. I should go crazy if I did not go to Europe, and I should certainly go crazy if I did."

"Well," I said, "you have not gone yet, and nevertheless you are not crazy."

She looked at me a moment, and said:

"I am not so sure. I don't think of any thing else. I am always thinking of it. It prevents me from thinking of things that are nearer home—things that I ought to attend to. That is a kind of craziness."

"The cure for it is to go," I said.

"I have a faith that I shall go. I have a cousin there."

We turned over some more photographs, and I asked her if she had always lived at Grimwinter.

"Oh, no, sir," said Miss Spencer. "I have spent twenty-three months in Boston."

I answered, jocosely, that in that case foreign lands would probably prove a disappointment to her; but I quite failed to alarm her.

"I know more about them than you might think," she said, with her shy, neat little smile. "I mean by reading; I have read a great deal. I have not only read Byron; I have read histories and guide-books. I know I shall like it!"

"I understand your case," I rejoined. "You have the native American passion—the passion for the picturesque. With us, I think, it is primordial—antecedent to experience. Experience comes and only shows us something we have dreamt of."

"I think that is very true," said Caroline Spencer. "I have dreamt of everything; I shall know it all."

"I am afraid you have wasted a great deal of time."

"Oh yes, that has been my great wickedness."

The people about us had begun to scatter; they were taking their leave. She got up and put out her hand to me, timidly, but with a peculiar brightness in her eyes.

"I am going back there," I said, as I shook hands with her. "I shall look out for you."

"I will tell you," she answered, "if I am disappointed."

And she went away, looking delicately agitated and moving her little straw fan.

II.

A FEW months after this I returned to Europe, and some three years elapsed. I had been living in Paris, and, toward the end of October, I went from that city to Havre, to meet my sister and her husband, who had written me that they were about to arrive there. On reaching Havre I found that the steamer was already in; I was nearly two hours late. I repaired directly to the hotel, where my relatives were already established. My sister had gone to bed, exhausted and disgusted by her voyage; she was a wretchedly poor sailor, and her sufferings on this occasion had been extreme. She wished, for the moment, for undisturbed rest, and was unable to see me for more than five minutes. It was agreed that

we should remain at Havre until the next day. My brother-in-law, who was anxious about his wife, was unwilling to leave her room; but she insisted upon his going out with me to take a walk and recover his land-legs. The early autumn day was warm and charming, and our stroll through the bright-colored, busy streets of the old French sea-port was sufficiently entertaining. We walked along the sunny, noisy quays and then turned into a wide, pleasant street which lay half in sun and half in shade—a French provincial street, that looked like an old water-color drawing: tall, gray, steep-roofed, red-gabled, many-storied houses; green shutters on windows and old scroll-work above them; flower-pots in balconies and white caps in door-ways. We walked in the shade; all this stretched away on the sunny side of the street and made a picture. We looked at it as we passed along, then, suddenly, my brother-in-law stopped, pressing my arm and staring. I followed his gaze and saw that we had paused just before coming to a café, where, under an awning, several tables and chairs were disposed upon the pavement. The windows were open behind; half a dozen plants in tubs were ranged beside the door; the pavement was be-sprinkled with clean bran. It was a nice little, quiet, old-fashioned café; inside, in the comparative dusk, I saw a stout, handsome woman, with pink ribbons in her cap, perched up with a mirror behind her back smiling at some one who was out of sight. All this, however, I perceived afterward; what I first observed was a lady sitting alone outside at one of the little marble-topped tables. My brother-in-law had stopped to look at her. There was something on the little table, but she was leaning back quietly, with her hands folded, looking down the street, away from us. I saw her only in something less than profile; nevertheless, I instantly felt that I had seen her before.

"The little lady of the steamer!" exclaimed my brother-in-law.

"Was she on your steamer?" I asked.

"From morning till night. She was never sick. She used to sit perpetually at the side of the vessel with her hands crossed that way, looking at the eastward horizon."

"Are you going to speak to her?"

"I don't know her. I never made acquaintance with her. I was too steady. But I used to watch her and—I don't know why—to be interested in her. She's a dear

little Yankee woman. I have an idea she is a school-mistress taking a holiday,—for which her scholars have made up a purse."

She turned her face a little more into profile, looking at the steep, gray house-fronts opposite to her. Then I said:

"I shall speak to her myself."

"I wouldn't; she is very shy," said my brother-in-law.

"My dear fellow, I know her. I once showed her photographs a whole winter's evening, at a tea-party."

And I went up to her. She turned and looked at me, and I saw she was in fact Miss Caroline Spencer. But she was not so quick to recognize me; she looked startled. I pushed a chair to the table and sat down.

"Well," I said, "I hope you are not disappointed!"

She stared, blushing a little; then she gave a small jump which betrayed recognition.

"It was you who showed me the photographs—at Grimwinter!"

"Yes, it was I. This happens very charmingly, for I feel as if it were for me to give you a formal reception here—an official welcome. I talked to you so much about Europe."

"You didn't say too much. I'm so happy!" she softly exclaimed.

Very happy she looked. There was no sign of her being older; she was as gravely, decently, demurely pretty as before. If she had seemed before a thin-stemmed, mild-hued flower of Puritanism, it may be imagined whether in her present situation this delicate bloom was less apparent. Beside her an old gentleman was drinking absinthe; behind her the *dame de comptoir* in the pink ribbons was calling "*Alcibiade! Alcibiade!*" to the long-aproned waiter. I explained to Miss Spencer that my companion had lately been her ship-mate, and my brother-in-law came up and was introduced to her. But she looked at him as if she had never seen him before, and I remembered that he had told me that her eyes were always fixed upon the eastward horizon. She had evidently not noticed him, and, still timidly smiling, she made no attempt whatever to pretend that she had. I staid with her at the café door, and he went back to the hotel and to his wife. I said to Miss Spencer that this meeting of ours in the first hour of her landing was really very strange; but that I was delighted to be there and receive her first impressions.

"Oh, I can't tell you," she said: "I feel

as if I were in a dream. I have been sitting here for an hour, and I don't want to move. Everything is so picturesque. I don't know whether the coffee has intoxicated me; it's so delicious."

"Really," said I, "if you are so pleased with this poor old prosaic shabby Havre, you will have no admiration left for better things. Don't spend your admiration all the first day; remember it's your intellectual letter of credit. Remember all the beautiful places and things that are waiting for you; remember that lovely Italy!"

"I'm not afraid of running short," she said gayly, still looking at the opposite houses. "I could sit here all day, saying to myself that here I am at last. It's so dark, and old, and different."

"By the way," I inquired, "how come you to be sitting here? Have you not gone to one of the inns?" For I was half amused, half alarmed at the good conscience with which this delicately pretty woman had stationed herself in conspicuous isolation at a café door.

"My cousin brought me here," she answered. "You know I told you I had a cousin in Europe. He met me at the steamer this morning."

"It was hardly worth his while to meet you if he was to desert you so soon."

"Oh, he has only left me for half an hour," said Miss Spencer. "He has gone to get my money."

"Where is your money?"

She gave a little laugh.

"It makes me feel very fine to tell you! It is in some circular notes."

"And where are your circular notes?"

"My cousin has them."

This statement was very serenely uttered, but—I can hardly say why—it gave me a certain chill. At the moment, I should have been utterly unable to say why. I knew nothing of Miss Spencer's cousin, and the presumption was in his favor, since he *was* her cousin. But I felt suddenly uncomfortable at the thought that half an hour after her landing her scanty funds should have passed into his hands.

"Is he to travel with you?" I asked.

"Only as far as Paris. He is an art student there. I wrote to him that I was coming, but I never expected him to come off to the ship. I supposed he would only just meet me at the train in Paris. It is very kind of him. But he *is* very kind—and very bright."

I instantly became conscious of an ex-

treme curiosity to see this bright cousin who was an art student.

"He is gone to the banker's?" I asked.

"Yes, to the banker's. He took me to an hotel—such a queer, quaint, delicious little place, with a court in the middle, and a gallery all round, and a lovely landlady, in such a beautifully fluted cap, and such a perfectly fitting dress! After a while we came out to walk to the banker's, for I haven't got any French money. But I was very dizzy from the motion of the vessel, and I thought I had better sit down. He found this place for me here, and he went off to the banker's himself. I am to wait here till he comes back."

It may seem very fantastic, but it passed through my mind that he would never come back. I settled myself in my chair beside Miss Spencer and determined to await the event. She was extremely observant; there was something touching in it. She noticed everything that the movement of the street brought before us—the peculiarities of costumes, the shapes of vehicles, the big Norman horses, the fat priests, the shaven poodles. We talked of these things. There was something charming in her freshness of perception and the way her book-nourished fancy recognized and welcomed everything.

"And when your cousin comes back what are you going to do?" I asked.

She hesitated a moment.

"We don't quite know."

"When do you go to Paris? If you go by the four o'clock train I may have the pleasure of making the journey with you."

"I don't think we shall do that. My cousin thinks I had better stay here a few days."

"Oh!" said I, and for five minutes said nothing more. I was wondering what her cousin was, in vulgar parlance, "up to." I looked up and down the street, but saw nothing that looked like a bright American art student. At last I took the liberty of observing that Havre was hardly a place to choose as one of the aesthetic stations of a European tour. It was a place of convenience, nothing more; a place of transit, through which transit should be rapid. I recommended her to go to Paris by the afternoon train, and meanwhile to amuse herself by driving to the ancient fortress at the mouth of the harbor—that picturesque, circular structure which bore the name of Francis the First, and looked like a small castle of St. Angelo. (It has lately been demolished.)

She listened with much interest; then for a moment she looked grave.

"My cousin told me that when he returned he should have something particular to say to me, and that we could do nothing or decide nothing until I should have heard it. But I will make him tell me quickly, and then we will go to the ancient fortress. There is no hurry to get to Paris; there is plenty of time."

She smiled with her softly severe little lips as she spoke those last words. But I, looking at her with a purpose, saw just a tiny gleam of apprehension in her eye.

"Don't tell me now," I said, "that this wretched man is going to give you some bad news!"

"I suspect it is a little bad, but I don't believe it is very bad. At any rate, I must listen to it."

I looked at her again an instant. "You didn't come to Europe to listen," I said, "You came to see!" But now I was sure her cousin would come back; since he had something disagreeable to say to her, he certainly would come back. We sat a while longer, and I asked her about her plans of travel. She had them on her fingers' ends, and she told over the names with a kind of solemn distinctness: From Paris to Dijon and to Avignon, from Avignon to Marseilles and the Cornice road; thence to Genoa, to Spezia, to Pisa, to Florence, to Rome. It apparently had never occurred to her that there could be the least incommodey in her traveling alone; and since she was unprovided with a companion, I, of course, religiously abstained from kindling her suspicions.

At last her cousin came back. I saw him turn toward us out of a side street, and from the moment my eyes rested upon him I felt that this was the bright American art student. He wore a slouch hat and a rusty black velvet jacket, such as I had often encountered in the Rue Bonaparte. His shirt-collar revealed a large portion of a throat which, at a distance, was not strikingly statuesque. He was tall and lean; he had red hair and freckles. So much I had time to observe while he approached the café, staring at me with natural surprise from under his umbrageous coiffure. When he came up to us I immediately introduced myself to him as an old acquaintance of Miss Spencer. He looked at me hard with a pair of little red eyes, then he made me a solemn bow in the French fashion, with his sombrero.

"You were not on the ship?" he said.

"No, I was not on the ship. I have been in Europe these three years."

He bowed once more, solemnly, and motioned me to be seated again. I sat down, but it was only for the purpose of observing him an instant. I saw it was time I should return to my sister. Miss Spencer's cousin was a queer fellow. Nature had not shaped him for a Raphaelesque or Byronic attire, and his velvet doublet and naked throat were not in harmony with his facial attributes. His hair was cropped close to his head; his ears were large and ill adjusted to the same. He had a lackadaisical carriage and a sentimental droop, which was peculiarly at variance with his small, strange-colored eyes. Perhaps I was prejudiced, but I thought his eyes treacherous. He said nothing for some time; he leaned his hands on his cane and looked up and down the street. Then at last, slowly lifting his cane and pointing with it, "That's a very nice bit," he remarked, softly. He had his head on one side, and his little eyes were half closed. I followed the direction of his stick; the object it indicated was a red cloth hung out of an old window. "Nice bit of color," he continued, and without moving his head he transferred his half-closed gaze to me. "Composes well," he pursued. "Make a nice thing." He spoke in a strange, weak drawl.

"I see you have a great deal of eye," I replied. "Your cousin tells me you are studying art?" He looked at me in the same way without answering, and I went on with deliberate urbanity: "I suppose you are at the studio of one of those great men."

Still he looked at me, and then he said softly—"Gérôme."

"Do you like it?" I asked.

"Do you understand French?" he said.

"Some kinds," I answered.

He kept his little eyes on me; then he said—"Je l'adore!"

"Oh, I understand that kind!" I rejoined. Miss Spencer laid her hand upon her cousin's arm with a little pleased and flattered movement; it was delightful to be among people who were so easily familiar with foreign tongues. I got up to take leave, and asked Miss Spencer where, in Paris, I might have the honor of waiting upon her. To what hotel should she go?

She turned to her cousin inquiringly, and he honored me again with his little

languid leer. "Do you know the Hotel des Princes?"

"I know where it is."

"I shall take her there."

"I congratulate you," I said to Caroline Spencer. "I believe it is the best inn in the world; and in case I should still have a moment to call upon you here, where are you lodged?"

"Oh, it's such a pretty name," said Miss Spencer, gleefully. "À la Belle Cuisinière,—the Beautiful Cook."

As I left them her cousin gave me a great flourish with his picturesque hat. My sister, as it proved, was not sufficiently restored to leave Havre by the afternoon train; so that, as the autumn dusk began to fall, I found myself at liberty to call at the sign of the "Beautiful Cook." I must confess that I had spent much of the interval in wondering what the disagreeable thing was that my charming friend's disagreeable cousin had been telling her. The "Belle Cuisinière" was a modest inn in a shady by-street, where it gave me satisfaction to think Miss Spencer must have encountered local color in abundance. There was a crooked little court where much of the hospitality of the house was carried on; there was a staircase climbing to bedrooms on the outer side of the wall; there was a small, trickling fountain with a stucco statuette in the midst of it; there was a little boy in a white cap and apron cleaning copper vessels at a conspicuous kitchen door; there was a chattering landlady, neatly laced, arranging apricots and grapes into an artistic pyramid upon a pink plate. I looked about, and on a green bench outside of an open door labeled *Salle à Manger*, I perceived Caroline Spencer. No sooner had I looked at her than I saw that something had happened since the morning. She was leaning back on her bench, her hands were clasped in her lap, and her eyes were fixed upon the landlady, at the other side of the court, manipulating her apricots.

But I saw she was not thinking of apricots. She was staring absently, thoughtfully; as I came near her I perceived that she had been crying. I sat down on the bench beside her before she saw me; then, when she had done so, she simply turned round, without surprise, and rested her sad eyes upon me. Something very bad indeed had happened; she was completely changed.

I immediately charged her with it.

"Your cousin has been giving you bad news; you are in great distress."

For a moment she said nothing, and I supposed that she was afraid to speak, lest her tears should come back. But presently I perceived that in the short time that had elapsed since my leaving her in the morning she had shed them all, and that she was now softly stoical and composed.

"My poor cousin is in distress," she said at last. "His news was bad." Then, after a brief hesitation: "He was in terrible want of money."

"In want of yours, you mean?"

"Of any that he could get—honestly. Mine was the only money."

"And he has taken yours?"

She hesitated again a moment, but her glance, meanwhile, was pleading.

"I gave him what I had."

I have always remembered the accent of those words as the most angelic piece of human intonation I have ever listened to.

Almost with a sense of personal outrage I jumped up.

"Good heavens!" I said, "do you call that getting it honestly?"

But I had gone too far; she blushed deeply. "We will not speak of it," she said.

"We must speak of it," I answered, sitting down again. "I am your friend; it seems to me you need one. What is the matter with your cousin?"

"He is in debt."

"No doubt! But what is the special fitness of your paying his debts?"

"He has told me all his story; I am very sorry for him."

"So am I! But I hope he will give you back your money."

"Certainly he will; as soon as he can."

"When will that be?"

"When he has finished his great picture."

"My dear young lady, confound his great picture! Where is this unhappy cousin?"

She certainly hesitated now. Then—"At his dinner," she answered.

I turned about and looked through the open door into the *salle à manger*. There, alone at the end of a long table, I perceived the object of Miss Spencer's compassion—the bright young art student. He was dining too attentively to notice me at first; but in the act of setting down a well-emptied wine-glass he caught sight of my observant attitude. He paused in his repast, and with his head on one side, and his lank jaws slowly moving, fixedly returned my gaze. Then the landlady came

lightly brushing by with her pyramid of apricots.

"And that nice little plate of fruit is for him?" I exclaimed.

Miss Spencer glanced at it tenderly.

"They do that so prettily!" she murmured.

I felt helpless and irritated. "Come now, really," I said; "do you approve of that great long fellow accepting your funds?" She looked away from me; I was evidently giving her pain. The case was hopeless; the great long fellow had "interested" her.

"Excuse me if I speak of him so uncere-moniously," I said. "But you are really too generous, and he is not quite delicate enough. He made his debts himself—he ought to pay them himself!"

"He has been foolish," she answered; "I know that. He has told me everything. We had a long talk this morning; the poor fellow threw himself upon my charity. He has signed notes to a large amount."

"The more fool he!"

"He is in extreme distress; and it is not only himself. It is his poor wife."

"Ah, he has a poor wife?"

"I didn't know it,—but he confessed everything. He married two years since, secretly."

"Why secretly?"

Caroline Spencer glanced about her, as if she feared listeners. Then softly, in a little impressive tone—"She was a countess!"

"Are you very sure of that?"

"She has written me a most beautiful letter."

"Asking you for money, eh?" I pursued, brutally, cynically perhaps, but irresistibly.

"Asking me for confidence and sympathy," said Miss Spencer. "She has been disinherited by her father. My cousin told me the story and she tells it in her own way, in the letter. It is like an old romance. Her father opposed the marriage and when he discovered that she had secretly disobeyed him he cruelly cast her off. It is really most romantic. They are the oldest family in Provence."

I looked and listened, marveling. It really seemed that the poor woman was enjoying the "romance" of having a discarded countess-cousin, out of Provence, so deeply as almost to lose the sense of what the forfeiture of her money meant for her.

"My dear young lady," I said, "you don't want to be ruined for picturesqueness' sake?"

"I shall not be ruined. I shall come

back before long to stay with them. The countess insists upon that."

"Come back! You are going home, then?"

She sat for a moment with her eyes lowered, then with a heroic suppression of a faint tremor of the voice:

"I have no money for traveling!" she answered.

"You gave it *all* up?"

"I have kept enough to take me home."

I gave an angry groan, and at this juncture Miss Spencer's cousin, the fortunate possessor of her precious purse, and of the hand of the Provençal countess, emerged from the little dining-room. He stood on the threshold for an instant, removing the stone from a plump apricot which he had brought away from the table; then he put the apricot into his mouth, and while he let it sojourn there, gratefully, stood looking at us, with his long legs apart and his hands dropped into the pockets of his velvet jacket. My companion got up, giving him a thin glance which I caught in its passage, and which seemed to designate a strange commixture of resignation and fascination,—a sort of perverted enthusiasm. Ugly, vulgar, pretentious, dishonest as I thought the creature, he had appealed successfully to her eager but most innocent imagination. I was profoundly disgusted, but I had no warrant absolutely to interfere. Besides, I felt that it would be vain.

The young man waved his hand with a pictorial gesture. "Nice old court," he observed. "Nice mellow old place. Good tone in that brick. Nice crooked old staircase."

Decidedly, I was too much displeased. Without responding, I gave my hand to Caroline Spencer. She looked at me an instant with her little white face and expanded eyes, and as she showed her pretty teeth I suppose she meant to smile.

"Don't be sorry for me," she said, "I am very sure I shall see something of Europe yet."

I told her that I should not bid her goodbye, I should find a moment to come back the next morning. Her cousin, who had put on his sombrero again, flourished it off at me by way of a bow, with which I took my departure.

The next morning I came back to the inn, where I met in the court the landlady, more loosely laced than in the evening. On my asking for Miss Spencer,—"*Partie, Monsieur,*" said the landlady. "She went away

last night at ten o'clock, with her—her—not her husband, eh?—in fine, her *Monsieur*. They went down to the American ship." I turned away; the poor girl had been about thirteen hours in Europe.

III.

I MYSELF, more fortunate, was there some five years longer. During this period I lost my friend Latouche, who died of a malarious fever during a tour in the Levant. One of the first things I did on my return was to go up to Grimwinter to pay a consolatory visit to his poor mother. I found her in deep affliction, and I sat with her the whole of the morning that followed my arrival (I had come in late at night), listening to her tearful descant and singing the praise of my friend. We talked of nothing else, and our conversation terminated only with the arrival of a quick little woman who drove herself up to the door in a carry-all, and whom I saw toss the reins upon the horse's back with the briskness of a startled sleeper throwing back the bedclothes. She jumped out of the carry-all and she jumped into the room. She proved to be the minister's wife and the great town-gossip, and she had evidently, in the latter capacity, a choice morsel to communicate. I was as sure of this as I was that poor Mrs. Latouche was not absolutely too bereaved to listen to her. It seemed to me discreet to retire. I said I believed I would go and take a walk before dinner.

"And, by the way," I added, "if you will tell me where my old friend Miss Spencer lives I will walk to her house."

The minister's wife immediately responded. Miss Spencer lived in the fourth house beyond the Baptist church; the Baptist church was the one on the right, with that queer, green thing over the door; they called it a portico, but it looked more like an old-fashioned bedstead.

"Yes, do go and see poor Caroline," said Mrs. Latouche. "It will refresh her to see a strange face."

"I should think she had had enough of strange faces!" cried the minister's wife.

"I mean, to see a visitor," said Mrs. Latouche, amending her phrase.

"I should think she had had enough of visitors!" her companion enjoined. "But you don't mean to stay ten years," she added, glancing at me.

"Has she a visitor of that sort?" I inquired, perplexed.

"You will see the sort!" said the minister's wife. "She's easily seen; she generally sits in the front yard. Only take care what you say to her, and be very sure you are polite."

"Ah, she is so sensitive?"

The minister's wife jumped up and dropped me a courtesy—a most ironical courtesy.

"That's what she is, if you please. She's a countess!"

And pronouncing this word with the most scathing accent, the little woman seemed fairly to laugh in the countess's face. I stood a moment, staring, wondering, remembering.

"Oh, I shall be very polite!" I cried; and, grasping my hat and stick, I went on my way.

I found Miss Spencer's residence without difficulty. The Baptist church was easily identified, and the small dwelling near it, of a rusty white, with a large central chimney-stack and a Virginia creeper, seemed naturally and properly the abode of a frugal old maid with a taste for the picturesque. As I approached I slackened my pace, for I had heard that some one was always sitting in the front yard, and I wished to reconnoiter. I looked cautiously over the low, white fence which separated the small garden space from the unpaved street; but I descried nothing in the way of a countess. A small, straight path led up to the crooked door-step, and on either side of it was a little grass-plot, fringed with currant-bushes. In the middle of the grass, on either side, was a large quince-tree, full of antiquity and contortions, and beneath one of the quince-trees were placed a small table and a couple of chairs. On the table lay a piece of unfinished embroidery and two or three books in bright-colored paper covers. I went in at the gate and paused half-way along the path, scanning the place for some further token of its occupant, before whom—I could hardly have said why—I hesitated abruptly to present myself. Then I saw that the poor little house was very shabby. I felt a sudden doubt of my right to intrude, for curiosity had been my motive, and curiosity here seemed singularly indelicate. While I hesitated, a figure appeared in the open door-way and stood there looking at me. I immediately recognized Caroline Spencer, but she looked at me as if she had never seen me before. Gently, but gravely and timidly, I advanced to the door-step, and then I said, with an attempt at friendly badinage:

"I waited for you over there to come back, but you never came."

"Waited where, sir?" she asked softly, and her light-colored eyes expanded more than before.

She was much older; she looked tired and wasted.

"Well," I said, "waited at Havre."

She stared; then she recognized me. She smiled and blushed and clasped her two hands together.

"I remember you now," she said. "I remember that day."

But she stood there, neither coming out nor asking me to come in. She was embarrassed.

I, too, felt a little awkward. I poked my stick into the path.

"I kept looking out for you, year after year," I said.

"You mean in Europe?" murmured Miss Spencer.

"In Europe, of course! Here, apparently, you are easy enough to find."

She leaned her hand against the unpainted door-post, and her head fell a little to one side. She looked at me for a moment without speaking, and I thought I recognized the expression that one sees in women's eyes when tears are rising. Suddenly she stepped out upon the cracked slab of stone before the threshold and closed the door behind her. Then she began to smile intently, and I saw that her teeth were as pretty as ever. But there had been tears too.

"Have you been there ever since?" she asked almost in a whisper.

"Until three weeks ago. And you—you never came back?"

Still looking at me with her fixed smile, she put her hand behind her and opened the door again.

"I am not very polite," she said. "Wont you come in?"

"I am afraid I incommoded you."

"Oh no!" she answered, smiling more than ever.

And she pushed back the door, with a sign that I should enter.

I went in, following her. She led the way to a small room on the left of the narrow hall, which I supposed to be her parlor, though it was at the back of the house, and we passed the closed door of another apartment which apparently enjoyed a view of the quince-trees. This one looked out upon a small wood-shed and two clucking hens. But I thought it very pretty, until I saw that its elegance was of the most frugal kind;

after which, presently, I thought it prettier still, for I had never seen faded chintz and old mezzotint engravings, framed in varnished autumn leaves, disposed in so graceful a fashion. Miss Spencer sat down on a very small portion of the sofa, with her hands tightly clasped in her lap. She looked ten years older, and it would have sounded very perverse now to speak of her as pretty. But I thought her so; or at least I thought her touching. She was evidently agitated. I tried to appear not to notice it; but suddenly, in the most inconsequent fashion,—it was an irresistible memory of our little friendship at Havre,—I said to her:

"I do incommoded you. You are dressed."

She raised her two hands to her face, and for a moment kept it buried in them. Then, taking them away:

"It's because you remind me —," she said.

"I remind you, you mean, of that miserable day at Havre?"

She shook her head.

"It was not miserable. It was delightful."

"I never was so shocked," I rejoined, "as when, on going back to your inn the next morning, I found you had set sail again."

She was silent a moment; and then she said:

"Please let us not speak of that."

"Did you come straight back here?" I asked.

"I was back here just thirty days after I had gone away."

"And here you have remained ever since?"

"Oh, yes!" she said gently.

"When are you going to Europe again?"

This question seemed brutal; but there was something that irritated me in the softness of her resignation, and I wished to extort from her some expression of impatience.

She fixed her eyes for a moment upon a small sun-spot on the carpet; then she got up and lowered the window-blind a little to obliterate it. Presently, in the same mild voice, answering my question, she said:

"Never!"

"I hope your cousin repaid you your money."

"I don't care for it now," she said, looking away from me.

"You don't care for your money?"

"For going to Europe."

"Do you mean that you would not go if you could?"

"I can't—I can't," said Caroline Spencer.

"It is all over; I never think of it."

"He never repaid you, then!" I exclaimed.

"Please—please," she began.

But she stopped; she was looking toward the door. There had been a rustling and a sound of steps in the hall.

I also looked toward the door, which was open, and now admitted another person—a lady who paused just within the threshold. Behind her came a young man. The lady looked at me with a good deal of fixedness—long enough for my glance to receive a vivid impression of herself. Then she turned to Caroline Spencer, and, with a smile and a strong foreign accent:

"Excuse my interruption!" she said. "I knew not you had company—the gentleman came in so quietly."

With this, she directed her eyes toward me again.

She was very strange; yet my first feeling was that I had seen her before. Then I perceived that I had only seen ladies who were very much like her. But I had seen them very far away from Grimwinter, and it was an odd sensation to be seeing her here. Whither was it the sight of her seemed to transport me? To some dusky landing before a shabby Parisian *quatrième*—to an open door revealing a mussy antechamber, and to Madame leaning over the banisters, while she holds a faded dressing-gown together, and bawls down to the portress to bring up her coffee. Miss Spencer's visitor was a very large woman, of middle age, with a plump, dead-white face, and hair drawn back *à la chinoise*. She had a small, penetrating eye, and what is called in French an agreeable smile. She wore an all pink cashmere dressing-gown, covered with white embroideries, and, like "Madame," in my momentary vision, she was holding it together in front with a bare and rounded arm, and a plump and deeply-dimpled hand.

"It is only to spick about my *café*," she said to Miss Spencer with her agreeable smile. "I should like it served in the garden under the leetle tree."

The young man behind her had now stepped into the room, and he also stood looking at me. He was a pretty-faced little fellow, with an air of provincial foppishness—a tiny Adonis of Grimwinter. He

had a small, pointed nose, a small, pointed chin, and, as I observed, the most diminutive feet. He looked at me foolishly, with his mouth open.

"You shall have your coffee," said Miss Spencer, who had a faint red spot in each of her cheeks.

"It is well!" said the lady in the dressing-gown. "Find your bouk," she added, turning to the young man.

He looked vaguely round the room.

"My grammar, d' ye mean?" he asked, with a helpless intonation.

But the large lady was looking at me curiously, and gathering in her dressing-gown with her white arm.

"Find your bouk, my friend," she repeated.

"My poetry, d' ye mean?" said the young man, also gazing at me again.

"Never mind your bouk," said his companion. "To-day we will talk. We will make some conversation. But we must not interrupt. Come," and she turned away. "Under the leetle tree," she added, for the benefit of Miss Spencer.

Then she gave me a sort of salutation, and a "Monsieur!" with which she swept away again, followed by the young man.

Caroline Spencer stood there with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

Who is that?" I asked.

"The countess, my cousin."

"And who is the young man?"

"Her pupil, Mr. Mixter."

This description of the relation between the two persons who had just left the room made me break into a little laugh. Miss Spencer looked at me gravely.

"She gives French lessons; she has lost her fortune."

"I see," I said. "She is determined to be a burden to no one. That is very proper."

Miss Spencer looked down on the ground again.

"I must go and get the coffee," she said.

"Has the lady many pupils?" I asked.

"She has only Mr. Mixter. She gives all her time to him."

At this I could not laugh, though I smelt provocation. Miss Spencer was too grave.

"He pays very well," she presently added, with simplicity. "He is very rich. He is very kind. He takes the countess to drive." And she was turning away.

"You are going for the countess's coffee?" I said.

"If you will excuse me a few moments?"

"Is there no one else to do it?"

She looked at me with the softest serenity.

"I keep no servants."

"Can she not wait upon herself?"

"She is not used to that."

"I see," said I, as gently as possible. "But before you go, tell me this: who is this lady?"

"I told you about her before—that day. She is the wife of my cousin, whom you saw."

"The lady who was disowned by her family in consequence of her marriage?"

"Yes; they have never seen her again. They have cast her off."

"And where is her husband?"

"He is dead."

"And where is your money?"

The poor girl flinched; there was something too methodical in my questions.

"I don't know," she said wearily.

But I continued a moment.

"On her husband's death this lady came over here?"

"Yes, she arrived one day"—

"How long ago?"

"Two years."

"She has been here ever since?"

"Every moment."

"How does she like it?"

"Not at all."

"And how do you like it?"

Miss Spencer laid her face in her two hands an instant, as she had done ten minutes before. Then, quickly, she went to get the countess's coffee.

I remained alone in the little parlor; I wanted to see more—to learn more. At the end of five minutes the young man whom Miss Spencer had described as the countess's pupil came in. He stood looking at me for a moment with parted lips. I saw he was a very weak-eyed young man.

"She wants to know if you won't come out there?" he observed at last.

"Who wants to know?"

"The countess. That French lady."

"She has asked you to bring me?"

"Yes, sir," said the young man feebly, looking at my six feet of stature.

I went out with him, and we found the countess sitting under one of the little quince-trees in front of the house. She was drawing a needle through the piece of embroidery which she had taken from the small table. She pointed graciously to the chair beside her. I seated myself. Mr. Mixter glanced about him, and then sat down in the grass at her feet. He gazed

upward, looking with parted lips from the countess to me.

"I am sure you speak French," said the countess, fixing her brilliant little eyes upon me.

"I do, madam, after a fashion," I answered, in the lady's own tongue.

"*Voilà!*" she cried most expressively. "I knew it so soon as I looked at you. You have been in my poor dear country."

"A long time."

"You know Paris?"

"Thoroughly, madame." And with a certain conscious purpose I let my eyes meet her own.

She presently, hereupon, moved her own and glanced down at Mr. Mixter.

"What are we talking about?" she demanded of her attentive pupil.

He pulled his knees up, plucked at the grass with his hand, stared, blushed a little.

"You are talking French," said Mr. Mixter.

"*La belle découverte!*" said the countess. "Here are ten months," she explained to me, "that I am giving him lessons. Don't put yourself out not to say he's a fool; he won't understand you."

"I hope your other pupils are more gratifying," I remarked.

"I have no others. They don't know what French is in this place, they don't want to know. You may therefore imagine the pleasure it is to me to meet a person who speaks it like yourself." I replied that my own pleasure was not less, and she went on drawing her stitches through her embroidery, with her little finger curled out. Every few moments she put her eyes close to her work, near-sightedly. I thought her a very disagreeable person; she was coarse, affected, dishonest and no more a countess than I was a caliph. "Talk to me of Paris," she went on. "The very name of it gives me an emotion! How long since you were there?"

"Two months ago."

"Happy man! Tell me something about it. What were they doing? Oh, for an hour of the boulevards!"

"They were doing about what they are always doing—amusing themselves a good deal."

"At the theaters, eh?" sighed the countess. "At the *cafés-concerts*—at the little tables in front of the doors? *Quelle existence!* You know I am a Parisienne, monsieur," she added, "—to my finger-tips."

"Miss Spencer was mistaken, then," I

ventured to rejoin, "in telling me that you are a Provençale."

She stared a moment, then she put her nose to her embroidery, which had a dingy, desultory aspect. "Ah, I am a Provençale by birth; but I am a Parisienne by—inclination."

"And by experience, I suppose?" I said.

She questioned me a moment with her hard little eyes.

"Oh, experience! I could talk of that if I wished. I never expected, for example, that experience had *this* in store for me." And she pointed with her bare elbow, and with a jerk of her head, at every thing that surrounded her—at the little white house, the quince-tree, the rickety paling, even at Mr. Mixter.

"You are in exile!" I said smiling.

"You may imagine what it is! These two years that I have been here I have passed hours—hours! One gets used to things, and sometimes I think I have got used to this. But there are some things that are always beginning over again. For example, my coffee."

"Do you always have coffee at this hour?" I inquired.

She tossed back her head and measured me.

"At what hour would you prefer me to have it? I must have my *demi-tasse* after breakfast.

"Ah, you breakfast at this hour?"

"At mid-day—*comme cela se fait*. Here they breakfast at a quarter past seven! That 'quarter past' is charming!"

"But you were telling me about your coffee," I observed, sympathetically.

"My *cousine* can't believe in it; she can't understand it. She's an excellent girl; but that little cup of black coffee, with a drop of cognac, served at this hour—they exceed her comprehension. So I have to break the ice every day, and it takes the coffee the time you see to arrive. And when it arrives, monsieur! If I don't offer you any of it you must not take it ill. It will be because I know you have drunk it on the boulevards."

I resented extremely this scornful treatment of poor Caroline Spencer's humble hospitality; but I said nothing, in order to say nothing uncivil. I only looked on Mr. Mixter, who had clasped his arms

round his knees and was watching my companion's demonstrative graces in solemn fascination. She presently saw that I was observing him; she glanced at me with a little, bold, explanatory smile. "You know, he adores me," she murmured, putting her nose into her tapestry again. I expressed the promptest credence and she went on. "He dreams of becoming my lover! Yes, it's his dream. He has read a French novel; it took him six months. But ever since that he has thought himself the hero, and me the heroine!"

Mr. Mixter had evidently not an idea that he was being talked about; he was too preoccupied with the ecstasy of contemplation. At this moment Caroline Spencer came out of the house, bearing a coffee-pot on a little tray. I noticed that on her way from the door to the table she gave me a single quick, vaguely appealing glance. I wondered what it signified; I felt that it signified a sort of half frightened longing to know what, as a man of the world who had been in France, I thought of the countess. It made me extremely uncomfortable. I could not tell her that the countess was very possibly the runaway wife of a little *coiffeur*. I tried suddenly, on the contrary, to show a high consideration for her. But I got up; I couldn't stay longer. It vexed me to see Caroline Spencer standing there like a waiting-maid.

"You expect to remain some time at Grimwinter?" I said to the countess.

She gave a terrible shrug.

"Who knows? Perhaps for years. When one is in misery! * * * *Chère belle*," she added, turning to Miss Spencer, "you have forgotten the cognac!"

I detained Caroline Spencer as, after looking a moment in silence at the little table, she was turning away to get this missing delicacy. I silently gave her my hand in farewell. She looked very tired, but there was a strange hint of prospective patience in her severely mild little face. I thought she was rather glad I was going. Mr. Mixter had risen to his feet and was pouring out the countess's coffee. As I went back past the Baptist church I reflected that poor Miss Spencer had been right in her presentiment that she should still see something of Europe.

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER X.

THE COUSIN ON THE JERSEY SHORE.

BUT it must not be supposed that pure friendliness had moved Mrs. Stubbs thus to introduce these wolves into her sheep-fold; for of men, both young and old, she had suddenly become suspicious.

"Does the old cat think we are after her and her money?" said Captain Luttrell with an oath.

Captain Luttrell, being always in debt, and having nothing to depend upon but his pay and his winnings at cards, naturally resented such a suspicion.

"It would take the d—l of a spirit to stand in Stubbs's shoes," he added.

"Or none at all," amended a young lieutenant of infantry, whose smooth face showed through the tobacco-smoke, somewhat after the fashion of Raphael's beclouded cherubs.

"You're right; none at all, by ——" repeated the captain; "and that wouldn't do for me, you know."

But, in truth, Mrs. Stubbs had never once thought of herself. It would seem as though the instinct of personal vanity, or self-consciousness, indeed, which is late to die in a woman's heart, had been crushed out of life in her. It had been made to stand aside for more vital matters, or had been transferred to Blossom, in whom was all her pride now. No thought of personal adornment or personal triumph occurred to her. Her eyes were still bright and black, with a reddish heat in their depths, but the soft shine of her hair was broken by the rough gray threads that had found their way there. The fresh, high color which had given her a kind of vulgar beauty—not unlike that of the gaudy prints with which Stubbs had delighted to bedeck his walls—had faded away. The blood had rushed to her heart that night when they brought her husband in stiff and stark, and it had forgotten its way back. And then she was no longer young, hardly middle-aged, and what was personal vanity to one in whom every passion but that of ambition was dead? If she had marked the change in herself from the old comeliness to the faded, listless face she bore now, it was only as she might have noticed the change in another woman, and with no pang like regret. She had lived

her life—the life in which red cheeks and bright eyes play a part—so long ago as to have almost forgotten it. She had had her day (it was for fine ladies alone to try to lengthen this out into a kind of twilight). It was only in Blossom that the mother's vanity revived and glowed again. She delighted to see the child in the new-made gowns, the bright ribbons and nameless gew-gaws she had brought from the east, and which were tasteful and simple enough to please a more cultivated fancy. To her mind, they were not half fine enough. All the treasures of the store were open to Blossom. She had only to choose. She might have been swathed in silks, but that silks formed an insignificant part of the merchandise at the post.

It warmed the woman's heart with a wicked delight to see the envious eyes following the girl whenever she rode or walked under her mother's jealous care. Though outwardly unmoved, it rejoiced her soul to receive the artful flattery of the men about her. The tribute was for Blossom, though it passed through her hands. It was the child's due, and less than belonged to her by right. Not once did she dream of taking any of it to herself. But it was pouring treasures into the deep. The givers gained nothing by it. The house-door remained closed to them. As for Captain Luttrell, he was an object of indifference, or angry impatience, as he chose to conduct himself. Nothing was to be won by conciliating such as he. She had not spent her life, so far, among army people without nourishing an unnatural idea of the importance of "family;" nor without learning all that could be told of each one about her. To place Blossom upon an equality with the best of these, to make her a lady,—in that outer sense which gives so poor a definition of the word,—was the one object of the woman's life. Circumstances had brought Captain Elyot and Blossom together, and she rejoiced over it with silent but exultant joy. He had prospective wealth, but that was nothing. Was not Blossom rich already—with gold, and to spare, for whoever came wooing with the mother's consent? It was his fine family connections which had won him something more than toleration from the sutler's wife. She had heard Miss Claudia

refer to these rather boastfully months before. Poor Miss Claudia had ceased to refer to Captain Elyot in any way now. She was unconscious, she was indifferent, she was everything but proud and boastful now, when his name was mentioned. But the indifference and the unconsciousness were so exaggerated that there was danger of both being misinterpreted. Mrs. Stubbs, indeed, called them by another name. But she had treasured unwittingly the words her ears had caught of the fine family to which Captain Elyot belonged. Here was the opportunity thrown into her own hands to put Blossom into the position she so coveted for her. Her eagerness almost outstripped her caution. If Captain Elyot had been less the true gentleman that he was, he would have seen through it all, kissed her pretty daughter perhaps, and laughed in the mother's face, though he would have been a bold man, I confess. As it was, he took it all as simple friendliness and gratitude for the slight service he had rendered the family. "Perhaps you'll look into the parlor a moment, the child seems a little low in her mind to-day;" or, "May be you'll be dropping in for an hour this evening, Captain Elyot; Blossom was saying that she had not seen you for a week," Mrs. Stubbs would remark; and the young man heard nothing in the words but an innocent desire to vary the monotony of the girl's life, and never dreamed of the purpose underlying them. He had stood by them in their great trouble; it was but natural that they should turn to him now. And had he not assured Blossom that he would be a brother to her? The words had had a somewhat theatrical sound when he uttered them, though the feeling which gave rise to them had been honest and warm. Nor had it changed. He was, indeed, only partly conscious of the interest Blossom had aroused in him. The mother, it must be confessed, was hardly to his mind, and the social position of the family was one which, in the eyes of those around him, would by no means warrant the intimacy established. But, up to a certain point, lines of caste are but ropes of sand to a man. So he made his almost daily visits to Blossom, and defended the mother stoutly when occasion arose (and occasion seemed always upon the point of arising just now when the Stubbses were the center of interest at the post). If Blossom had been any other than she was, he would hardly have taken this woman upon his shoulders. As it was, he staggered some-

times under his load. But what with envy among the men who did not share their favor, and jealous spite among the women, the Stubbses were hardly used just now, and chance had made him their defender. No thought of consequences disturbed his mind.

For there was a distant cousin down upon the Jersey shore whom Captain Elyot had never seen, but who represented the dreadful future to him. During his late visit to the east, in one of those rash moments to which the most discreet are exposed, he had promised his uncle that he would seek this cousin out and come to some determination in regard to a matter which had been urged upon him by his uncle so often of late as to become hateful.

Now, thinking it over, he could not see how he had been so weak. He had repented as soon as the promise was given, and, pleading an urgent recall to his regiment, had escaped without making the proposed visit. But there had come a letter from his uncle in regard to the matter. It was inscribed in a cramped, stiff hand, and began, "Nephew Robert,"—this being the nearest approach to affectionate address in which the Uncle Jeremy indulged.

It was about this far-off cousin that he had written, desiring Captain Elyot, in words very like a command, to communicate with her by letter, since he had been unable to visit her. For a moment, as Captain Elyot read the words so galling to his spirit, he was tempted to write to Uncle Jeremy that he wanted none of his money at such a price. But the money would be his by law, why should he give it up? No one stood nearer to the old man than he. Still, was he willing to fetter his whole future at a whim of the meddlesome old man who had already, he wrote, prepared this cousin to hear from Captain Elyot?

"What does he take me for!" thought the young man angrily. "Write to this girl who may be—what must she not be to consent or be a party to such a scheme!"

And he thrust the letter into his desk and strolled off down to the sutler's, from force of habit perhaps. It was a bright winter day, with great soft clouds rolling slowly across the sky, and the broad river one dazzling expanse of ice, gay with a crowd of skaters. Blossom stood behind the window watching them with wistful eyes. A slight headache, succeeding a week of stormy weather, had shut her closely in the house and exhausted her in-door amusements. She was tired of her needle, tired of her music,

which, repeated again and again without a listener, sounded flat and dull even to her ears. She was disappointed in the novel Lieutenant Orme had brought her the night before. The hero had proved false and left a sigh in the girl's heart. But all heroes could not prove false, she thought, with a blush creeping up her face. And then somebody rapped at the door, and the color touched her hair when Captain Elyot stepped into the room.

"Why are you not out with the others?" he asked stupidly.

For he knew very well if he had given it a thought that no one of the ladies, at least, would have invited her. But the words had been mechanical. He was thinking, as she turned from the window, how unlike this girl, with her quick flush and shy ways, must be to the cousin down on the Jersey shore, who was waiting for a letter from him. The deep crimson gown and slender gold chain about Blossom's neck seemed to make the whole room bright. Even her mourning, or the outward semblance of it, was done by proxy. It was Mrs. Stubbs who wore the ugly black gowns, with stiff rebellious folds. "He liked to see ye look pretty," the mother had said. So Blossom wore the colors which gratified her own taste, fancying in some indefinable way that she pleased her father also, while Mrs. Stubbs assumed the serge and sackcloth.

Captain Elyot picked up the book Blossom had laid down, and, turning it over, read Lieutenant Orme's name in pencil on the fly-leaf. What did Orme mean by forming her taste after such a model, the weakest of diluted sentiment. He would speak to the boy.

"Silly trash!—I beg your pardon," he continued, for Blossom was blushing violently. She had shed more tears over its sorrows than she would have cared to own. "Tell me, truly, Miss Blossom, what did you think of it?"

"I—I wished he had come back," Blossom replied, rather unintelligibly, referring to the hero who had proved false.

Captain Elyot laughed outright.

"The hero? Oh, but they never do—heroes of this sort who get to be written about. It is only we matter-of-fact, dull fellows in every-day life who really stand by the women we pretend to love, even though —"

What Captain Elyot was about to say, since he waxed earnest as he went on, what he would have blundered into saying, his mind having wandered far from the book in

his hand, cannot be told. He stopped short without finishing his sentence.

"But—but that is like a hero," said Blossom, roused to an unusual intelligence by this burst of feeling which she did not in the least comprehend. She was only made aware all at once, and she knew not how, that these were her heroes of whom he was speaking almost in derision. The book had done her no great harm.

"Perhaps," the captain replied, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But they would never find themselves in a novel. Simple constancy is not dramatic enough. And, after all, a man is scarcely a hero who only follows his inclination. But put on your hat, Miss Blossom, your mother has given you into my care for an hour, and I am going to take you out on the ice."

Blossom's happy face was a reward in itself to the young man as she hastened away to don the little fur-lined sacque and a Scotch-frieze cap she had found among her mother's stores. Pinned up on one side with the wing of a pigeon, it was not an unbecoming skating-cap.

Miss Laud and Claudia Bryce, with two or three young officers, formed a group close by the shore, as Captain Elyot and Blossom descended to the river. The young ladies had donned their skates and were adjusting scarfs and hats, and buttoning gloves, preparatory to striking out, when the new-comers appeared. They all greeted Captain Elyot,—the young men, whose eyes followed Blossom's pretty figure, with rather unnecessary heartiness. Miss Bryce, after a conventional bow and smile, gave a final pull at the scarf she had been tying and swept away, followed by the others, but Miss Laud managed to give Blossom a nod and a word in passing. She had whispered hastily to Claudia when she saw them approaching,—

"Do speak to her, Claudia, you will never regret it!"

"Not I," Claudia had replied aloud. Then she gave Captain Elyot the bow and smile already spoken of, but which were too narrow to take in his companion. She poised herself for an instant to tie her scarf. She would not have the appearance of running away from this girl. Then she struck off with a peculiar undulating movement entirely her own. Miss Bryce's face might not be handsome; it was thin and lacking in color; her hair and eyes, too, were pale; but her figure was fine, even at rest, and in motion it was the perfection of grace.

Captain Elyot, engrossed in fitting the skates to Blossom's little feet, took in nothing of this side scene. He had marked Claudia's cool bow. It reminded him only that his relations with the Bryces had not been quite so intimate since his return as formerly. For this, he doubtless was to blame. He had neglected to call at the major's of late. But one does not always take up old threads after a long absence, and the habit of dropping in there had unconsciously slipped away from him.

"Hullo, Elyot! You here? Miss Blossom? How jolly! I was just on the way to see if your mother would trust you to me." And Lieutenant Orme came up in a flourish of incomprehensible figures, including a low salaam which had nearly ended in a somersault. "But where are your skates, Elyot?"

"I forgot them."

To tell the truth, he had never thought of them till this moment. He had not intended to appear on the ice. But passing Blossom's window he had caught a glimpse of her wistful eyes following the skaters. To resist their unconscious pleading was impossible. He rushed into the store, took Mrs. Stubbs by storm, obtained her consent, and had Blossom out of the house before a thought of his own lack of preparation occurred to him.

"All right, then; you'll have to hand her over to me," said the boy, coolly. "You're not afraid, Miss Blossom?"

"Oh, no;" replied Blossom, doubtfully. She was entirely confused by this new arrangement.

"Give us your hand," said the lieutenant, and before she could object she was swept away.

Captain Elyot looked after them with an amused but slightly bewildered expression of countenance. It may be that his eyes betrayed another feeling unacknowledged as they followed Blossom's figure growing less each moment in the distance.

"She has a lovely face."

The voice spoke close beside him. It was Miss Laud, who had approached unnoticed.

"If you will be so good," she was saying to her cavalier, dispatching him on some errand to the house. "I will wait here. Captain Elyot will bear me company. Yes, she has a lovely face," she repeated, when they were left alone.

"Do you think so?" replied the young man, quite off his guard, and forgetting that this girl was almost a stranger, he suffered

the thought in his mind to spring from his lips. "But I'm afraid it is going to be disagreeable for her, here. I think they might be more kind to her."

"And so do I," assented Miss Laud. "For my own part, I should be glad to know her, though I cannot take the initiative, being only a visitor. I wish, indeed, 'they' would be more kind to her—as you say. But, after all, Captain Elyot, you can hardly expect the ladies at the post to make the sutler's daughter quite one of themselves."

"And why not?" asked the young man, with more heat than wisdom.

"Why, indeed?" and Miss Laud raised her eyebrows and proceeded to cut graceful curves upon the ice, her hands thrust into the pockets of her natty little jacket. With all her good-will toward Claudia and Claudia's lover (as she regarded this young man), she could not be expected to lose sight entirely of her own interests. "Why, indeed?" she repeated, balancing herself before him and preparing to argue the question. "You gentlemen think her very pretty and all that, and blame the women for not taking her up. Yes, you do. I heard Captain Luttrell last night. He was passing our window with Lieutenant Gibbs and he used an oath, too. It is not nice in you gentlemen, the way you talk when we ladies are out of the way. He raved about her with his oaths, the great, swearing captain,—as though she would look at him! You think the ladies are in fault, I say, because they don't make her one of themselves; but, after all, they are more kind to her than you,—who would amuse yourselves. She is fresh and a new face, but no one of you would forget himself to marry her," said this artfully frank young lady.

"What do you mean?" stammered the young man, growing red.

Miss Laud's escort appeared at this moment.

"Would *you*?" she threw back saucily as she swept away.

Would he? What a shield an impudent woman could make of her sex! Would he marry the sutler's daughter? No, of course not; he was already implicated in another affair. And then, as Blossom's innocent face rose before him there rose beside it another, and by no means a pleasing vision, of the cousin down on the Jersey shore. How he hated the whole subject! And what did this girl mean by thrusting it upon him? He was chilled with standing upon

the ice. But he could not desert Blossom, having brought her here. While he was trying to decide whether to leave and go in search of his own skates, or seek the lieutenant, who had carried the girl off without so much as an apology, he saw them coming toward him; her little figure swaying hither and thither, her hand clasped in Orme's. Her cheeks had caught the red glow of the sunset, the sun itself was reflected from her eyes. Something like jealousy touched his heart. Still, what did it matter? She was nothing to him, and the boy was his friend.

But, though he borrowed the lieutenant's skates—at Blossom's shy suggestion—and took a turn or two with her beside him, he was silent and not like himself at all. Poor Blossom wondered if she could have vexed him. She stole anxious glances at him from time to time as they went on, but dared not speak save in reply to his occasional words. No one avoided them, apparently, and yet they were always alone, while the others formed zigzag lines or improvised a dance, cutting strange figures, noisily merry, —a gay company in which Blossom never for a moment found herself. To an outsider, Captain Elyot might have seemed to blame for this. For, looking neither to right nor left, he guided her straight on past them all to where only the river with its broad sweep was before them. On and on they went in the face of the wind toward the sunset, Blossom's crimson skirts and little red scarf flying out like pennons behind them, the gay voices sounding farther and farther away.

"You do not care for them? It is far more pleasant off here with the river all to ourselves," Captain Elyot said, carelessly, but with a sharp glance at the wistful face that would turn of itself toward the merry party as the two swept by.

"Yes," Blossom assented, but her eyes belied the word and it came out with a sigh.

It was a little thing, but it touched the young man unaccountably. A few words, a smile or two that they would never miss from their store of good-nature would make this child so happy! and yet they withheld both. He hated them all, as they turned and came back more slowly. The sun had dropped out of sight, the air was icy. Every one was hastening toward the shore as they came up. Lieutenant Orme was taking off Miss Laud's skates.

"How sure your strokes are!" that young woman said with an approving nod to Blossom, who blushed and glowed under this praise. But Captain Elyot received it stoic-

ally. He was somewhat doubtful as to Miss Laud's good-will. "Yes; I was telling Lieutenant Orme, just now, that you and he were the best-matched couple on the ice," she went on mischievously, quietly watching Captain Elyot's face, which flushed in spite of himself.

"I beg your pardon, I fear I hurt you," he said to Blossom, whose skate-strap he was undoing. He had given it a sudden twitch. But no; Blossom was conscious of nothing but a glow of happiness in her little heart. She smiled her good-bye to this new friend, sorry and wondering that the captain should take her away in such haste. He gave Miss Laud a bow, stiff and ceremonious, withal so frozen that it would have set Blossom to trembling with fright had it been bestowed upon her. But Miss Laud only smiled saucily. She was by no means extinguished. Captain Elyot left Blossom at her door and went on to his quarters. Once there, he bolted his door and began to walk back and forth, his thumbs caught in his pockets, his head bent and a scowl on his forehead. At last he sat down before his desk and began to write a reply to his uncle's letter received so long before. It was with tardy haste, inasmuch as weeks had gone by since its reception and no mail would leave the fort now for some days. He dashed off the first sentence or two with a scratch of his pen. It mattered little to him, he wrote, whom he married, if marry he must. Still—and this came after the first heat and a considerable pause—he should hardly like to make a distinct opposition to any girl until he had seen her. However, he would try for a brief leave of absence early in the spring, or, he might, perhaps, leave the service entirely.

He folded and sealed his letter with rather unusual care, remembering with some annoyance as he did so, that he must prepare to go around to Major Bryce's. Mrs. Bryce had waylaid him upon the river and asked him to tea, feeling, no doubt, that it was time she came to Claudia's assistance. "Quite a family party, to meet no one but ourselves," she had assured him. But with a vivid recollection of Claudia's cool greeting and Miss Laud's over-frank speech, this was not an inviting prospect.

CHAPTER XI. A GAME OF CARDS.

"I TELL you, Claudia, the man is in love with her," said Miss Laud, pausing, with the "cloud" half unwrapped from her head, to

utter this oracular remark. They were disrobing in Claudia's bedroom after their hour on the ice.

Claudia bent over a refractory button, hiding her face.

"Why do you think so?"

"I tried him; I praised her, and he was ridiculously pleased. Then I abused her a little, and he forgot his manners, and was angry at once. What a fool the man must be! There is nothing pretty about the girl but her pink and white face, and a pair of eyes which she knows how to use."

"It was coming over the plains together," said Claudia with a sigh.

Fate had been cruel to her. If she had but been in Blossom's place!

"And he thought the ladies might be more kind to her," Miss Laud went on, recalling every part of her conversation with Captain Elyot, and making her own selections from it.

"Did he, indeed!" Claudia said with scorn.

This was quite too much. It certainly was hard from Claudia's point of view.

"I presume he believes we should all receive her if he made her his wife?"

Miss Claudia had brought an unusual color from her exercise on the ice, and her voice just now had a touch of the sharp air they had left outside.

"And you would not?" said Miss Laud, half interrogatively, as she began to brush out her thick auburn hair.

"I!"

Claudia's expression and attitude were tragic.

"Still, I do think it would have been wiser to show her some civility," her friend went on.

Claudia's obstinacy had only foiled her desires. She had only made the girl appear ill-used. And what so natural now as that Captain Elyot should take up her defense. If the affair had been in her hands, thought Miss Laud! She could have managed it after a much better fashion, and brought him round at last in spite of Miss Pretty-face. She forgot that Claudia, angry and fancying herself ill-used, had not her cool little head.

"I had no idea it was so late," she said, looking at her watch. "We shall hardly be dressed in time. Why, Claudia, you have not begun. You forget that he is coming to tea."

"Coming to tea!"

The blood swept over Claudia's thin face.

"I supposed you knew it. Yes, I heard your mother ask him on the ice."

"I don't know why she should; he has only called here once since he came back."

"I don't know why she should; but she certainly did," Miss Laud replied gayly.

There was a pleasing excitement in the prospect of this visit. She need not be ungracious because Claudia chose to consider herself neglected; and Miss Laud made her toilet with unusual care, loosening her hair into soft waves about her face, and choosing the most becoming, though the plainest, of the gowns she had brought from the States. To tell the truth, she was glad of a little change. She was becoming tired of Claudia's continued ill-humor, which sufficed to make every one uncomfortable without bringing anything to pass. Claudia's lovers, and Claudia's disappointment and vexation were amusing enough for a time, but since the affair appeared so hopeless, she began to think that her friend might pluck up more spirit and forget it all.

"I don't know why you should not ask him here," she said. "It would be very strange to ostracize him when there is really nothing as yet."

"How can you say there is nothing?" replied Claudia, who had sat down listlessly upon the bed in spite of her friend's warning as to the lateness of the hour.

"He may be engaged to her for all we know. I am sure he is there half the time."

"He may be," said Miss Laud slowly.

She was turning her head this way and that to observe the effect of the back of her gown in the small glass.

"But I don't believe it. He is just the man to take up a girl whom everybody neglected, but men don't marry so. He'll never think of marrying her unless somebody puts it into his head."

She did not tell how she herself had suggested it to him that very afternoon, from a spiteful impulse, for which she was vexed with herself a moment later. What a foolish speech she had made, to be sure! And what if he should act upon it and marry the girl! It would be a shame for him thus to throw himself away. Miss Laud was tempted to enter the lists herself, since Claudia showed so little spirit.

"But you will never be ready," she said, putting the last pin into her hair. "Do bestir yourself, dear, I believe he has come already. I heard a strange voice."

"I shall do nothing at all," Claudia said,

folding her hands upon the lap of her plain brown dress.

"But do put on a bit of ribbon, or something to brighten your gown."

Miss Laud was certainly very good-natured. She searched among her own trinkets and furbelows for a knot of soft blue silk, and fastened it with her own hands at Claudia's throat.

"You never looked better," she said, standing off and viewing her friend critically. "You really have quite a bright color, dear."

Captain Elyot in the meantime was sitting in the parlor with the major's wife, entirely unconscious of the judgments being passed upon him in the next room. It was a cheerful apartment, though neither so spacious nor so pretentiously furnished as the one where Blossom was accustomed to receive him. There was a pot of roses in the window, over which the curtain was now drawn; there were roses also blooming upon the wall-paper (some former occupant of the rude quarters had stretched it crookedly from ceiling to floor), and there was a square of bright carpet spread upon the uneven floor. Altogether, the major's parlor had been considered a most sumptuous apartment until Blossom's arrival and the changes at the sutler's quarters. The roses upon the walls seemed to swell and nod upon their stems in the fire-light in answer to the great red bow upon the cap of the major's wife which bobbed up and down as she nodded her head. She was striving to entertain her guest until the young ladies should appear and she could escape to superintend affairs in the kitchen. Jinny's broad face had filled up a crack in the door-way more than once during the past fifteen minutes. But her loud, cheerful tone was not in accord with Captain Elyot's mood to-night.

"Yes, yes, to be sure," he said, hardly knowing to what he was bowing assent.

It did not matter. Mrs. Bryce still went on pouring out a flood of commonplace intelligence or comment,—concerning the prospect of snow, the thaw last week, the condition of the ice,—until he grew dizzy in the dark corner where he sat, over the bobbing crimson bow, the bobbing red face, and the roses starting into bloom whenever the light touched them.

"And where have you been so long?" she asked at last, but still without waiting for a reply. The question was only a text, indeed. "It is not well for you, young men, to desert your old friends, or to avoid

society when there are ladies at the post. I would never have thought it of you, Captain Elyot."

"I am not aware that I have avoided society. Certainly I have not intended to desert my friends," replied the young man, somewhat surprised by this sudden attack. "I have been unusually busy since my return, and have made few visits, I know; but a man finds something to do in his company after a three-months' absence."

"Yes," Mrs. Bryce assented, in a doubtful tone and with an expression which would have been arch in a young and pretty woman, but which only struck Captain Elyot as being uncommonly disagreeable.

She did not intend to read him a lecture, but the opportunity was tempting, and it was her privilege to advise the young officers. Did she not stand to them in the place of a mother?

"I fear the toddy down at Mrs. Stubbs's is more to the taste of the unmarried officers than a dance with the young ladies or a rubber of whist with the old ones. Considering our resources, we are shamefully dull this winter."

"But there is no toddy at Mrs. Stubbs's. All that is changed, you know."

Captain Elyot was roused to attention now. Drinking and carousing in Blossom's parlor! The woman knew better. It was a shameful slander.

"Ah, yes, yes," she said, wagging her head wisely, and setting the red ribbons to fluttering again. "I don't expect you to tell tales, but we all know what Stubbs's was—and is yet, I don't doubt, in a quiet way."

"You have been misinformed, madam."

He was too angry to elaborate his denial, and her sex intrenched her about, and made it impossible for him to answer her as he would have done if she had been a man. A man! No gentleman would have made such an unfounded statement. But he hated her for the moment—sitting by her own fireside and hearing her gabble on amiably about other matters. She had dealt her blow, and he had staggered under it, as she fancied. She had no desire to repeat it. And it might be that he only needed to have his folly pointed out to him in order to amend. She knew very well that Mrs. Stubbs's toddy did not entice him to the sutler's. But she was too wise a woman to bring up Blossom's name. It was enough for him to know that his frequent visits to the store and to Mrs. Stubbs's house were noticed and commented upon.

Then Claudia, followed by her friend, entered the room, and Mrs. Bryce's words became all gracious and kind, diamonds and pearls having taken the place of toads and scorpions.

"Yes, quite well, thank you," Claudia said in reply to his greeting, coming forward with her slow, graceful motion and a smile upon her lips.

It was a good deal like a painted smile, but it answered the purpose, for, at the moment, the young man was not inclined to be critical.

"She is a little thin, I fancy," broke in Mrs. Bryce, calling attention to Claudia's defection in beauty. "It has been such a dull winter."

If she had intended this for another reproach, it was quite thrown away. To Captain Elyot's mind the words only recalled Mrs. Stubbs's little formula: "It is so dull for the child." Mrs. Stubbs might be rough and coarse in her ways, but, at least, she was straightforward and true, he thought, losing himself again in a reverie, from which he was aroused by Mrs. Bryce's bustling out of the room, Jinny's face having appeared once more in the door-way.

The major appeared a moment later, and with him Lieutenant Gibbs, evidently an invited guest. The lieutenant glared with mild ferocity over his mustache at the young captain seated, as he fancied, so comfortably between the two young ladies. But nothing is more wasted in quantities than envy, and the lieutenant need not have made himself miserable over Captain Elyot's happiness since the latter was heartily wishing himself away. All had changed since the days when he used to spend so much of his time here. Was the change in himself or them? And what had stripped the place of its charm?

What a fine girl he had thought Miss Claudia to be in those days! (He looked back as though years rolled between, though scarcely three months had passed since then.) She was still elegant in manner, unexceptionable in dress, but she was not the same to him. He watched her now—politely affable to Lieutenant Gibbs, and pronounced her cold and artificial. As for the major's wife with her meddlesome ways—Then he remembered himself with a start. He was angry with them all to-night, or was the discord in himself? But he must not forget that he was a guest in this house, and he rose from the corner and crossed the room to where Miss Laud was seated, with

some voluminous knitting in her small white hands.

"And what do you find to engage your time in this desolate region?" he asked lightly, conscious as he spoke of the awful bore of trying to make himself agreeable, and to this girl above all.

"Is it a desolate region?" Miss Laud asked in reply.

She evidently bore no resentment. She opened her big eyes as she threw back her head to reply, crossing her hands becomingly upon the scarlet wool on her lap.

"I am sure very sweet flowers bloom here," she added, and his eyes followed hers to where Claudia stood before the mantel, stately and tall and with a bright color to-night—not unlike a fine dahlia, indeed.

"Only exotics, and soon to be transplanted," he replied in the same tone.

"Yes; that will be Claudia's fate, I suppose," she said demurely, going back to her knitting.

"Probably; it is the fate of all young ladies, is it not?"

"To which you resign us without a sigh."

"Why not, since we of the other sex are to gain by it?"

What an odd girl! One could never imagine what she might say next. He had by no means forgotten their passage at arms on the ice this afternoon, and was on his guard. But there was all the fascination of danger in her speech. At least she was unaffected, and he could talk to her without embarrassment, though at the risk of being called upon to defend himself at every turn. With Claudia, for some unaccountable reason, he was ill at ease, and blessed the chance which still found him at Miss Laud's side when the tea was brought in. He strove to make himself agreeable to that young woman,—feeling it a duty toward his hostess to exert himself,—and with so surprising a result that Claudia threw more than one reproachful glance across the room to her friend.

But Miss Laud was reckless of consequences. She was tired of being kept in the background, of being simply a receptacle for Claudia's sighs and tears. Because Captain Elyot had become indifferent to the charms of her friend was surely no reason why every other girl should be forbidden speaking to him.

"I don't know how I can ever get through with it," Claudia had said to her friend in the sanctuary of the bedroom, referring to this evening.

"I will assist you dear; don't give it a thought," Miss Laud had replied.

And so she did,—in fact, she quite took the burden of entertaining the young man upon her own shoulders. His ill-humor disappeared. Almost before he knew it, he had forgotten his annoyance of the afternoon, and they had become friends. He had even promised to take her out on the ice the next day. Claudia had chosen to treat him coldly; her smile had not deceived him; her mother had reproached him openly, but they should see that he was indifferent to it all. The major swallowed his tea and hurried away, pleading an engagement.

"Don't let me disturb you," he said with a good-natured nod to the young men. "I'll excuse you if I hear you asked for."

The major was always pleading an engagement which took him away from his own home, though some of the other officers found it a pleasant enough place. So a few short months before had Captain Elyot. Hardly a day went by then without his dropping in here morning or evening, urged to come by the major's wife and more gently invited by Miss Claudia. They had read together by the hour, he and Claudia. From the corner where he sat he could see now a volume of Tennyson over which they had pored side by side. There were passages in it marked by Claudia's hand, if she had not effaced the faint penciling. The young man was by no means of a sentimental turn of mind. He could hardly be said to be fond of poetry,—with the exception of some stanzas of Scott and Byron,—but to read verse with a delicate feminine profile beside your own, and with a very slim white hand to turn the leaves, is like having it set to music. And this was the way Captain Elyot had read Tennyson. Did Claudia remember it? He looked across the room to where, at his sudden glance, she had resumed a most animated conversation with Lieutenant Gibbs, whose dull face was aglow with pleasure. It struck him that there was something more than gratified vanity in the lieutenant's countenance. Certain rumors floating about the post which he had not heeded, for indifference, recurred to him now. These might account for the reserve in Claudia's manner. And did Gibbs read poetry with her now? And had she penciled the lines afresh? He cared nothing for Claudia; with the exception of this poetry, there had been, at least to his mind, nothing approaching sentiment in their intercourse. He had ceased his visits

of his own will, and simply because the place no longer attracted him, but still the thought that perhaps Claudia and the lieutenant did now turn the pages of the little book together, brought a momentary sensation not entirely pleasant.

Was ever any one so incomprehensible? thought Miss Laud, pulling at her needles with a twitch that sent all the stitches off. She had addressed some playful remark to the young man, leaning over her chair, who had been all attention but a moment before, and it hung as it were suspended in air. A sudden fit of abstraction had wiped out all consciousness of her words or her presence.

"Where is the card-table?" exclaimed Mrs. Bryce, rousing from a surreptitious nap in the shadow filling one end of the room. "Claudia, dear, perhaps the gentlemen would take a hand at whist. Jinny shall bring more lights."

So Claudia set out the card-table, the young men hastening to her assistance with more alacrity than zeal. To Lieutenant Gibbs the tête-à-tête with Claudia in the dim light was far preferable. Poor Claudia, who talked at random or not at all, while her jealous ears strove to catch every word uttered at the other end of the room!

"I give you fair warning that we propose to win all the honors;" said Miss Laud in a lively tone as they gathered about the table at last.

Captain Elyot was beside her, and she glanced from Claudia to him as she spoke, appropriating him to herself. They had arranged it between them, or Kitty had managed to bring it about, thought unhappy Claudia, her wrath rising against her friend. But the lieutenant's dull face shone as he hastened to take the place opposite Miss Bryce.

"There should be a stake to redeem our playing of utter stupidity;" the reckless young woman ran on. She had incurred Claudia's severe displeasure, and was careless of what came now. "What a pity that the time has gone by when a lady's hand was the venture!" she added with a mischievous laugh and a side glance toward her friend.

"Is it possible that you would be so gracious?" Captain Elyot asked gallantly, with an open glance of admiration toward the hand with which Miss Laud was tossing the cards into the pack.

"I? Oh, I was not thinking of myself at all," she replied boldly.

Lieutenant Gibbs's stupid face turned angry and scarlet to the bristles of his close-clipped hair. He regarded Claudia doubtfully, the scowl deepening on his face as he looked from Miss Laud to Captain Elyot. Were these two plotting against him?

"Has that time gone by?" asked Captain Elyot with a sudden straight look into Claudia's crimsoning face, and a dangerous light in his eyes. A headlong spirit of daring, a recklessness as to consequences had taken possession of him at the suggestion of this girl.

"What nonsense, Kitty! one moment, I have forgotten to cut."

Claudia was the first to recover herself, though her self-possession had nearly slipped out of her grasp.

That moment was the climax of the evening. The hour which followed was quiet almost to dullness. Even Miss Laud's high spirits were subdued, and the game went on in silence. She felt that she had gone too far, and looked forward with anxiety to Claudia's judgment and Claudia's anger when the guests should have departed. In truth, she was not a little frightened, and blundered over her game, throwing down her cards in so careless a manner as to call forth a deserved rebuke from Miss Bryce, which only made matters worse, since Captain Elyot came to her defense, as in duty bound.

A more uncomfortable evening among four people could hardly be imagined, but it came to an end at last.

"Good-night!" said Captain Elyot at parting from Claudia. He had taken her hand, he retained it for an instant since he fancied Lieutenant Gibbs watched him with uneasiness.

"I hope you will allow me to come in sometimes as—as I used to."

The last three words wrought more mischief than he dreamed of. They roused to life all the dead hopes in the heart of the girl whose hand slipped out of his as he uttered them.

"You know you were always welcome."

Her low voice with its strange, soft tone screened the reply from the others.

"Are you going home?" the lieutenant asked Captain Elyot, coldly, as the door closed after them.

"N-o; I believe not," he replied with suavity,—that cool suavity so exasperating in a man who has had the best of it for the past hour.

"Good-night, then!" the lieutenant said,

in a still more icy tone, and the young men separated.

Captain Elyot strolled off in the direction of the sutler's quarters. It was still early, the night was fine, and he had no mind to sleep or to join the party whom he would probably find at cards at this hour. He was ill at ease and more angry at himself than he would have acknowledged, for the folly of the past hour. Good heavens, what a fool he must be! He had nearly committed himself to Miss Bryce! What did he care for the girl, that he should have dared her to pick up his reckless words which might have been interpreted to mean anything, everything! And, as though this were not enough, he had begged her at parting, to receive him upon the old intimate terms! He had been a fool—and false, which was worse; but that mischievous girl had spurred him on, he thought, angrily, searching about for some one upon whom to lay the blame of his folly.

There was no light behind the window of Blossom's parlor as he passed the house. But he had not intended to call at this hour, though he remembered that he had promised to look in when he left Mrs. Bryce's, if it was not too late. Had she expected him? His heart had been stirred by all manner of tormenting emotions, but it grew still as a summer sea at a vision of Blossom's pretty, soft-tinted face. She had looked for him, without doubt. He even fancied she might have shed tears—such a child as she was—over his not coming. He would see her early the next day and explain, making an excuse of the fine weather, which could not last long, to take her out skating again. And then it occurred to him that he had already invited Miss Laud—and, he began to suspect, at her own suggestion. He turned back hastily toward his own quarters, bestowing anything but blessings upon the head of that officious young woman.

As for Miss Laud, the fates were better to her than her fears. That one moment at the door, when, from a late instinct of caution, she had engrossed the attention of Lieutenant Gibbs, while Captain Elyot made his adieus to Claudia, had saved her from all she dreaded.

"Oh, Kitty," said her friend, when they were shut into their bedroom and the house was still, "did you see—did you hear him when he asked to be permitted to come again 'as he used?' What did he mean? What could he mean?"

"Did he say that?"

"They were his very words."

"It is strange, very strange. I hardly know what to think," Miss Laud responded.

At first she had been too much bewildered by the happy turn of affairs to heed what her friend was saying. She had expected the most violent reproaches, and Claudia had forgotten her altogether. Now brought back to Miss Bryce and her affairs, she knew not what to believe of this young man whose ways were so unexpected, who had flushed at the mention of one girl with the heat of a lover, and would have staked his chances with another on the turn of a card.

"It can mean nothing but that he is coming back to me," said Claudia, in a dreamy, unreal voice, too happy to notice that she had replied to her own query.

"Yes;" Miss Laud said, thoughtfully. "Perhaps it is so. It seems like it, and yet —"

"Perhaps! What else can it be? You can't think, Kitty" — She stopped short and faced her friend, the color flying to her hair.

"What is it, Claudia?" Since she was not to meet the reproaches she had looked for, Miss Laud was quite cool and assured.

"You can't believe that he asked to come here—to see you?" Claudia burst out with a gasp.

"Oh, dear, no; I wish he had." There was a convincing frankness in Miss Laud's reply. "He never gave me a thought, I can assure you, though he was so polite as to ask me to skate with him to-morrow,— after I had twice suggested that the ice

could hardly remain many days in its present delightful condition, and that I preferred skating to anything in the world. No, indeed, Claudia, his mind was not upon me. I was tempted to give him up more than once. There is no pleasure in doing your best to entertain a man whose thoughts are elsewhere. His abstraction at times was positively embarrassing. I confess, I don't at all understand him; but he was not thinking of me." And Miss Laud moved toward the glass and began to take off the tinkling jet ornaments which had sparkled in Captain Elyot's eyes with so little effect all the evening.

"You are a good girl, Kitty. Sometimes I think it must be stupid enough for you here. I have had no heart for anything. But we'll have a dance before long, or a skating-carnival with masks and Chinese lanterns; Mrs. Stubbs has some, I know. We'll start about it to-morrow, while the ice is in good condition. Or, would you rather have a dance in-doors? There are your pretty dresses you have never had a chance to wear."

"Oh, no; the carnival by all means. We could improvise a fancy costume."

"And dance on the ice, though I should be sure to have neuralgia after it. We can do both. We are sure to have distinguished visitors later in the season; we always do. And then we'll give a grand ball! You have no idea of our resources, or how gay we can be." And Claudia went to bed with a lighter heart than she had known for a long time.

(To be continued.)

"CALL ME NOT DEAD."

CALL me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
Into the company of the ever living
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
Rather be made. Say—"He at last hath won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
Music and song and light of immortal faces:
To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
To-morrow (who can say?) Shakspere may pass,—
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well,—
Or Milton,—or Dante, looking on the grass,
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."

A BED OF BOUGHS.

WHEN Aaron came again to camp and tramp with me, or, as he wrote, "to eat locusts and wild honey with me in the wilderness," it was past the middle of August and the festival of the season neared its close. We were belated guests, but perhaps all the more eager on that account, especially as the country was suffering from a terrible drought, and the only promise of anything fresh or tonic, or cool, was in primitive woods and mountain passes.

"Now, Aaron," said I, "we can go to Canada, or to the Maine woods, or to the Adirondacks, and thus have a whole loaf and a big loaf of this bread which you know as well as I will have heavy streaks in it, and will not be uniformly sweet; or we can seek nearer woods, and content ourselves with one week instead of four, with the prospect of a keen relish to the last. Four sylvan weeks sound well, but the poetry is mainly confined to the first one. We can take another slice or two of the Catskills, can we not, without being sated with kills and dividing ridges?"

"Anywhere," replied my friend, "so that we have a good tramp and plenty of primitive woods. No doubt we would find good browsing on Moose Mountain and trout enough in the streams at its base."

So without further ado we made ready, and in due time found ourselves, with our packs on our backs, entering upon a pass in the mountains that led to the valley of the Rondout.

The scenery was wild and desolate in the extreme, the mountains on either hand looking as if they had been swept by a tornado of stone. Stone avalanches hung suspended on their sides or had shot down into the chasm below. It was a kind of Alpine scenery where crushed and broken bowlders covered the earth instead of snow.

In the depressions in the mountains, the rocky fragments seemed to have accumulated and to have formed what might be called stone glaciersthat were creeping slowly down.

Two hours' march brought us into heavy timber where the stone cataclysm had not reached, and before long the soft voice of the Rondout was heard in the gulf below us. We paused at a spring run, and I followed it a few yards down its mountain stair-way, carpeted with black moss, and

had my first glimpse of the unknown stream. I stood upon rocks and looked many feet down into a still, sunlit pool and saw the trout disporting themselves in the transparent water, and I was ready to encamp at once; but my companion, who had not been tempted by the view, insisted upon holding to our original purpose, which was to go farther up the stream. We passed a clearing with three or four houses and a saw-mill. The dam of the latter was filled with such clear water that it seemed very shallow, and not ten or twelve feet deep, as it really was. The fish were as conspicuous as if they had been in a pail.

Two miles farther up we suited ourselves and went into camp.

If there ever was a stream cradled in the rocks, detained lovingly by them, held and fondled in a rocky lap or tossed in rocky arms, that stream is the Rondout. Its course for several miles from its head is over the stratified rock, and into this it has worn a channel that presents most striking and peculiar features. Now it comes silently along on the top of the rock, spread out and flowing over that thick, dark-green moss that is found only in the coldest streams; then drawn into a narrow canal only four or five feet wide, through which it shoots black and rigid, to be presently caught in a deep basin with shelving, overhanging rocks, beneath which the Phoebe-bird builds in security and upon which the fisherman stands and casts his twenty or thirty feet of line without fear of being thwarted by the brush; then into a black, well-like pool, ten or fifteen feet deep, with a smooth, circular wall of rock on one side worn by the water through long ages, or else into a deep, oblong pocket, into which and out of which the water glides without a ripple.

The surface rock is a coarse sandstone superincumbent upon a lighter-colored conglomerate that looked like Shawangunk grits, and when this latter is reached by the water it seems to be rapidly disintegrated by it, thus forming the deep excavations alluded to.

My eyes had never before beheld such beauty in a mountain stream. The water was almost as transparent as the air—was, indeed, like liquid air; and as it lay in these wells and pits enveloped in shadow, or lit up by a chance ray of the vertical sun, it

was a perpetual feast to the eye,—so cool, so deep, so pure; every reach and pool like a vast spring. You lay down and drank or dipped the water up in your cup and found it just the right degree of refreshing coldness. One is never prepared for the clearness of the water in these streams. It is always a surprise. See them every year for a dozen years, and yet, when you first come upon one, you will utter an exclamation; I saw nothing like it in the Adirondacks, nor have I in any other part of the country I have ever visited. Absolutely without stain or hint of impurity, it seems to magnify like a lense, so that the bed of the stream and the fish in it appear deceptively near. It is rare to find even a trout-stream that is not a little "off color," as they say of diamonds, but the waters in the section of which I am writing have the genuine ray; it is the undimmed and untarnished diamond.

If I were a trout, I should ascend every stream till I found the Rondout. It is the ideal brook. What homes these fish have, what retreats under the rocks, what paved or flagged courts and areas, what crystal depths where no net or snare can reach them!—no mud, no sediment, but here and there in the clefts and seams of the rock patches of white gravel,—spawning-beds ready-made.

The finishing touch is given by the moss with which the rock is everywhere carpeted. Even in the narrow grooves or channels where the water runs the swiftest, the green lining is unbroken. It sweeps down under the stream and up again on the other side like some firmly woven texture. It softens every outline and cushions every stone. At a certain depth in the great basins and wells it of course ceases, and only the smooth, swept flagging of the place-rock is visible.

The trees are kept well back from the margin of the stream by the want of soil, and the large ones unite their branches far above it, thus forming a high winding gallery, along which the fisherman passes and makes his long casts with scarcely an interruption from branch or twig. In a few places he makes no cast, but sees from his rocky perch the water twenty feet below him, and drops his hook into it as into a well.

We made camp at a bend in the creek where there was a large surface of mossy rock uncovered by the shrunken stream—a clean, free space left for us in the wilderness that was faultless as a kitchen and dining-room, and a marvel of beauty as a lounging-room, or an open court, or what you will.

An obsolete wood or bark road conducted us to it, and disappeared up the hill in the woods beyond. A loose boulder lay in the middle, and on the edge next the stream were three or four large natural wash-basins scooped out of the rock, and ever filled ready for use. Our lair we carved out of the thick brush under a large birch on the bank. Here we planted our flag of smoke and feathered our nest with balsam and hemlock boughs and ferns, and laughed at your four walls and pillows of down.

I never encamped in the woods yet but that I seem to have the good luck to hit just the right spot—the spot of all others best suited to my mind. And so it seemed now. I suppose it is mainly because one's camp, wherever it is, is home, and every object and feature about it takes on a new interest, and assumes a near and friendly relation to one.

We were at the head of the best fishing. There was an old bark clearing not far off which afforded us a daily dessert of most delicious blackberries,—an important item in the woods,—and then all the features of the place—a sort of cave above ground—were of the right kind.

There was not a mosquito, or gnat, or other pest in the woods, the cool nights having already cut them off. The trout were sufficiently abundant, and afforded us a few hours' sport daily to supply our wants. The only drawback was, that they were out of season, and only palatable to a woodman's keen appetite. What is this about trout spawning in October and November, and in some cases not till March? These trout had all spawned in August, every one of them. The coldness and purity of the water evidently made them that much earlier. The game laws of the state protect the fish after September 1st, proceeding upon the theory that its spawning season is later than that,—as it is in many cases, but not in all, as we found out.

The fish are small in these streams, seldom weighing over a few ounces. Occasionally a large one is seen of a pound or pound and a half weight. I remember one such, as black as night, that ran under a black rock. But I remember much more distinctly a still larger one that I caught and lost one eventful day.

"I had him on my hook ten minutes," said I, in relating the adventure to my companion, "and actually got my thumb in his mouth, and yet he escaped."

"The devil!" exclaimed Aaron; "and why

had you your thumb in his mouth and not your finger in his gill? Did you think you had a calf?"

"It was only the overeagerness of the sportsman," I replied. "I imagined I could hold him by the teeth."

You know when you hook a big fish very unexpectedly you are morally certain he is going to escape, and mine did, just because I could not wait to reach a little farther and hook my finger in his gills, instead of thrusting my hand into his wide-open mouth.

It was at a deep well-hole just below camp and I was perched upon a log that spans it ten or fifteen feet above. I let my hook down with great caution and in a moment saw the line cut the whirling water and run rapidly up under the foam; my pole leaped in my hand as only a large trout can make it leap; in a twinkling I had brought the noble fish from his retreat and held him floundering on the top of the water; it was a sweet, wild moment, all the more so because I knew there was no possible way to land my prize; I could not lead him to shore an easy victim, and my frail fly-tackle could not be trusted to lift him sheer from that pit to my precarious perch: it was an emergency that made one's thoughts flame and flash back and forth with true lightning speed; I looked eagerly down stream for Aaron, and despairingly at the perpendicular rocks. The fish in the meantime was churning the water into foam beneath, and the strain upon my tackle was alarming. I had a revolver in my pocket and might have shot him through and through, but that novel proceeding did not occur to me until it was too late. I would have taken a Sam Patch leap into the water and have wrestled with my antagonist in his own element, but I knew the slack, thus sure to occur, would probably free him; so I peered down upon the beautiful creature and enjoyed my triumph as far as it went. He was caught very lightly through his upper jaw and I expected every struggle and somersault would break the hold; presently I saw a place in the rocks where I thought it possible, with such an incentive, to get down within reach of the water; by careful maneuvering I slipped my pole behind me and got hold of the line, which I cut and wound around my finger; then I made my way toward the end of the log and the place in the rocks, leading my fish along much exhausted on the top of the water. By an effort worthy the occasion I got down within reach of the fish, and, as I have

already confessed, thrust my thumb into his mouth and pinched his cheek; he made a spring and was free from my hand and the hook at the same time; for a moment he lay panting on the top of the water, then, recovering himself slowly, made his way down through the clear, cruel element beyond all hope of recapture. My blind impulse to follow and try to seize him was very strong, but I kept my hold and peered and peered long after the fish was lost to view, then looked my mortification in the face and laughed a bitter laugh.

"But, hang it! I had all the fun of catching the fish, and only miss the pleasure of eating him, which at this time would not be great."

"The fun, I take it," said my soldier, "is in triumphing and not in being beaten at the last."

"Well, have it so; but I would not exchange those ten or fifteen minutes with that trout, for the tame two hours you have spent in catching that string of thirty. To see a big fish after days of small fry is an event; to have a jump from one is a glimpse of the sportsman's paradise; and to hook one and actually have him under your control for ten minutes,—why, that is the paradise itself as long as it lasts."

One day I went down to the house of a settler a mile below, and engaged the good dame to make us a couple of loaves of bread, and in the evening we went down after them. How elastic and exhilarating the walk was through the cool, transparent shadows! The sun was gilding the mountains and its yellow light seemed to be reflected through all the woods. At one point we looked through and along a valley of deep shadow upon a broad sweep of mountain quite near and densely clothed with woods, flooded from base to summit by the setting sun. It was a wild, memorable scene. What power and effectiveness in Nature, I thought, and how rarely an artist catches her touch! Looking down upon or squarely into a mountain covered with a heavy growth of birch and maple and shone upon by the sun, is a sight peculiarly agreeable to me. How closely the swelling umbrae heads of the trees fit together, and how the eye revels in the flowing and easy uniformity while the mind feels the ruggedness and terrible power beneath!

As we came back the light yet lingered on the top of Slide Mountain.

"The last that parleys with the setting sun," said I, quoting Wordsworth.

"That line is almost Shaksperean," said my companion. "It suggests that great hand at least, though it has not the grit and virility of the more primitive bard. What triumph and fresh morning power in Shakspere's line that will occur to us at sun-rise to-morrow!—

'And jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.'

There is savage, perennial beauty in that,—the quality that Wordsworth and nearly all the modern poets lack."

"But Wordsworth is the poet of the mountains," said I, "and of lonely peaks. True, he does not express the power and aboriginal grace there is in them, nor toy with them and pluck them up by the hair of their heads as Shakspere does. There is something in Moose Mountain, yonder, as we see it from this point, cutting the blue vault with its dark, serrated edge, not in the bard of Grasmere; but he expresses the feeling of loneliness and insignificance that the cultivated man has in the presence of mountains, and the burden of solemn emotion they give rise to. Then there is something much more wild and merciless, much more remote from human interests and ends, in our long, high, wooded ranges than is expressed by the peaks and scarred groups of the lake country of Britain. These mountains we behold and cross are not picturesque,—they are wild and inhuman as the sea. In them you are in a maze, in a weltering world of woods; you can see neither the earth nor the sky, but a confusion of the growth and decay of centuries, and must traverse them by your compass or your science of wood-craft,—a rift through the trees giving one a glimpse of the opposite range or of the valley beneath, and he is more at sea than ever; one does not know his own farm or settlement when framed in these mountain tree-tops; all look alike unfamiliar."

Not the least of the charm of camping out is your camp-fire at night. What an artist! What pictures are boldly thrown or faintly outlined upon the canvas of the night! Every object, every attitude of your companion is striking and memorable. You see effects and groups every moment that you would give money to be able to carry away with you in enduring form. How the shadows leap, and skulk, and hover about! Light and darkness are in perpetual tilt and warfare, with first the one unhorsed, then the other. The friendly and cheering fire,

what acquaintance we make with it! We had almost forgotten there was such an element, we had so long known only its dark offspring, heat. Now we see the wild beauty uncaged and note its manner and temper. How surely it creates its own draft and sets the currents going, as force and enthusiasm always will! It carves itself a chimney out of the fluid and houseless air. A friend, a ministering angel in subjection; a fiend, a fury, a monster, ready to devour the world, if ungoverned. By day it burrows in the ashes and sleeps; at night it comes forth and sits upon its throne of rude logs, and rules the camp a sovereign queen.

Near camp stood a tall, ragged yellow birch, its partially cast-off bark hanging in crisp sheets or dense rolls.

"That tree needs the barber," said Aaron, "and shall have a call from him to-night."

So after dark he touched a match into it and we saw the flames creep up and wax in fury until the whole tree and its main branches stood wrapped in a sheet of roaring flame. It was a wild and striking spectacle, and must have advertised our camp to every nocturnal creature in the forest.

What does the camper think about when lounging around the fire at night? Not much,—of the sport of the day, of the big fish he lost and might have saved, of the distant settlement, of to-morrow's plans. An owl hoots off in the mountain and he thinks of him; if a wolf were to howl or a panther to scream he would think of him the rest of the night. As it is, things flicker and hover through his mind, and he hardly knows whether it is the past or the present that possesses him. Certain it is he feels the hush and solitude of the great forest, and whether he will or not all his musings are in some way cast upon that huge background of the night. Unless he is an old camper-out there will be an under-current of dread or half fear. My companion said he could not help but feel all the time that there ought to be a sentinel out there pacing up and down. One seems to require less sleep in the woods, as if the ground and the untempered air rested and refreshed him sooner. The balsam and the hemlock heal his aches very quickly. If one is awakened often during the night, as he invariably is, he does not feel that sediment of sleep in his mind next day that he does when the same interruption occurs at home; the boughs have drawn it all out of him.

And it is wonderful how rarely any of the housed and tender white man's colds

or influenzas come through these open doors and windows of the woods. It is our partial isolation from Nature that is dangerous; throw yourself unreservedly upon her and she rarely betrays you.

If one takes anything to the woods to read he seldom reads it; it does not taste good with such primitive air.

"Are there any camp poems," inquired my friend,—"anything in our literature that would be at home here with us?"

"Not much that I know of; there is plenty that is weird and spectral, as in Poe, but little that is woody and wild as this scene is. I recall a Canadian poem by the late C. D. Shanly,—the only one I believe the author ever wrote,—that fits well the distended pupil of the mind's eye about the camp-fire at night. It was printed many years ago in one of the magazines, and is called 'The Walker of the Snow'; it begins thus:

'Speed on, speed on, good master;
The camp lies far away;
We must cross the haunted valley
Before the close of day.'"

"That has a Canadian sound," said Aaron; "give us more of it."

"How the snow-blight came upon me
I will tell you as we go,—
The blight of the shadow hunter
Who walks the midnight snow."

And so on. The intent seems to be to personify the fearful cold that overtakes and benumbs the traveler in the great Canadian forests in winter. This stanza brings out the silence or desolation of the scene very effectively,—a scene without sound or motion,—

'Save the wailing of the moor-bird
With a plaintive note and low;
And the skating of the red leaf
Upon the frozen snow.'

"The rest of the poem runs thus:

'And said I—Though dark is falling,
And far the camp must be,
Yet my heart it would be lightsome
If I had but company.'

'And then I sang and shouted,
Keeping measure as I sped,
To the harp-twang of the snow-shoe
As it sprang beneath my tread.'

'Nor far into the valley
Had I dipped upon my way,
When a dusky figure joined me
In a capuchin of gray,'

'Bending upon the snow-shoes
With a long and limber stride;
And I hailed the dusky stranger,
As we traveled side by side.'

'But no token of communion
Gave he by word or look,
And the fear-chill fell upon me
At the crossing of the brook.'

'For I saw by the sickly moonlight,
As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
Left no foot-marks on the snow.'

'Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me,
Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snow-drift
Where the shadow hunter passed.'

'And the otter-trappers found me,
Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
As the snow in which I lay.'

'But they spoke not as they raised me;
For they knew that in the night
I had seen the shadow hunter
And had withered in his sight.'

'Sancta Maria speed us!
The sun is fallen low;
Before us lies the valley
Of the Walker of the Snow!'''

"Ah!" exclaimed my companion. "Let us pile on more of those dry birch-logs; I feel both the 'fear-chill' and the 'cold-chill' creeping over me. How far is it to the valley of the Neversink?"

"About three or four hours' march, the man said."

"I hope we have no haunted valleys to cross."

"None," said I, "but we pass an old log-cabin about which there hangs a ghostly superstition. At a certain hour in the night, during the time the bark is loose on the hemlock, a female form is said to steal from it and grope its way into the wilderness. The tradition runs that her lover, who was a bark-peeler and wielded the spade, was killed by his rival, who felled a tree upon him while they were at work. The girl, who helped her mother cook for the 'hand,' was crazed by the shock, and that night stole forth into the woods and was never seen or heard of more. There are old hunters who aver that her cry may still be heard at night at the head of the valley whenever a tree falls in the stillness of the forest."

"Well, I heard a tree fall not ten minutes ago," said Aaron; "a distant rushing sound with a subdued crash at the end of it, and the only answering cry I heard was

the shrill voice of the screech-owl off yonder against the mountain. But may be it was not an owl," said he after a moment; "let us help the legend along by believing it was the voice of the lost maiden."

"By the way," continued he, "do you remember the pretty creature we saw seven years ago in the shanty on the West Branch, who was really helping her mother cook for the hands,—a slip of a girl twelve or thirteen years old, with eyes as beautiful and bewitching as the waters that flowed by her cabin? I was wrapped in admiration till she spoke: then how the spell was broken! Such a voice! It was like the sound of pots and pans when you expected to hear a lute."

The next day we bade farewell to the Rondout, and set out to cross the mountain to the east branch of the Beaverkill.

"We shall find tame waters compared with these, I fear,—a shriveled stream brawling along over loose stone, with few pools or deep places."

Our course was along the trail of the barkmen who had pursued the doomed hemlock to the last tree at the head of the valley. As we passed along, a red steer stepped out of the bushes into the road ahead of us and with a half-scared, beautiful look begged alms of salt. We passed the Haunted Shanty; but both it and the legend about it looked very tame at ten o'clock in the morning. After the road had faded out we took to the bed of the stream to avoid the gauntlet of the underbrush, skipping up the mountain from boulder to boulder. Up and up we went, with frequent pauses and copious quaffing of the cold water. My soldier declared a "haunted valley" would be a god-send; anything but endless dragging of oneself up such an Alpine stair-way. The winter-wren, common all through the woods, peeped and scolded at us as we sat blowing near the summit, and the oven-bird, not quite sure as to what manner of creatures we were, hopped down a limb to within a few feet of us and had a good look, then darted off into the woods to tell the news. I also noted the Canada warbler, the chestnut-sided warbler and the black-throated blue-back,—the latter most abundant of all. Up these mountain brooks too, goes the belted kingfisher, swooping around through the woods when he spies the fisherman, then wheeling into the open space of the stream and literally making a "blue streak" down under the branches.

At last the stream which had been our

guide was lost under the rocks, and before long the top was gained. These mountains are horse-shaped. There is always a broad smooth back more or less depressed, which the hunter aims to bestride; rising rapidly from this is pretty sure to be a rough curving ridge that carries the forest up to some highest peak. We were lucky in hitting the saddle, but we could see a little to the south the sharp steep neck of the steed sweeping up toward the sky with an erect mane of balsam fir.

These mountains are steed-like in other respects; any timid and vacillating course with them is sure to get you into trouble. One must strike out boldly and not be disturbed by the curveting and shying; the valley you want lies squarely behind them, but farther off than you think, and if you do not go for it resolutely you will get bewildered and the mountain will play you a trick.

I may say that Aaron and I kept a tight rein and a good pace till we struck a water-course on the other side, and that we clattered down it with no want of decision till it emptied into a larger stream which we knew must be the east branch. An abandoned fish-pole lay on the stones marking the farthest point reached by some fisherman. According to our reckoning, we were five or six miles above the settlement, with a good depth of primitive woods all about us.

We kept on down the stream, now and then pausing at a likely place to take some trout for dinner, and with an eye out for a good camping-ground. Many of the trout were full of ripe spawn and a few had spawned, the season with them being a little later than on the stream we had left, perhaps, because the water was less cold. Neither had the creek here any such eventful and startling career. It led, indeed, quite a humdrum sort of life under the roots and fallen tree-tops and among the loose stones. At rare intervals it beamed upon us from some still reach or dark cover, and won from us our best attention in return.

The day was quite spent before we had pitched our air-woven tent and prepared our dinner, and we gathered boughs for our bed in the gloaming. Breakfast had to be caught in the morning and was not served early, so that it was nine o'clock before we were in motion. A little bird, the red-eyed vireo, warbled most cheerily in the trees above our camp, and as Aaron said, "gave us a good send-off." We kept down the stream, following the inevitable bark road.

My companion had refused to look at another "dividing ridge" that had neither path nor way, and henceforth I must keep to the open road or travel alone. Two hours' tramp brought us to an old clearing with some rude, tumble-down log buildings that had formerly been occupied by the bark and lumber men. The prospect for trout was so good in the stream hereabouts, and the scene so peaceful and inviting, shone upon by the dreamy August sun, that we concluded to tarry here until the next day. It was a page of pioneer history opened to quite unexpectedly. A dim foot-path led us a few yards to a superb spring, in which a trout from the near creek had taken up his abode. We took possession of what had been a shingle shop, attracted by its huge fire-place. We floored it with balsam boughs, hung its walls with our "traps" and sent the smoke curling again from its disused chimney.

The most musical and startling sound we heard in the woods greeted our ears that evening about sundown as we sat on a log in front of our quarters,—the sound of slow measured pounding in the valley below us. We did not know how near we were to human habitations, and the report of the lumberman's mallet, like the hammering of a great woodpecker, was music to the ear and news to the mind. The air was still and dense and the silence such as alone broods over these little openings in the primitive woods. My soldier started as if he had heard a signal-gun. The sound, coming so far through the forest, sweeping over those great wind-harps of trees, became wild and legendary, though probably made by a lumberman driving a wedge or working about his mill.

We expected a friendly visit from porcupines that night, as we saw where they had freshly gnawed all about us; hence, when a red squirrel came and looked in upon us very early in the morning and awoke us by his snickering and giggling, my comrade cried out, "There is your porcupine." How the frisking red rogue seemed to enjoy what he had found. He looked in at the door and snickered, then in at the window, then peeked down from between the rafters and cachinnated till his sides must have ached; then struck an attitude upon the chimney and fairly squealed with mirth and ridicule. In fact he grew so obstreperous and so disturbed our repose that we had to "shoo" him away with one of our boots. He declared most plainly that he had never before

seen so preposterous a figure as we cut lying there in the corner of that old shanty.

The morning boded rain, the week to which we had limited ourselves drew near its close, and we concluded to finish our holiday worthily by a good square tramp to the railroad station, twenty-three miles distant, as it proved. Two miles brought us to stumpy fields and to the house of the upper inhabitant. They told us there was a short cut across the mountain, but my soldier shook his head.

"Better twenty miles of Europe," said he, getting Tennyson a little mixed, "than one of Cathay, or Slide Mountain either."

Drops of the much-needed rain began to come down and I hesitated in front of the wood-shed.

"Sprinkling weather always comes to some bad end," said Aaron, with a reminiscence of an old couplet in his mind, and so it proved, for it did not get beyond a sprinkle, and the sun shone out before noon.

In the next woods I picked up from the middle of the road the tail and one hind leg of one of our native rats, the first I had ever seen except in a museum. An owl or fox had doubtless left it the night before. It was evident the fragments had once formed part of a very elegant and slender creature. The fur that remained (for it was not hair) was tipped with red. My reader doubtless knows that the common rat is an importation, and that there is a native American rat, usually found much farther south than the locality of which I am writing, that lives in the woods—a sylvan rat, very wild and nocturnal in its habits, and seldom seen even by hunters or woodmen. Its eyes are large and fine, and its form slender. It looks like only a far-off undegenerate cousin of the filthy creature that has come to us from the long-peopled Old World. Some creature ran between my feet and the fire toward morning, the last night we slept in the woods, and I have little doubt it was this wood-rat.

The people in these back settlements are almost as shy and furtive as the animals. Even the men look a little scared when you stop them by your questions. The children dart behind their parents when you look at them. As we sat on a bridge, resting,—for our packs still weighed fifteen or twenty pounds each,—two women passed us with pails on their arms, going for blackberries. They filed by with their eyes down like two abashed nuns.

"It was not their beauty either," said I.

"No, it was ours," replied a figure in a brown woolen shirt on the other side of the bridge, with an ax by his side and a roll of horse blanket slung to his shoulder.

In due time we found an old road, to which we had been directed, that led over the mountain to the west branch. It was a hard pull, sweetened by blackberries and a fine prospect. The snow-bird was common along the way, and a solitary wild pigeon shot through the woods in front of us, recalling the nests we had seen on the east branch—little scaffoldings of twigs scattered all through the trees.

It was nearly noon when we struck the west branch and the sun was scalding hot. We knew that two and three pound trout had been taken there, and yet we wet not a line in its waters. The scene was primitive, and carried one back to the days of his grandfather, stumpy fields, log-fences, log-houses and barns. A boy twelve or thirteen years old came out of a house ahead of us eating a piece of bread and butter. We soon overtook him and held converse with him. He knew the land well and what there was in the woods and the waters. He had walked out to the railroad station, fourteen miles distant, to see the cars, and back the same day. I asked him about the flies and mosquitoes, etc. He said they were all gone except the "blunder-heads"; there were some of them left yet.

"What are blunder-heads?" I inquired, sniffing new game.

"The pesky little fly that gets into your eye when you are a-fishing."

Ah yes! I knew him well. We had got acquainted some days before, and I thanked the boy for the name. It is an insect that hovers before your eye as you thread the streams, and you are forever vaguely brushing at it under the delusion that it is a little spider suspended from your hat-brim, and just as you want to see clearest, into your eye it goes head and ears, and is caught between the lids. You miss your cast, but you catch a "blunder-head."

We paused under a bridge at the mouth of Biscuit Brook and ate our lunch, and I can recommend it to be as good a wayside inn as the pedestrian need look for. Better bread and milk than we had there I never expect to find. The milk was indeed so good that Aaron went down to the little log-house under the hill a mile further on and asked for more; and being told they had no cow, he lingered five minutes on the door-stone with his

sooty pail in his hand putting idle questions about the way and distance, etc., to the mother while he refreshed himself with the sight of a well-dressed and comely-looking young girl, her daughter.

"I got no milk," said he, hurrying on after me, "but I got something better, only I cannot divide it."

"I know what it is," replied I; "I heard her voice."

"Yes, and it was a good one, too. The sweetest sound I ever heard," he went on, "was a girl's voice after I had been four years in the army, and by Jove, if I didn't experience something of the same pleasure in hearing this young girl speak after a week in the woods. She had evidently been out in the world and was home on a visit. It was a different look she gave me from that of the natives. This is better than fishing for trout," said he. "You drop in at the next house."

But the next house looked too unpromising.

"There is no milk there," said I, "unless they keep a goat."

"But couldn't we go it on that?" said Aaron.

"For shame, Aaron! Fall behind."

A couple of miles beyond I stopped at a house that enjoyed the distinction of being clapboarded, and I had the good fortune to find both the milk and the young lady. A mother and her daughter were again the only occupants save a babe in the cradle, which the young woman quickly took occasion to disclaim.

"It has not opened its dear eyes before since its mother left. Come to aunty," and she put out her hands.

The daughter filled my pail and the mother replenished our stock of bread. They asked me to sit and cool myself, and seemed glad of a stranger to talk with. They had come from an adjoining county five years before, and had carved their little clearing out of the solid woods.

"The men folks," the mother said, "came on ahead and built the house right among the big trees," pointing to the stumps near the door.

One no sooner sets out with his pack upon his back to tramp through the land, than all objects and persons by the way have a new and curious interest to him. The tone of his entire being is not a little elevated, and all his perceptions and susceptibilities quickened. I feel that some such statement is necessary to justify the

interest that I felt in this backwoods maiden. A slightly pale face it was, strong and well arched, with a tender, wistful expression not easy to forget.

I had surely seen that face many times before in towns and cities, and in other lands, but I hardly expected to meet it here amid the stumps. What were the agencies that had given it its fine lines and its gracious intelligence amid these simple, primitive scenes? What did my heroine read, or think? or what were her unfulfilled destinies? She wore a sprig of prince's pine in her hair, which gave a touch peculiarly welcome.

"Pretty lonely," she said in answer to my inquiry; "only an occasional fisherman in summer, and in winter—nobody at all."

And the little new school-house in the woods further on, with its half dozen scholars and the girlish face of the teacher seen through the open door—nothing less than the exhilaration of a journey on foot could have made it seem the interesting object it was. Two of the little girls had been to the spring after a pail of water and came struggling out of the woods into the road with it as we passed. They set down their pail and regarded us with a half curious, half alarmed look.

"What is your teacher's name?" asked one of us.

"Miss Lucinde Josephine ——" began the red-haired one, then hesitated bewildered, when the bright dark-eyed one cut her short with "Miss Simms," and taking hold of the pail said, "Come on."

"Are there any scholars from above here?" I inquired.

"Yes, Bobbie and Matie," and they hastened toward the door.

We once more stopped under a bridge for refreshments, and took our time, knowing the train would not go on without us. By four o'clock we were across the mountain, having passed from the water-shed of the Delaware into that of the Hudson. The next eight miles we had a down grade but a rough road, and during the last half of it we had blisters on the bottoms of our feet. It is one of the rewards of the pedestrian that however tired he may be, he is always more or less refreshed by his journey. His physical tenement has taken an airing. His respiration has been deepened, his circulation quickened. A good draught has carried off the fumes and the vapors. One's quality is intensified; the color strikes in. At noon that day I was much fatigued; at night I was leg-weary and foot-sore, but a fresh, hardy feeling had taken possession of me that lasted for weeks.

THE COUNTESS POTOCKA.

WITHIN the decade of years preceding the outbreak of the first French revolution, the French ambassador was one day taking his customary morning walk through the streets of Pera, the Frankish suburb of Constantinople. Near the grave of Count Bonneval, a French adventurer of the time of Louis XIV., he came upon a band of frolicking children. The extraordinary beauty of one of them, a little girl twelve or thirteen years of age, excited the Frenchman's admiration. He watched their play, with scheming eyes fixed on the gleeful maid. "Here," he thought, "is a jewel for my palace." He called the child to him. She responded cheerfully, and stood before his excellency, with the haughty self-possession of a born princess.

"Little girl, who are you, and where do you live?" asked the marquis persuasively.

"I am Sophie, sir, and my mamma is a Greek," the child replied.

"A Fanariote," exclaimed the marquis, no less delighted at this intelligence than charmed with the child's address. "Tell your mother she may bring you to the French ambassadorial palace at noon to-morrow."

Sophie made her *salam* in a pretty bow, and leaving her playmates to wonder at what had happened, skipped away to a narrow street near by, and disappeared in a dingy baker's shop. Her mother's unattractive and dissimulating face brightened as Sophie related the interview with the marquis. One admiring look at her child explained to the mother the meaning of the marquis's favor.

"This is good fortune, Sophie," said she; "we will go to the palace."

Sophie's father is invisible at the point where this history begins, perhaps lying behind the scenes with a Turkish poniard in his heart, paying the grudge of race. Sophie was a Fanariote,—as the marquis had been

delighted to learn,—because her parents were descendants of the Greeks who remained in Constantinople after the downfall of the Eastern empire in 1453, and who were assigned to a quarter of the city called the Fanar. The Fanariotes, “kissing ardently the hands which they could not bite off,” became interpreters and private secretaries to their conquerors and the foreign embassy. Subservient, adaptable and shrewd, they exercised a powerful influence in the state till the Greek insurrection nipped them stalk and flower.

Sophie's mother had the scheming disposition and unfeeling heart of a Fanariote grafted on comparative poverty. So mother and daughter appeared at the embassorial palace on the appointed day, and were placed before the marquis. The Frenchman knew with whom he had to deal,—a Fanariote and doubtless poor; not overburdened with sentiment, and susceptible to position and gold.

“How much money would the mother demand for her little Sophie, if she were disposed to sell?”

And he promised, in the same breath, to educate and otherwise provide for the little Fanariote as if she were his own child.

The mother let flow a whole reservoir of tears. She might be a poor baker-woman, she said, but she had a heart, for all that, and came of an exceedingly good family. Her ancestor—and here she courtesied profoundly—was, indeed, no other than the celebrated Byzantine emperor, Manuel Komnenos. How could his excellency think, for a moment, that she, the mother, would sell her princely baker-daughter!

The marquis did not dispute the illustrious ancestry of the little Fanariote. The excessive grief of the mother strengthened him in his conclusion that 1,500 piasters (\$375) would prove a sufficient bait for the covetous baker-woman, and he stated his terms. The mother made the palace ring with her doleful cries, till the marquis, losing all patience, told her to sign the contract, which he had already prepared, or take her daughter and go. A few fatherly caresses smoothed out the brow of the child, whose first impulse was to shrink from the ambassador's seeming austerity. The mother railed at the baseness of the world, and finally consoling herself with the Turkish proverb, “The nest of a blind bird is built by God,” she signed over to the marquis, beyond recall, all claims upon her daughter, took the 1,500 piasters, and withdrew.

Sophie was easily weaned from her mother. A child of her native wit, and naturally proud and crafty nature, had not been dull to the subtle influence of life in Pera. On this hill-side the most incongruous elements mingled: foreign nobility and native servility, state craft and plebeian cunning, foreign adventurers and native rascals, European travelers and those citizens of the world, the gypsies.

The effect of the dingy palaces and dirty narrow streets of Pera on the aesthetic side of Sophie's nature was more than neutralized, however, by the wonderful view which the hill-side commanded. The beautiful panorama embraced all Constantinople and the suburbs,—the Bosphorus, with its summer palaces; the Golden Horn, with its shipping and the Bridge of Boats; Scutari, on the Asiatic side; and in the western distance, the Sea of Marmora, where the evening sun, sinking among the Grecian isles, spread a sheen over the waters, gilding the white mosques and minarets of Stamboul and the Seraglio Point.

Sophie took more than a child's delight and interest in her new prospects. The marquis spared no expense to transform his beautiful Greek ward into a Parisian, and her intelligence and aptitude lent themselves readily to the project. She was surrounded with servants and governesses, and, thanks to her ambition and spirit, soon acquired such accomplishments as French, music, etiquette and dancing. At fifteen, she could maintain herself, almost on equal terms, with the ladies who frequented the embassy. The sly beauty was not slow to note the impression her youthful personality made on the marquis. Her sweet disposition and *naïve* demeanor were irresistible, and won the love of the entire household, while, with insinuating modesty, she literally commanded the palace, from the marquis down. He could not have been prouder of his ward, had she been his own child, or loved her more unselfishly.

But the situation changed. Her precocity and cool coquettishness caused the marquis many a little heart-pang. The possibility of some bold suitor winning her away distressed him. When love should win a claim, he knew that his authority over her would count for very little. Live without her he could not, and he gradually persuaded himself that the only safe plan was to marry her himself. Before the fitting opportunity arrived for carrying out the plans of so delicate a courtship, he was unhappily recalled by his government

and compelled to set off without much delay for France. With tender solicitude for his little Fanariote, who was in the pink of her youthful beauty, he concluded not to risk a voyage by sea, but to proceed overland and divulge his plans for her future after their arrival in Paris.

The almost barbarous districts of Turkey were traversed without accident or threatening incident. The marquis breathed more freely on entering the then Polish province of Podolia. They arrived at Kamieniec, the capital of the province, together, but the marquis was destined to continue the journey westward alone.

An adventurous star had stood over Kamieniec for centuries. As its Polish name implied, it was a "City of Rock," as obdurate and cold in principle as it was charmingly picturesque. In the heart of the rugged hills and green slopes through which the river Smotrycz had cut its way to the Dniester, was an oval valley. Here, the river, encountering a gigantic mass of lime-stone, cut round both sides of it, leaving an island, precipitous and rugged on the north and east, and not easily accessible from the west. The citadel of Kamieniec crowned this isolated rock.

When the castle gate opened to receive the French marquis and his beautiful ward, Count de Witt, a brilliant young cavalier, not thirty years of age, was commandant of the town. His affiliations with the Polish-Russian party, and youthful dash and unscrupulous determination of character, had hastened his promotion to the rank of general, and placed him in a command of first importance. De Witt no sooner learned of the journey of the French marquis through Podolia, than he dispatched a messenger to offer the hospitalities of the town till marquis and suite should overcome the tedium of their journey. The invitation was accepted. The marquis was received and entertained in a manner becoming an official representative of France. Count de Witt was only too kind and disinterested. The marquis made haste to confer on his host the honor of an introduction to his ward. Sophie and De Witt took so naturally and kindly to the acquaintance, that they immediately created a wall of courtesy and reserve around themselves, wholly impenetrable to the marquis. De Witt was ready to declare that eye had never beheld form more graceful, or a being, in all respects, more supremely beautiful. The susceptible Fanariote discovered that the count was, in comparison with the mar-

quis, a young Adonis, and—with two or three touches of feminine fancy—a perfect hero. The marquis saw—nothing at all. He, too, lived in the seventh heaven. It sufficed for his unlimited pleasure, that at the festival which the count gave in their honor, the beauty of Sophie threw a grateful shadow over all the other ladies. Sophie knew the influence of beauty and feminine accomplishments, and no less their perils. She had already begun to look above mere social conquests, in which she neither compromised her dignity by over desire to please or by the want of feminine tact and lady-like reserve. There was something extraordinary, and to the marquis, quite assuring, in the modest grace with which she received the homage of the cavaliers, and of Count de Witt in particular.

The count's passion was re-enforced by cool generalship and strategy. What Sophie knew of diplomatic courtship by intuition, he had learned by experience. The marquis was led into persuading himself that a half dozen days' rest in Kamieniec would be advantageous to his health and not prejudicial to his public interests. De Witt took the opportunity of a visit which was paid to the battlements, to open his heart to the Fanariote, who, indirectly, and with the utmost discretion, gave him to understand that she was not indifferent to his suit, but that he alone must devise the way and means to win her.

De Witt searched his brains for a plan to dispose of the Frenchman. The marquis was an indifferent hunter, but followed the chase with inverse ardor. De Witt caught at the idea, and in his official capacity as commandant, placed a hunting-train with no end of dogs, horses and huntsmen, at the disposal of the marquis, who, after two or three short excursions, planned a grand hunt which should serve as a pleasant remembrance of his visit. De Witt contrived to weigh himself down with official duties on that day. He took a little time, however, to see the party properly organized and the marquis safely across the Smotrycz, and to wish him a safe (he omitted the "early") return.

The hunting-party was scarcely out of sight when all was bustle and commotion in the citadel of Kamieniec. The nimble maids of Kamieniec managed Sophie's toilet so well that want of preparation and of the strictly conventional attire of a Polish bride were easily overlooked. Other maids came with baskets of flowers and scattered them

about Sophie's apartments and along the way to the castle chapel. Then came different individuals who were prepared to represent the retinue of the Fanariote, and, not a minute too late, Count de Witt, gorgeous in his uniform, epaulets and plume, and accompanied by his martial groomsmen. With all due ceremony the marriage procession formed and proceeded to the castle chapel, where a priest of the Greek church blessed the bride and groom, and joined them so fast in wedlock that even a French diplomatist, though he had the rights of a father, could not undo the knot.

In the meantime one of the retinue of the marquis, having remained behind, early had his suspicions aroused by the unusual preparations in and about the castle, and had set off post-haste to warn the marquis of other game than the wild boar and the stag. No huntsman winded his horn for the return chase. The marquis and his faithful valet rode toward Kamieniec as if possessed by the Valkyrias, his strength fed by the anger of betrayal.

General de Witt, being warned by the sentry of the marquis's approach, gave orders that the gates of the town be closed against him. The marquis was too late to enter, but just in time to have his ears tantalized by the merry chiming of the cathedral bells, which announced to all Kamieniec that the marriage of the commandant had taken place and that the town would go wild that night over the marriage festival.

The marquis was not left entirely to his own wrath. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridegroom dispatched an adjutant and staff to the castle gate where they found the storm still raging. They came, they said, to receive any congratulations his excellency might choose to offer, whereupon they exhibited the marriage contract lawfully drawn up and duly signed by Sophie, on her own part, in the dainty little hand which the marquis had been to so much pains to cultivate.

"Take them my curse for a congratulation and my glove for a dower," shouted the marquis in his rage, throwing his glove in the face of the unruffled adjutant.

De Witt returned the glove-challenge with a courteous note emphasizing his esteem for the marquis, his love for his ward, and congratulating himself modestly on the unalterable upshot of the ambassador's visit. At the same time, those of the marquis's retinue who were not already witnesses of his discomfiture were requested not to leave

their master outside the gate without the moral support of their presence. Their traveling effects were also sent along. Seeing that his bootless suit would quickly be turned into downright ridicule, the marquis pocketed the 1,500 piasters which a dutiful ward had not forgotten to return, scowled at the crowd enjoying the scene from the walls and from the castle windows, and resumed his journey toward Paris.

For three years nothing disturbed the joy and connubial bliss of General de Witt and his wife, to whom, during this time, a child was born. Unfortunately, the commandant's worldly substance was almost all cheap glory and few riches. As a fiery young officer, of noble birth, he had made away with most of his patrimony and had largely mortgaged the future. Sophie's tastes were luxurious and social. They lived in princely fashion, and the mistress of the citadel of Kamieniec did not want for admiring courtiers, only the day of payment was not always easy or pleasant. Neither the hasty marriage nor the coquettish nature of the young countess was a surety of a very deep and lasting sentiment of love between de Witt and his wife. The Fanariote was as amiable and as beautiful as a butterfly, and, in an undemonstrative way, both politic and ambitious. She had learned in the ambassadorial palace at Pera, the difference between great realities and fine appearances, as well as the sources and offices of influence among men. Her husband was a brilliant cavalier, and, in the eyes of most women, passed for the greatest lord in Podolia. The clever Fanariote soon discovered that the count, bold and courageous as he was, nevertheless was only the military servant of a political faction, at the head of which stood Count Potocki.

Felix Potocki had inherited the prestige and fortune of one of the greatest and richest noble families of Poland. Born in 1750, he was now forty years of age, and equipped for an eventful career. For pretending to the throne of Poland, he had suffered the confiscation of a part of his estate. With patriotism soured, he retired to his vast possessions in the Ukraine, the province east of Podolia, where several noble estates had fallen to his family. Here he built many villages. His influence as a landed proprietor was enormous. He possessed no less than ten cities and ninety boroughs and villages, and eighty thousand serfs were attached to the soil. He was

soon recalled to Warsaw and appointed grand master of the artillery.

Here was a figure in Polish society and politics to place before the beautiful Fanariote, only at the peril of the de Witt family. Felix Potocki had the manners of a true courtier, and he had yet to find the consort who should satisfy his proud and ambitious spirit. General de Witt looked to the powerful noble for favor, and was, naturally, more or less controlled by him. Felix Potocki employed his exceptional advantages to become completely infatuated with the bewitching wife of the commandant, and to win her affections in return. Really he had little to accomplish, for the ambitious Fanariote had already set her feather on being one of the first ladies in the kingdom—if not queen indeed—as she was already first in beauty. She was shrewd enough not to imperil her chances by indiscreet haste, and led Potocki on till the avowal was made and the determination formed to annul the first marriage by any possible means.

De Witt could not have been ignorant of the passionate attachment of Count Potocki for his wife. He combined martial display and deference to superiors with a certain allowance of pusillanimity. Count Potocki had the assurance to appear one day before the commandant and proclaim his love for the Fanariote.

"I cannot live without your wife," said Count Potocki with genuine emotion, "and I think you see well enough that you cannot offer her the station her beauty and spirit demand. Gratify her wish by relinquishing her to me, and without enmity assist in procuring a divorce, and I will give you two million gulden."

De Witt received the astonishing confession and proposition with dumbfounded look. He was too much of a gentleman, of too obtuse honor, to show his great patron any courtesy, and terminated the interview by promising "to think of it."

To the beautiful Greek who had inherited little fine moral sense, and absorbed even less from the atmosphere of Constantinople, and to Count Potocki and his class, the proposed bargain offered no greater objection than the legal obstacles to be overcome. De Witt invited his wife to an explanation, which was not rendered disagreeable by anything so inconsiderate as a reproach. Quite the contrary. Sophie kept him, as from the first, under the influence of her fascination, and told all. Without unnecessarily wounding his pride, she persuaded

him to open his mind to conviction. She said she loved Potocki and was determined to have the career which he alone could offer her. And to open his pocket to the two million gulden, she urged that the sum would relieve him of a great many pecuniary embarrassments, and enable him to go on in the career of a gay general as he had previous to their marriage. A stronger argument with de Witt was the belief that it would be better to accept Potocki's offer, than take offense at such an amicable attempt to dispossess him of a beautiful wife, and run the risk of being openly degraded without any recompense at all. De Witt finally consented. The two million gulden and the good-will of numerous anxious creditors were transferred to him, the divorce was as readily obtainable as his own good offices, and within two months Sophie was enjoying all the legal privileges, and had not long to wait for the social distinction, pertaining to so great a lady as the Countess Potocka.

The Fanariote was the equal of Potocki in cleverness and ambition, and surpassed him in cheerfulness and buoyancy of disposition. She wore her new honors with the grace of one born in the purple, and with the amiability of a saint. She had neither the haughtiness nor the coldness of the upstart, nor the envy and foolish extravagance which too often destroy those who find themselves suddenly rich and influential. Her influence undoubtedly strengthened Potocki in his resolve to persist in the political course which caused his downfall. Sophie could feel very little patriotic interest in the affairs of Poland. Count Potocki, who had presumed to grasp at the crown itself, who had lived to see one partition of his country, and to foresee a second, was shrewd enough as a politician, to discern that the national influence and cohesive power were broken, and selfish enough to look out for his own private interests in the impending ruin.

Catherine of Russia flattered Felix Potocki in his foolish hope of one day sitting on the Polish throne, and joined with him the wily intriguers Branicki and Rzewuski. These three agents of discord met at Targovitz in the Ukraine, and by their famous act of confederation engaged to set aside the new Polish constitution.

In March, 1793, Felix Potocki was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg. The visit was a brilliant season for Sophie, who played the countess to perfection, was received with distinction at the Russian court, and surrounded with admirers. Catherine showered

politeness and flattery upon Potocki. After a prolonged visit, they returned to Poland, the count dejected in spirits, and afflicted by conscience. The sudden uprising of Poland under Kosciusko in 1794 shattered his political fortunes. He was compelled to flee, and for a brief period sought refuge in the United States, the countess remaining in Europe. The provisional government

his political acts broke his proud spirit. After a short sojourn in Europe, the count and countess withdrew to the retirement of his vast estate in the Ukraine. Sophie's ambition turned from the court to the domestic circle and the rearing of their children. With her advice, Count Potocki undertook the personal management of his estates, in which she also took an active part. The



THE COUNTESS POTOCKA. (AFTER THE ORIGINAL PASTEL IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM, PAINTER UNKNOWN.)

branded him with the name of traitor, and set a price upon his head.

The quickly following victories of Suvaroff enabled Potocki to return home. Piqued by the injustice which he deemed had been done him by his countrymen, he entered the service of Catherine II. and was appointed field-marshal.

Count Potocki was not without his sympathizers and extenuators, but remorse for

vast income was employed in charitable acts, in improving the property, and in adorning a life of country splendor. Frequent visits were made to the courts of Dresden and Berlin, where the amiability and beauty of the Countess Potocka were always a passport to a kind reception.

Time had only served to strengthen the profound love which Count Potocki felt for his wife. In his desire to commemorate

his conjugal happiness and perpetuate the name of the countess, he hit upon the plan of building a kind of fairy castle and a surrounding park, which, in point of beauty of location and decoration, should surpass anything of the kind then known. A large tract of his estate lay between the cities of Tulezyn and Ouman, one half in Podolia and a part in the district of Kiev. He chose as a site for his castle and garden a place watered by a lively brook, which formed a considerable water-fall. Here, for eight or ten years, he worked and planned to beautify the spot, employing not only all the resources which lay at his hand, but also engaging celebrated gardeners, architects, sculptors and painters, and making numerous successful attempts to acclimatize trees and plants of the Grecian isles and the Mediterranean coast. In the middle of the park he raised a large obelisk, with the inscription in modern Greek, "To the love of Sophie." To palace and park he gave the name "Sopiowka."

Felix Potocki died in 1805, after fifteen years of ideal married life. His eldest son was still a minor, and the management of the vast estate was left to Sophie, who for eighteen years afterward lived a dignified and faithful widowhood, and frequently visited in Berlin, where she died in 1823. She was thus saved the misfortunes which befell the children and the estates, seven years later, at the outbreak of the Polish revolution. The sons, disregarding the political bias of their father, took up arms against the czar. Their estates were confiscated, and the beautiful Sopiowka, falling to the Russian crown, was rechristened "*Zaritsyn-Sad*," or "Garden of the Empress."

The Ukraine, which was called the garden and foster-mother of Poland, and its chief jewel, Sopiowka, must have been beautiful indeed to realize the extravagant praise and rhapsodies of the Polish poets and of occasional travelers of literary fame. The Duc de Raguse, in his "Travels in Turkey," devotes several pages of description to Sopiowka, which he calls "one of the most beautiful gardens ever made by man," and avers that its construction cost more than a million dollars,—an enormous sum for the time.

The eldest of Potocki's sons, Vladimir, died under the Polish flag after having equipped a battery of artillery at his own expense, and in which he enlisted as a simple volunteer. Alexander Potocki joined in the revolution of 1830, and disdainfully

refused all the offers of amnesty of the Czar Nicholas.

"Honor," says Ostrowski, "to the country where the sons in this manner make reparation for the misdeeds of their ancestors! Honor to the country where treason is never an hereditary vice, where patriotism alone serves as a family tradition!" He speaks of the Countess Sophie as being one of the most beautiful women of her time.

The poem of Stanislas Trembecki on Sopiowka, Ostrowski calls one of the finest productions of Polish literature, and quotes a few lines of a French translation, of which the following are a most extravagant compliment to the beauty of Sophie :

"O Grèce! nom cheri qui rappelle à mon cœur
Des souvenirs d'amour, de gloire et de bonheur!
Grèce! à qui l'univers doit les arts, le génie!
Berceau de la beauté, tu nous donnas SOPHIE.
De tes autres biensfaits nous sommes peu jaloux.
Elle nous vient de toi: ce trésor les vaut tous."

The existence of so exceptional a personality as the Countess Potocka, first interested the writer on a Sunday visit to the new museum in Berlin, the "Engraving Cabinet," a series of most entertaining rooms, being open to the general public on that day. In the magnificent *Treppenhaus* where Kaulbach's great frescoes are, he overheard a rather sentimental German student, whose immense top-boots and rapier-scarred face had attracted some attention, persisting that his fellows should first go with him to see "*die schöne Gräfin*." Following after, with hurried glances at the engravings, etchings and drawings displayed in cabinets and on the walls, the writer overtook the student and his friends in the "Green Room." They were gathered before a little drab-colored pastel portrait on paper, which looked as if it had passed some years among the leaves of an artist's portfolio. They were discussing it with German ardor—all speaking at once, and with dogmatic assertion. The almost matchless beauty of the portrait was not to be gainsaid. The catalogue threw little light on its history.

"Portrait of the Countess Potocka (wife of General Witt), born at Constantinople 1766, died at Berlin 1823 (superior pastel portrait, artist unknown)."

* "O Greece! beloved name which recalls to my heart the memories of love, of glory, and of happiness! Greece! to whom the world owes art and genius! Cradle of beauty, thou hast given us SOPHIE. Of thy other gifts we are less jealous. She comes from thee: this treasure is worth them all."

What must have been her power of fascination while living, when after death the "counterfeit presentment" commands the homage paid to beauty! Looking at the original portrait it is easy to believe that the unknown artist who dwelt, if only for a professional hour, in the light of her animated

eyes, and the grace of those features of the exquisite Greek type, was lost, both heart and soul, in his task. The little drawing is a fugitive leaf from the experience of some artist, who was content to lose his own identity in giving fame to the beauty of a face he adored.

INDIAN SUMMER.

AT last the toil-encumbered days are over,
And airs of noon are mellow as the morn;
The blooms are brown upon the seeding clover,
And brown the silks that plume the ripening corn.

All sounds are hushed of reaping and of mowing;
The winds are low; the waters lie uncurl'd;
Nor thistle-down nor gossamer is flowing,
So hul'd in languid indolence the world.

And vineyards wide and farms along the valley
Are mute amid the vintage and the sheaves,
Save 'round the barns the noise of rout and sally
Among the tenant-masons of the eaves.

Afar the upland glades are flecked in dapples
By flocks of lambs a-gambol from the fold;
And orchards bend beneath their weight of apples,
And groves are bright in scarlet and in gold.

But hark! I hear the pheasant's muffled drumming,
The turtle's murmur from a distant dell,
A drowsy bee in mazy tangles humming,
The far, faint tinkling-tenor of a bell.

And now, from yonder beech-trunk sheer and sterile
The rat-tat of the yellow-hammer's bill,
The sharp staccato barking of the squirrel,
A dropping nut, and all again is still.



THE SADDLE-HORSE.

THOROUGHBREDS AND ARABIANS.



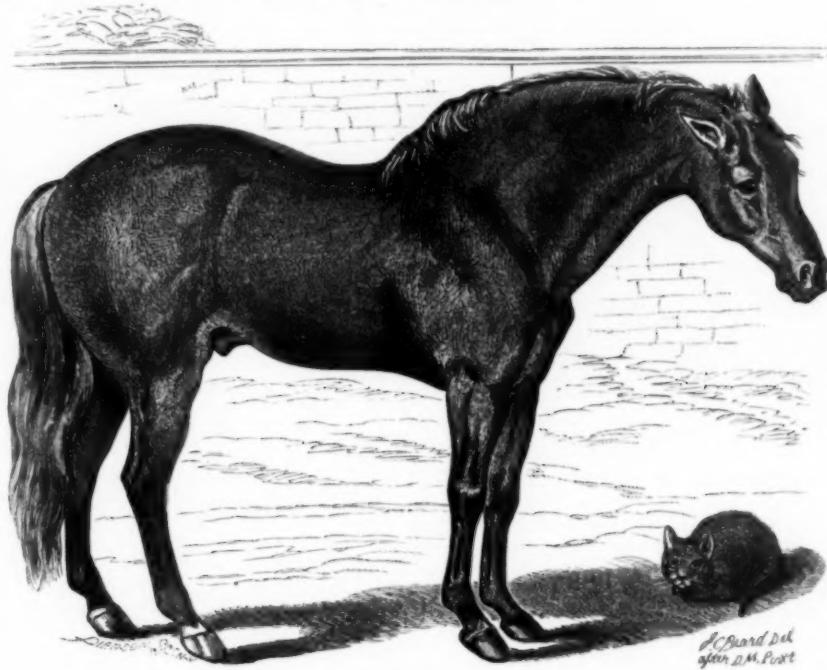
"MAMELUKE."

THE horse has a living interest for all in whose veins there runs a good stream of English blood. In this country, where the climate is unfavorable to out-of-door sports, and checks the formation of habits of active exercise, there has grown up a custom of gratifying the inherited taste in a way to require the least possible physical exertion. In summer the buggy-cover, and in winter the ulster and the lap-rug enable the sedentary American to have himself trundled about the country in his spider wagon,

with a fancy that he is indulging in a manly exercise, and gratifying a noble taste for sport. He manages to invest the quadruped at whose heels he glides along over the smooth macadam, with a certain interest,—born of the animal's conformation or his supposed blood-like qualities or his questionable pedigree. A sort of sympathy is developed between them, similar to that which inevitably grows between a good horse and a worthy rider. This sympathy is aided by mathematical considerations, expressed in

the number of seconds more than two minutes which the beast requires to get over the space of one statute mile,—at a trot. As this one quality, the rate at which the animal can travel at his second best gait, is the only one that gives him value,—assuming him to be reasonably sound and tractable,—it has established a standard of breeding within the easy comprehension of the merest tyro, and often within the reach of a moderate purse. Fast trotting being a rather wide-spread faculty, existing among horses of many grades of general excellence, and being very largely a

and should he persist in his vice in spite of sawings, and yankings, and thrashings, he is cast out forever from the society of the most cherished roadsters. Happily, the number is not small of those who, in spite of their inability to indulge their inborn taste, still adhere to the standard that prevails among the lovers of fine horses in regions where vigorous exercise is a habit throughout the year. They find it pleasant, now and then, to be reminded that the true horse still exists in the world, and to have their recollection of his origin and his achievements refreshed.



THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.

matter of individual training, men of every class have engaged in its cultivation. Remarkable as is the result produced, they have entirely failed to establish a noble race marked by the highest equine characteristics. Measured by the "trotting" standard, the noblest and finest horses in the land must often give way before the veriest brute in race and disposition. Should the traditional ambition that has come to him through his old blooded ancestry impel him to show what fast going really is by breaking into a run, he is disgraced in the eyes of his owner,

Speaking with the limitations that come of our faith in the achievements of Christendom, the true horse is the English thoroughbred. On the race-course, here and abroad, in the hunting field, among the cavalry officers of Germany, and among the country gentlemen of France, and indeed of all Europe, the motto is a familiar one that "blood will tell,"—by blood, being meant the peculiar qualities of the English race-horse. In technical horse-talk, the word "thoroughbred" is applied only to this race. To say "a thoroughbred Hambletonian" or

"a thoroughbred Morgan" would be as inappropriate as to say "a thoroughbred mongrel." These horses and others may be thoroughly bred from the least mixed Hambletonian or Morgan ancestry, but the horseman's "thoroughbred" does not mean this at all. It means, simply, that the animal to which it is applied is entitled to have his pedigree entered in the English stud book, which is a record of the unmixed pedigrees of running horses.

To a certain extent, the term is not an

Anne, there was much improvement by the infusion of Eastern blood.

The present race, known as the "thoroughbred," derives its chief value from the impress of three distinguished sires: the Darley Arabian, the Byerly Turk and the Godolphin Arabian (probably a Barb).* This blood has passed into the modern racer, in the case of every individual, through Eclipse, Herod or (far less important) Trumpator, or generally through a combination of the three. The three foundation sires

were crossed upon the mixed race then existing, and their three distinguished descendants consequently had many flaws in their pedigrees.

The result of this breeding has been to produce a marvelously good horse, valuable—according to its development—for every use except heavy, slow, draught-work. It is admitted on all hands that its characteristic excellence comes almost entirely from the infusion of the blood of the desert, from the hearty nutriment upon which the race has grown, and from the chief service for which it has been required.

Probably, too, the traces of heavy old Flemish blood have produced a modification of form and a decided increase of size. The cuts given herewith of Old Partner, Sedbury, Sharke, and Spankaway (a hunter), show the type of blood-horse of the last century,—a far more serviceable animal than the more weedy thoroughbred of the present day.

The pedigree thoroughbred horse is, in these later days, bred chiefly for the turf,—for running races,—but the incidental effect that has come of crossing his blood upon

* By persistent effort, Mr. J. H. Wallace has unearthed an old picture of this horse, which bears the arms of the second Earl Godolphin, and was probably presented by him to Mr. Samuel Galloway of Maryland. A very good wood-cut taken from this picture was published in "Wallace's Monthly" (May, 1877), together with a very full account of its subject. By Mr. Wallace's kindness I am permitted to use it here. It gives a much more favorable view of the Godolphin than the old cut—after Stubbs—which has hitherto been our only picture of him, but which still fails to show, as the painting does, the wonderful development of the muscles of the loins. The Godolphin died at Gogmagog Hall in 1753 at the age of twenty-nine.



"OLD PARTNER" (1718)—AFTER SEYMOUR.

exact one, for the English racer is not a pure-bred horse; he is the improved product of the old mixed breed of England, which had more or less Eastern blood, transmitted through various degenerating channels, but which had mainly lost its original force and character. At the time when the modern improvement was introduced, the horse of England was anything but blood-like in his characteristics. There were, of course, various degrees of excellence, and some showed high merit. It is reported that in the reign of Henry the First an Arabian horse was imported into Scotland. King John imported the heavy draft-horse of Flanders. Later importations from Lombardy and Spain brought a better infusion of Eastern blood. James the First bought an Arab horse, but he was probably not much used, as the master of the horse disliked him because of his small size. Charles the Second, who inaugurated the Newmarket races, imported some Barbs and Turks, said to have been purchased in Hungary. From the time of James the First to that of Queen

larger and stouter cold-blooded mares and their descendants, has been of the greatest practical value. For all general purposes, there is no horse in Christendom that is so useful and so reliable as the English

horseback riding has passed away. As a mere matter of utility, it is more convenient and better, and often less selfish, to go upon wheels. Saddle exercise has become very largely a luxury, but in spite of the heat of summer and the cold of winter, it is a luxury which must be more and more sought after, and more highly prized the more it is indulged in. Its real enjoyment implies a constant exercise. It requires more practice than many Americans have the enthusiasm to give under such difficulties as beset us. Unfortunately too, it costs more than the many can afford to pay for any mere indulgence. At the same time, there are among us, happily, many who have the horseman's soul well developed, and who need only the suggestion and favoring circumstances to convert them into

enthusiastic devotees, at least in theory, of the high art of equitation. The practice of the art has many serious drawbacks—the most serious being the great difficulty of finding good saddle-horses. The otherwise admirable animals of Kentucky have been trained to a gliding, shuffling gait known as "single-foot" or "fox-trot," which is well suited to



"PRIVATEER" (A GOOD MODERN THOROUGHBRED).

hunter,—the horse that is used for following fox-hounds across country, and which has all the characteristics of breeding, conformation and merit that are sought for carriage and saddle use in England. An idea may be formed of the enormous power of these horses from the fact that there are many hunters, nearly thoroughbred, capable of carrying a man weighing twenty horseman's stone—280 lbs.—as fast as fox-hounds can run across grass-fields and plowed ground, and over hedges, rail fences and brooks.

The saddle-horse *par excellence*—we may almost say, the only saddle-horse known to English-speaking people—is this high-bred, blood-like, nearly or quite thoroughbred descendant of the English race-horse. Valetudinarians, fat dowagers and dyspeptics may find wholesome exercise in the dull amble of the sort of brute chiefly used for driving in this country, but no one who knows the tingling glow and excitement of real horsemanship, no one who has felt himself carried along the smooth turf at the side of a country road and over fences and ditches, by the responsive, whalebone action of a high-mettled blood horse, can regard the use of these low-bred brutes as anything more than simple "transportation."

In the older settled parts of America, and still more in Europe, the *necessity* for



"SEDBURY" (1734)—AFTER SEYMOUR.

the unyielding character of the macadam roads of that state, but which is not accepted among riders as a satisfactory pace.

The best chance for finding the right sort of animal is doubtless among the rejected



"SHARKE" (1771)—AFTER STUBBS.

horses of racing stables,—those which have not proved quite fast enough for their work. But even here we often find too much weediness, laziness or vice, for our purpose.

Racing, pure and simple, is not a good school for the education of saddle-horses. Under the best circumstances there is much to be unlearned, and usually the effect of much harsh and brutalizing treatment to be overcome. Then, too, our race-horses have been for so long a time bred chiefly for short bursts of speed that the chance of finding a really stout and enduring animal is much less than in the old days when four-mile-heat races were in vogue—when Nicholas I., Sue Washington and Tar River ran three such heats within about two hours with the time as low as 7.43.

Those fortunate men whose normal weight is not above one hundred and fifty pounds may still find the material from which to make satisfactory mounts in the modern racing stables, but those of us who run much above this weight will find horses scarce and prices high. It is only a chance horse among the best American trotters that would be fit for the saddle, and as a rule we shall find,

even here, that the greatest combination of desirable qualities accompanies the largest proportion of "thorough" blood. Perhaps a very high bred and stout Kentucky horse, taken in hand before he has been taught the local jiggling gait, would be the most satisfactory. There is some good blood in this country if one will take the pains to find it, and I have seen and ridden horses, chiefly bought at the South, which were good enough for any riding.

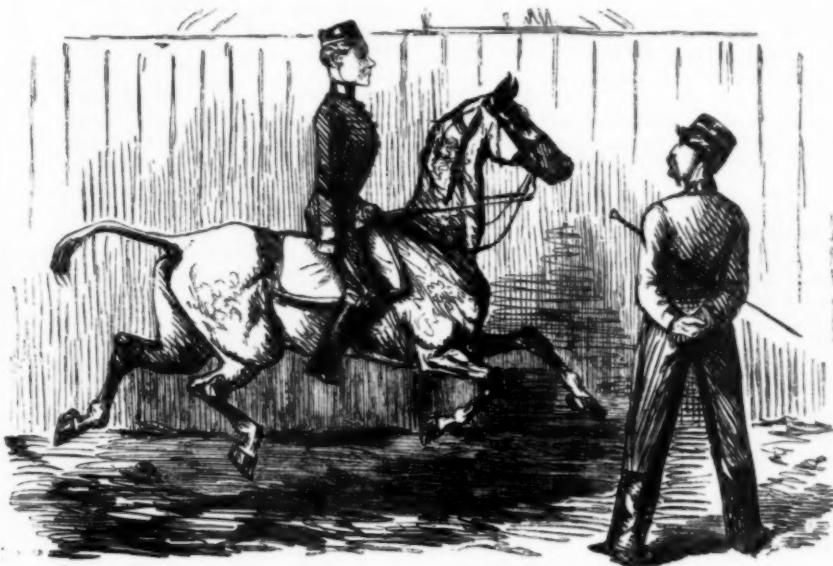
During the war, I bought, in Missouri, a four-year-old chestnut, Guy, said to be thoroughbred, fifteen hands and an inch high, who, after two years' use in the field, although looking to be much under my weight, carried me as stoutly and as well as the largest horse I ever owned. In conformation, especially in the muscles of the back and rump, and in the carrying of the tail, he had more of the characteristics of the Arab than of the race-horse. His feats, too, were more like those recounted by General Daumas in



"SPANKAWAY," WITH HIS HEAVY RIDER, MR. ROUNDING (1793).—AFTER COOPER.

writing of the horses of the Sahara, than like the ordinary achievements of the thoroughbred. He was lithe and springy to the last degree, and to the last minute of a fatiguing day. I once rode him over heavy roads twenty-eight miles and back on a short winter's day, and he carried me gayly over a stiff leap after returning to camp. I then rode about thirteen stone,—over 180 lbs.,—yet he always handled me like a feather-weight. He once carried me at a spanking trot over heavy clay roads from Clinton to

our purpose to trace the pedigrees of the leading horses of the English turf. It must suffice here to indicate the degree to which the true blood of the desert has been stained and adulterated by pre-existing cold blood of the country. Without studying too closely what may have been the effect of this adulteration, and how much the present thoroughbred horse owes to attentive care and generous feeding, and to breeding for a specific purpose, we must frankly accept the fact that the thorough-



THE LESSON.—AFTER LEECH.

DISGUSTED INSTRUCTOR OF PLUNGERS.—"There you go again! Sticking out your toes like a hinfantry hadjulant."

Columbus, Kentucky, and back again,—twenty-two miles,—in less than two hours. Marching, with a restive prancing gait, on an elevated foot-path made by infantry at the side of a road that had been worn to a ditch by a long baggage train, he was startled by a burned stump that suddenly appeared from behind some bushes,—and at the next instant he was prancing along the foot-path at the opposite side of the road. The lateral distance between the two paths was fully nine feet and his leap was absolutely sidewise, yet it was taken with such perfect ease and grace that my seat was not at all disturbed by it. I was tempted by a high price and sold him to an officer who took him to his death at Atlanta.

It would be perplexing and foreign to

breed is a very different animal from the Arab; that he has well-marked and regularly transmitted qualities of the highest order, and that he has achieved a power of running quick *short* races which has never been equaled.

It is not easy to describe the perfect high-bred saddle-horse so that he will be recognized at sight by the uninitiated, and the initiated need no such description. His characteristics may be thus sketched: He should have, first of all, large, sound, open-heeled feet, with the frog well defined, the pasterns neither so long as to be weak, nor so steep as to give an unyielding action,—rather of medium length and sloping backward a little more than the front line of the hoof; the legs, between the pastern

joints and the knees and hocks, cannot be too short, and the back tendons should be so large and full as to give them the appearance of width and flatness. The knees cannot be too large and full, nor can the hocks be too large and bony. The forearm, from the knee to the point of the shoulder and the hind leg from the hock to the stifle joint, should be very long, and muscular, and quite free from fat or flabbiness. The shoulder must be very sloping,—the more so the better,—and overlaid with tense and prominent muscles. The hips and thighs should be well loaded with muscle, and if there is to be a fleshy condition at any point let it be here. Owing to the slope of the shoulder, and the height of the withers, and to the prominence of the muscles over the hips, the back should have the appearance of extreme shortness, with a slight—but only slight—downward curve: “hardly room to carry a saddle” is the form in which the horseman expresses his highest praise. This is the preferable form of back, but very many thoroughbreds are deficient in this respect. Largely as a matter of beauty the spine should run back nearly level from the hips, and the tail should be carried high (the Kentucky blood horse is often very defective here); the neck should be long and lean, well arched, but not beefy at the crest, and furnished with a large, loose-hanging windpipe below, well defined even when the horse is at rest. The ears must be quick, small at their setting-on and thin,—there is no objection to their having a good length; the head may be, but is not necessarily, small, but it should be well shaped, and it *must* be as bony and as free as possible from flesh; it should be so wide and clean between the jaws as to give ample space for the windpipe; the nostrils must be capable of great distension, to allow free breathing during exertion; the skin should be soft, the coat fine and silky, and the hair of the mane and tail, although it may be somewhat wavy, should be free from anything like curliness, and rather scanty than superabundant. After severe exertion, full veins should show over the whole body. The distension of these veins, which are generally invisible in the cold-blooded horse, gives the thoroughbred one of his greatest advantages by affording relief to the pulsation during the strong action of the heart. The horse above described is quite sure to have the deep chest and heart-place which are so important to strenuous exertion; but many

of the best thoroughbreds are deficient in that round, barrel-hooped form of the ribs which is necessary to the roomiest accommodation of the lungs and the abdominal viscera. A sound horse having these qualities and whose sides, back of the girth, project beyond the line of the shoulders and hips, may be relied upon for the most arduous work.

I accept as authentic the accounts of marvelous work done by the horses of the desert, but I doubt whether the English thoroughbred has ever produced stouter, more intelligent, more inspiring, or more enduring animals than some bred in our southern states, which I have had the good fortune to own. Still, with an admiration of the race that is simply unbounded, and with every confidence in the possibility of breeding from it, by judicious crossing with some of the heavier races, better steeds than have yet been seen here or in England, I recognize the justice of Captain Upton's conclusion that the best result of all is to be achieved by a recurrence to the pure blood of the Nedjed Arabian, giving it the greater size that will necessarily result from our methods of feeding.

The most authentic information that has come to us of the capacity of the Arab horse is to be found in General Daumas's “Horses of the Sahara.” Probably the race that came under his observation was inferior to the pure Nedjed, but it is, in certain qualities, so superior to anything else we know as to indicate the unmistakable advantage that might be hoped for from the line of breeding indicated. It is the custom of the desert to inure the horse to regular work from a very early age. Even yearlings are ridden several miles by young boys, and after the eighteenth month are occasionally subjected to real fatigue. It is believed that should not the habit of work be formed before the horse is four years old he will be almost worthless. This was the opinion of the celebrated Abd-el-Kader, who had seen upward of ten thousand colts reared. He affirms that he has made long and rapid marches at the head of twelve or fifteen thousand horsemen, not a single horse that had been early inured to fatigue having fallen out of the ranks.

Captain Upton ends his telling description of the points of the Arab horse thus:

“An honest heart, a skin as soft as silk, and a coat like satin. * * * Stand in front of him; you will see the swell and barrel of chest expanding far beyond his shoulders and width of breast. Look at

him from behind; his back ribs extend far beyond his haunches on either side; *** if he be carefully examined it will be found that all the limbs are longer and better placed than in any other horse; the scapulae, haunches, thighs and arms are all longer, having power of great flexion and great extension. The stride of the Arabian, although under fifteen hands high, is at all events greater in proportion to his size than that of any other horse."

Mr. Gifford Palgrave, describing the horses in the Imaum's stables at Riad, says that their

As a racer, for such courses as are usual on the English turf, the Arab receives a very great advantage in weight, in spite of which he almost never wins an important event. At the same time, he has shown his ability to run two miles at the rate of 1.54 per mile. His achievements on the desert show that were the test adopted any other than brief quickness, he would beat the best English horse that was ever foaled.

In racing, the Arab gets off safely, runs honestly and truly to the end, and stands training for years. Close contests, neck-length winnings, and dead heat after dead heat are the rule rather than the exception.

The following records are compiled by Captain Upton from the "Oriental Sporting Magazine," and show the achievements of Arab racers at Calcutta, Soonepoore, Allyghur, and Bombay: At Soonepoore, in 1844, the gray Arab, Sir Hugh, ran a half mile in 51 seconds; at Calcutta, in 1847, the bay Arab, Minuet, ran a mile in 1 minute 50 seconds, carrying 115 pounds; at Calcutta, in 1847, Child of the Island, 5 years old, ran 1½ miles in 2 minutes 48 seconds, carrying 106 pounds; at Calcutta, in 1848, Honeysuckle ran 2 miles in 3.48, carrying 112 pounds; at Calcutta, in 1846, Selim, aged, ran 3 miles in 5 minutes 54 seconds, carrying 131 pounds; at Calcutta, in 1862, Hermit, after

having run 2 miles the day before, and having been beaten by the English mare Voltige in 3.46, ran 2 miles in 3.51,—the mare being unable to appear on the track.

Captain Upton says:

"The performances of the Arab, Gray Leg, will give some idea of the continuous running of Arabians. He was 14 hands 1¾ inches in height; he was never out of training for seven years, from 1861 to 1868. He ran eighty times and won fifty-one races at all distances, and under all weights. At Bombay, in 1864, he won the Forbes stakes, 2 miles, beating the English mare, Lallah Rookh, and the Australian, Van Dieman; he also won a handicap 1½ miles, beating the English mare, Mary Glen, 126 pounds each."

Many other instances are given of equally remarkable performances by Arab horses under fifteen hands high.



ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT.—AFTER LEECH.

OLD COACHMAN.—"Now, Miss Ellen! Miss Ellen! You know what your pa said! You was to take the greatest care of Joey!"
MISS ELLEN.—"So I will, Robert! and that's why I am taking him off the nasty hard road, poor thing!"

legs seem as if made of hammered iron; their hoofs are neat and round and well suited to hard ground; their tails are thrown out with a high arch; their manes long and fine. Their great points are: very sloping shoulders, powerful haunches, and cleanness of limb. He found them to be the *beau ideal* of the horse, justifying "all reputation, all value, all poetry."

An almost invariable characteristic of Arab horses, and one of their leading merits, is to be found in their remarkable temper. Vice and nervousness are almost unknown. In racing, there is no difficulty in starting them in good order, and, although full of ambition and excitement, they neither sulk nor bolt, nor become discouraged. Abd-el-Kader says, that in the pure-bred Arabian, the moral and physical qualities are inseparable.

The experience of the French army in Africa shows the superiority of the Arabian for cavalry purposes. It was there found necessary to discard European horses, and to remount with such Arabs as could be procured, and these, be it remembered, had to carry a weight of 350 pounds (25 stone). General Daumas exclaims :

"Now, a horse that, in a country often rough and difficult, marches and gallops, ascends and descends, endures unparalleled privations, and goes through a campaign with spirit, with such a weight on his back, is he, or is he not a war-horse?"

Abd-el-Kader has said that the Arab horse can travel fifty miles a day, day after day, for months together, and if required, can accomplish one hundred and fifty miles in one day, but should be carefully ridden the next, and only go a much shorter distance.

The following statements are collated from Daumas's "Horses of the Sahara,"—an accepted authority and believed to be entirely reliable. The love of the horse, he says, has passed into the blood of the Arab. The cherished animal is the companion in arms and the friend of the chief.

Said an Arab to him :

"You cannot understand, you Christians, that horses are our wealth, our joy, our life, and our religion. Has not the Prophet said, 'The goods of this world, until the day of the last judgment, shall hang at the forelocks of your horses'? You will find this in the Koran, which is the voice of God, and in the conversation of our Lord Mahomet. When God wished to create the mare he said to the wind, 'I will cause to be born from thee a being which shall carry my adorers, which shall be cherished by all my slaves, and which shall be the despair of those who do not follow my laws.'"

Abd-el-Kader, when at the height of his power, pitilessly punished with death every believer convicted of having sold a horse to a Christian.

It is not rare that horses in the desert travel from one hundred and fifty to a hundred and eighty miles in twenty-four hours. It is the Arab's idea of the perfection of a horse that he ought to carry a grown man, with

his arms, his change of clothing, food for them both, and a standard, even when running against the wind; and, in case of necessity, drag a corpse after him and run the whole day through without food or water. To the Arabs a stain in the pedigree is an irremediable fault. They say it is impossible to make a pure horse of a race of mixed blood; on the contrary, they hold that they can always restore the primitive nobility of the pure race which has been impoverished either by privation, by excessive and inappropriate work, by want of care, or, in a word, wherever the degeneration does not spring from a mixture of blood.

Their recognized test of perfect form is this: when a horse drinks from water at the level of the ground upon which he stands, if he stands square on his four legs, without bending one of his knees to reach the water, he is perfectly formed, all parts of his body are in harmony and he is of pure blood. The Arabs are generous feeders, though, as a rule, they feed only once a day, and give water only at night. The Prophet said: "Every grain of barley given to your



A WEIGHTY MATTER.—AFTER LEECH.

BILL (reads)—"Gentlemen riders allowed five pounds."
TOM. "Allowed five pounds! Why, I'd ride better nor he for arf-a-crown!"

horses shall earn you an indulgence in the other world." One of his followers added: "If I had not seen the horse born of the mare I should say that he was born of bar-

ley," and again : " Beyond the spur there is only barley."

General Daumas recounts many marvelous feats of the Arab horse which he believes to be perfectly authenticated. The following is the most astounding, but there are many others almost equally remarkable : It having become necessary for the tribe of Arbâa to give to a Turkish pasha its best horse, the choice fell on a dark gray mare, Mordjana, known in all the Sahara. Her owner begged his son to ride her far away into the desert. He left the tent after night-fall. When the night was two-thirds gone, he wound the rein over his arm and lay down on a dwarf palm-tree to sleep for an hour. When he awoke, he found that Mordjana had eaten all the leaves of the palm. Mounting again he rode until day-break. Mordjana had sweated and dried three times, and he rode on until night-fall, when he halted at Leghrout, where he gave his mare a little straw to amuse her until she was fit to be fed. Closing his account this hard rider said : " These are not the runs for your horses, you Christians, who go from Algiers to Bliddah, 13 leagues, as far as from my nose to my ear, and think to have made a long trip." General Daumas says this man had made eighty leagues—240 miles—in twenty-four hours. His mare had eaten only the leaves of the dwarf palm upon which he had slept. She had drunk but once, midway of her road, and he swore that if his life had been in peril he could have slept the next night at Gardaya, forty-five leagues further on.

Enough has been said to show the sort of stuff one should seek in a thoroughly good saddle-horse, and to indicate the standard to which to breed and the source of blood to which to appeal. The *beau ideal* suggested would be the perfect Arabian form and the purest Arabian blood, developed by our more copious feeding to the size of the English thoroughbred.

Those modest souls who are willing to limit their desires to what it is possible to achieve, will need no sympathy if they succeed in combining the admirable qualities of the thoroughbred with the athletic and graceful form that characterizes the Arab. This combination may now and then be found, in good degree, in something a shade off of the thoroughbred standard and obtainable at something less than the thoroughbred price. Such a

horse was my own Guy, and doubtless the fond memory of many another horseman will have gently dropped the record of faults, and invested some favorite of his own with all the charm and virtue of his best imagination.

The suitable horse having been obtained, the battle is half won, but hardly more than half won. The man must be made a horseman and the horse must be made a saddle-horse. The processes by which these ends are to be reached are laid down in manuals of horsemanship whose teaching cannot be condensed into the narrow limits of these pages, nor can any recital of rules and instructions be more than an aid to the work.

The first great point—almost greater than perfection in the horse himself—is that the man should have been born with the stout heart of a horseman within him, and with that talent for sympathy without which there can be none of the unity of feeling needed for unity of action. That the rider and his horse should be like one creature has much more than a poetic meaning ; for the transmitting and receiving of impulse and action between them must be so smooth and undisturbed that in every movement the weight of the two may be handled by the one, at the direction of the other, with an ease and precision undisturbed by cross-purposes between them. This ability of the rider to conform instinctively to the movements of his horse and to indicate his guidance and his checks without exciting or disturbing him, enables a perfect rider to accomplish feats with an inferior horse, which would be impossible to the best beast ever ridden under the uncertain hand and ill-controlled balance of a bad horseman.

The ability to ride well is often inherited to such a degree that one may begin his horsemanship in mature life and achieve a good measure of success ; but, as a rule, no after-training can supply the place of the habit of riding during the supple years of youth, when even the son of a long line of cockney ancestors may acquire that limberness of loin which is the basis of a good seat, and from which an easy grip of thigh and a perfection of hand—" soft as the touch of love and unyielding as a grasp of steel"—can alone be born.

Whether these essential qualities of horsemanship were born in the blood or have been drilled in to the yielding frame of boyhood, there are certain suggestions which will help

the learner, and which may even be of good service to the experienced rider. It is a recognized principle that "a horseman grows from his seat." By *seat* is meant the manner in which the weight of his person receives the impulse of the horse's movement. At every step the impulse changes, and at every change, unless the seat is a good one, the weight is jostled and the smooth action of the horse is disturbed. If it is good, it is so adjusted as to receive the changing action with a yielding resistance to the shock, and to give no undue check to the motive power. While there must be a certain ease of displacement there must

transmission of force to the long end of the lever, which is the father of the fall, while rigidity of the lower legs carries an uncontrolled impulse to the other end of the lever and disturbs the horse. The absolute point of contact—the point which never yields its grip—is at the knees only. In the leap, and to a less degree in the gallop, these are the constant points of communication, and however much the seat may be raised in a strong leap these regulate its safe and correct return.

Pliancy of the hips and freedom of the calves are the first objects to be sought, and it is these which it is the most difficult for



A FRESHENER ON THE DOWNS.—AFTER LEECH.

also be an ability to hold firm to the saddle, and, after leaving it, to return smoothly to it. The real points of attachment should be only from the knee upward,—by the inner flat of the thigh. Ease of motion depends on the freedom of the lower leg and the ready flexibility of the loins. From the knee to the hip we need firmness and solidity; from the knee downward and from the hip upward, the freest pliancy. No movement of the horse should be so sudden, and no lift in leaping should be so great, that the thighs may not securely retain their position, and the body and calves their flexibility. Rigidity of the body implies the

the mature beginner to acquire. Much help may be gained from a sort of calisthenic exercise of the body, swaying from front to rear and from side to side, and moving the arms in all directions, retaining meanwhile a firm seat without the action of the calves or the heels. There should be cultivated too the ability to reach the toe far forward on the horse's shoulder, and to raise the heel high against his side without materially changing the position of the knee. In short, the man should learn the new art of moving his head, arms, body and lower legs from his new point of attachment at the thighs and seat, with the same instinct

ive ease and certainty with which he has learned to move his whole person when resting on his feet. In proportion as this suppleness has become complete and instinctive, in that proportion does the man remove himself from the condition of a suit of clothes stuffed with sand, which would topple over with the least movement of the horse.

Another important point for consideration is that the center of gravity of the rider be adjusted to the center of the moving forces of the horse. These rest midway between the hips and the withers, at the point where the spine has its greatest depression, and where the attachments of the great muscles of propulsion center. At this point the added weight is brought equally over the four feet, and each one of the horse's legs bears a fair share of the added duty. Here too the disturbing movement of the horse's step is least felt, and here the weight gives the least and most evenly diffused resistance. The rider who has learned to sit where he belongs, to maintain his position with accuracy, and to transmit the shock of the horse's movement from the hips to the body by a supple yielding, has struck once for all the key-note of good horsemanship. Without this he can never ride well; with this he cannot fail with practice to become a good rider.

As there are rare men who are born with the equestrian grace of movement, so there are rare horses whose organization is so perfect that they fall at once into the requirements of their duty; but, with the majority of horses, there are faults of conformation or of temper, and still more often faults of early education, which make them at first hard, unyielding, awkward, and uncertain.

While the rider commands his horse most largely with the leg, the restraint communicated through the bit is of course very important, but it should be exercised entirely for its legitimate ends. The reins should by no means be used as a handle to hold on by,—the seat should not be held in the hands. A rider with a perfect hand may get on, even with a restive horse, with almost any form of bit. The brilliant but brutal riders of Spanish America accomplish some of the best results within a few days by means of their cruel curb. On the other hand, the better school secures, with an entire absence of cruelty, the same instant and entire control of the horse's movements for which the Mexican riders are famed. In all fine

riding, in nearly everything indeed but cross country work,—and, with, a perfect hand, even here as well,—the best result is attained by the use of an easy but powerful curb bit. Not to enter here upon the discussion of the construction and handling of the bit itself, it is important to refer to one condition that should always regulate its use,—that is: the portion of the bar of the bit which rests upon the lower jaw should be so adjusted as to rest exactly opposite the depression of the chin,—where the round of the lower lip joins the under line of the jaw-bone,—and the chain should be of such length that when the shank of the bit hangs perpendicular, the horse's head being in its natural position, it shall just rest and fit snugly into this depression. A disregard of this important condition is more the cause of annoyance and discomfort of both horse and rider than is any other one thing. With the bit and chain so placed, the most complete control of the horse's head is secured, while he is left free from the irritation that comes of almost every other method of adjustment.

This digression, with reference to the training of the rider and of the horse, seemed necessary, because the manner in which he is ridden and trained has so much to do with the animal's ability to put forth his best effort and to develop his best quality. The perfect saddle-horse is perfect in all his gaits, and carries his rider in all of them as easily and as gracefully as he carries himself. However good he may naturally be, when carrying a rider, and yielding to the restraint and impulse of hand and heel, he is subject to unnatural conditions, and he needs the development of artificial training. He is too apt, if left to himself, to accept the duty of being ridden with more or less stolid resolution, varied by occasional efforts to assert his independence. He must be taught that independence is under no circumstances to be permitted, but that he is at all times and under all circumstances to obey the slightest behest of his rider; so, too, he is to be made to feel that stolid indifference is always inadmissible, that it is his duty to be ever alert, cheerful and responsive. One of the most difficult elements of his education is that which teaches him the art of good walking, and, as it is a prevalent fault of the thoroughbred and high-bred horse to walk with a shuffling, shambling and uncertain gait, the rider's earliest attention should be given to this point. An even, steady, well-regulated and active step, with



SAILING OUT OF THE RING.—AFTER LEECH.

the bit lightly playing in the mouth, may require much patient handling before it becomes established as a habit, but the result will be worth the labor. Only when this has been attained is the horse fit for a long journey, or even for the safe performance of a short walk before reaching the stable, and during periods of rest on the road. It is a principle with the Arabs that before a horse is fit for serious hard work he must have been sweated and dried three times. That is, he is to travel at a free gait until thoroughly warm and then to walk until he is cooled, three times in succession; then his bowels and his lungs and his circulation will be ready for whatever arduous duty his blood and his condition will have made him capable of. It is of the greatest importance that these cooling off intervals of walking should be marked by no negligent or indifferent action. The step should be a clean one—two—three—four, taken with precision, —by no means the careless, shambling, swaying movement so common in the slow and indifferent walk of the high-bred horse. When fairly taught to walk vigorously and well he may be allowed to carry his head down, but wherever there is the least indication of unsteadiness, he should be "shut up" between hand and heel and made to give his attention to his work.

The trot is not a natural working gait among horses used only for the saddle. It is the custom of the Arabs to ride only at the walk or the gallop, but with us, what with the habit of driving, and what with

our unyielding roadways which are often quite unsuited to receive the harder blow of the gallop, the trot has become an important gait. Trotting under the saddle has this distinct difference from trotting in harness, that the action of the bit should have little or no influence over it.

As a gait for the road the trot has great value and even great elegance, but it is a gait that cannot be carried beyond ten or twelve miles to the hour. The well-cadenced trot is an alternate forward movement of diagonal legs. It should be performed with the head

playing lightly behind the bit, with the neck lightly arched, and with the weight carried equally upon the fore and the hind legs as these, alternately, reach the ground, accompanied by a springiness and lightness for which the strong, sloping pastern of the blood horse is indispensable. The moment that "boring" begins, that is,



A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.—AFTER LEECH.

GRANDPA.—"Bless my heart, just like me! Spare the Nimrod, spoil the child, I say."

when the pressure of the horse's mouth is felt by the hand, a preponderance of weight is thrown upon the fore legs, and the step becomes ungraceful and severe upon both man and horse.

The Anglo-mania has so captured all horse-riding Christendom that the custom of rising to the trot, ungraceful though it is, has the powerful indorsement of fashion. Like most practices of English horsemanship, this one is founded in a certain degree of good sense, especially as being applicable to the average rider; for the number of men who can sit lightly in the saddle under the springy action of the trot without discomfort to themselves and inconvenience to their horses is comparatively small. By rising at each alternate step and coming lightly back to the saddle, they avoid the uncomfortable jolting of their own viscera, and the wearisome pounding of the horse's back. Perhaps for long journeys the practice is always to be commended, and it affords an unspeakable relief when one is obliged to ride a horse which has been taught to trot only in harness. There are rare riders, however, who have that capacity for responsive spring in the inner muscles of the thighs which makes the close seat pleasanter both for themselves and for their animals.

The real horseman's gait, that without which the exercise of the road and the field would lose its chief charm, is the gallop,—not the canter, the gait of dowagers and dyspeptics, but a vigorous springy, inspiring gallop, well restrained from becoming a run. Here, as with the trot, the cardinal necessity is that the horse's head should play loosely behind the bit, though with the neck more extended, and the face farther from the perpendicular. The moment a pressure is felt upon the hand there begins a tendency to take the bit between the teeth, the weight is thrown too much upon the fore feet, and the movement becomes unpleasant. Where great speed is sought it may become necessary to take a sufficient hold of the mouth to keep the horse steadily to his pace; but this is *running*, and is only exceptionally called for.

The gallop *par excellence* is a free, springy stride of twelve or fifteen miles to the hour, with every muscle and tendon supple, and with the head and neck free and light. Perfection in this gait is to be reached only gradually, and it is best reached through the consecutive steps beginning with Baucher's supplings, and carried on through the

well-regulated walk and trot until the horse in all his movements responds as completely to the impulse of the heel and the restraint of the hand in his most energetic movements as he does when handled at a stand-still.

The minuter details of Baucher's process, looking to the higher achievements of the equestrian, are more precise than the amateur rider will find it necessary to adopt, but the principles underlying the education of the horse for the best and most vigorous work of the road and field are of the same general character and tendency as those best suited to the needs of the professional rider. These processes are far too slow and tedious for the semi-invalid who adopts saddle exercise at the advice of his physician. They can be successfully applied only by a real enthusiast who has a determination to work for the best result, and for whom the result will afford ample compensation at every step of his way.

Nothing so well satisfies the desire of the real lover of a fine horse as to bring himself into intimate personal relations with him, and to carry out some well-regulated modifications of Baucher's method under the proper circumstances of retiracy. The perfect application of this system requires the shelter from storms and heat, and the seclusion from distracting sights and sounds that can be secured only by a covered and inclosed riding-school. These circumstances would appear to many, in whose minds horsemanship is inseparably connected with fresh air, and open fields, and solid turf, to be contemptibly dull and restricted. He who loves riding chiefly because of its vigorous open-air work is by no means to be pitied; but he belongs to a different class from the horseman, pure and simple, who finds his delight in making his horse one with himself, and himself one with his horse, and whose best imagination is gratified by the completeness with which he is able to send his own controlling will through every thought of the horse's mind, and every nerve, and muscle, and sinew of his body.

Whether one has pursued his practice of equitation in the riding-school or on the road, and however complete may have become his mastery of his temper, his body and his horse, he has never yet learned the delight of the saddle until he has felt the suffusing thrill and glow that come only with free leaping. Here one must cast off all restraint of roof and wall, and even of an accustomed

riding-ground, and take to the fences, and ditches, and hedges, and brooks of the open country.

It would be rash to say that there is no emotion so satisfactory to a vigorous and courageous man as that of leaping, but it is certainly within bounds to say that the emotion so produced is different from all others, if not indeed more continuously exhilarating. The heart certainly never rises quite so high in the throat as during one's first magnificent lift at a high leap.

Learning to ride across country, and teaching one's horse to leap, constitute an art by itself. Many horses take kindly to the work and are good natural jumpers, but it is rare to find those which are able to carry a heavy rider over a high fence safely, and surely, and smoothly, without much preliminary training, and without a good deal of acquired skill on the part of the rider.

In order to take a high leap properly, either standing or at speed, the horse must have been taught to carry his own weight and to depend upon his own balance. A boring pull on the rider's hand, which implies a preponderance of weight on the forehand, is fatal to anything like good work. We hear a great deal about "gathering" the horse to his leap, "lifting" him at his fences, carrying him well over a long water-leap, and other expressions which imply that the aid of the rider is an important addition to a horse's own force. All that the rider can do is to make the horse gather, lift and "carry" himself. As he approaches the fence both hand and leg come into play to gather him well together, to bring him back on his haunches at the standing leap. All the "lifting" that can be done is to suggest to the horse, by indications which he has been taught to heed, that he is to lift himself. In taking a water-leap no horse is to be held in the air by any action of the rider's hand. Before he can perform any of these leaps certainly and well he must have been taught by a preliminary training to throw his weight on his haunches and to check his gait at the proper indication of the rider. Beyond this ability of training to cause the horse to put himself promptly in the right position for the spring, and now and then an inspiring cut down the shoulder or a touch with the heel, the active assistance of the rider cannot go. In all but this he is simply so much weight to be carried.

But the rider must be by no means a dead weight. Retaining his firm attachment at the knees, holding securely to his

seat by the thighs until the impetus of the lift raises him for a moment from the saddle, he must keep his lower legs free and his body perfectly supple, so that, however great the weight to be moved it shall in all its parts receive the impulse gracefully and easily and not with the dead resistance of so much inert matter. It has been attempted to give instructions as to the point where the rider must lean forward; that where he must lean backward; how his legs may be carried to the rear or to the front in the different parts of the leap, and what must be his position in landing. By carefully watching the position of the practiced rider when he takes his fences, and, to a certain degree, by carefully studying John Leech's drawings of fencing work,* it is possible to gain a good idea of the movement of the body in this exercise. But even with all that may be acquired in this way, the novice will find that there is something deeper and more subtle than all theory at the bottom of successful fencing. There is but one good teacher of the art in the world,—a good leaping horse. Having first acquired a good seat, a good hand and perfect ease and suppleness in the saddle, begin by taking very low jumps, and very narrow ditches, on the back of a well-trained and confident fencer. The lowest fence or the narrowest ditch that will break the stride of his gallop will show that there is something to be learned in horsemanship that no level-ground work has even suggested. Very soon the knack of the thing will be gained, and the rest is only a question of practice. Avoid too frequent jumping of the same obstacle, for the horse is quickly disgusted with an unnecessary repetition of the same leap, and a disgusted or disheartened horse will never jump truly and well. Having learned to adjust the position of the person to the swiftly changing action required to go over a two-foot fence at a slow gallop, begin again at the lower leap from the standing position and go on gradually to the greater height.

In the flying leap, there is only a change of impulse which changes the direction of the weight in motion. At the standing leap, the weight is at rest and is thrown vigorously upward by a thrust powerful enough to carry both horse and rider over the fence. An analysis of the resulting

* A number of drawings by this incomparable artist and born horseman are reproduced in this paper from "Punch." They tell their own instructive story and may safely stand without comment.

forces is made easy if one will watch the course taken by his loosely fitting hat. The Irishman said that it was not the fall that hurt him but the bringing up so suddenly. So in leaping, after a little practice, it is neither the rise nor the descent that offers serious difficulty, but the landing. There is no more difficult lesson for the horseman than to learn what to do with himself when the horse first strikes the ground on the landing side. He often brings his weight so forcibly in the stirrup-irons that the stirrup-leather is broken, and clutches the rein with such force as to shock the horse through his whole frame and make it impossible for him to gather himself properly for his continued forward movement. These instinctive habits are very difficult to cure, and I know of no thoroughly effective means short of learning to leap without stirrups, and letting the rein go entirely free the instant the horse rises to his fence. In this way one may acquire the habit of depending upon the stirrups only to check any sidewise tendency of the person when the leap is, as is often the case, a little stronger from one side than from the other, and of avoiding all tendency to use the rein as an aid to one's own movement or position. When a riderless horse leaps a fence he is quite sure to land easily and safely, but when his landing is bothered by the touch of an uncertain hand, he is

very likely to blunder. In hard cross-country work, especially when the horse is fatigued, a judicious management of the bit in landing and in striking the continued run, is very important, but it would be far safer, on the whole, to leave the horse entirely to his own control than to make any but the most skillful use of the rein. Nearly all horses take kindly to high fences and even to a considerable width of high fence, but many are extremely averse to water-jumping. Some are quite incorrigible, but the majority, even of those who have a distaste for the work, if they feel that they are in the hands, and between the firmly placed thighs, of a determined and courageous rider, may be made to leap wide brooks, if not cheerfully, at least confidently.

In reviewing what has been written, it seems almost necessary to say a word in justification of such a mass of mere hints and suggestions,—curtailed, even, from my first purpose by the exactions of limited space. It has been no part of my intention to give didactic instruction for the breeding, for the training, or for the use of the saddle-horse; only to hint at the limits and the possibilities of excellence in the horse, and to add a few points which may tend to make his excellence available, and to qualify the rider to enjoy them.

ON THE CLIFF.

“SEE the far mountains, all a waving line,
Fading and melting into misty gray.”
I answer with a wide, unseeing gaze,
“Yes, miles and miles away.”

“And the great river, dwindled to a thread,
With farms dwarfed to a hand’s-breadth side by side.”
I know the distant ocean through it sends
The full throb of the tide.

“Listen! the low-voiced wind with tender touch
Whispers and sways the bright leaves in the air.”
Alas! to my denied and famished sense
Silence is everywhere!

O vanished sparkle from the cup of life,
Filled to the brim with beauty so divine!
Without thee, spirit, sweetness, light are lost,
And flavorless the wine.

BEES.

THERE is something not a little remarkable in the fact that among the "brute creation," the closest approximation to human intelligence should be found in the insect tribe, rather than among those higher forms of life whose physical organization is

is lapped up and stored away in the honey-sac, and by its aid, the queens and the young are fed.

The legs of the worker are developed with special reference to the office it has to perform for the community. The tarsal joint [Fig. 3, B, f] is covered with rows of stiff hairs, which serve to brush the pollen from the anther lobes of flowers; this pollen is then packed into spoon-shaped cavities on the outer surface of the tibia, e, and so carried home to the hive. A pollen-laden bee looks as though it were carrying a pair of well-packed saddle-bags. Upon



FIG. 1. BEES. [NATURAL SIZE.]
a, Drone; b, worker; c, queen.

so nearly like our own. But so it is. Nowhere among the higher animals—in their native, untaught state—do we find such really intellectual qualities as are manifested by certain kinds of insects. Their mere mechanical skill, wonderful though it be, sinks into insignificance when we consider their judgment and forethought, the prompt intelligence with which they recognize a danger and face it; the wisdom with which they determine upon the best mode of averting calamity, of modifying its effects, or of preventing its recurrence. In the well-ordered community of the hive, division of labor was understood, the laws of hygiene practiced, provision for the coming "rainy day" made, long before our human ancestors had dreamed of such wisdom.

The inhabitants of every hive are of three distinct kinds,—the queen, the workers, and the drones. The working-bees, till the days of Huber, had always been considered sexless; but the dissections of Mlle. Jurine decided them to be females with the reproductive system undeveloped. The workers, though the most active and useful members of the swarm, are the smallest [Fig. 1, b]. They possess a long flexible apparatus, known as the mouth or proboscis [Fig. 2], consisting of the labium, lingula, or tongue, a,—as it is indifferently called,—the labial palps, b, b, the maxillæ, c, c, their palps, p, p, and the mentum, m. With this apparatus honey

the workers devolves the entire labor of the hive,—they gather the honey and pollen, and store it away; they elaborate the wax, and build up the comb; they guard their

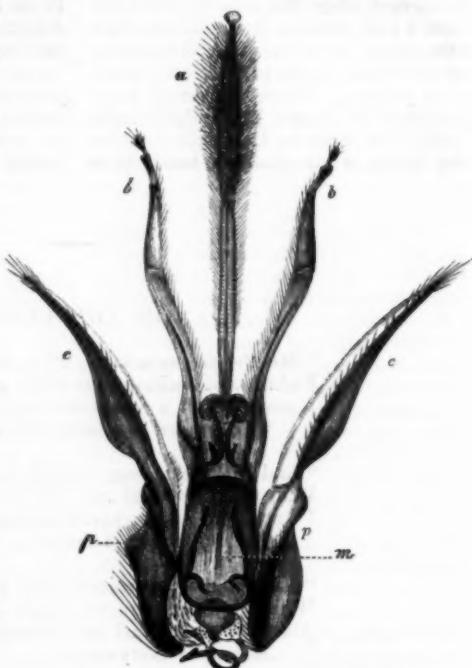


FIG. 2. MOUTH OF HONEY-BEE. [FROM NATURE.]
a, Tongue or labium; b, labial palp; c, maxilla; p, palp; m, mentum.

homes, and rear the young; they keep the hives spotlessly clean, and ventilate it; they

form the body-guard for their queen and provide for her every want; they act as sentinels for the community, and fight its battles; they, in fact, perform every office in the hive except that of peopling it. There are from

of three parts,—head, thorax, and abdomen. The organs of sensation are situated in the head, which, in the worker, is triangular, in the queen and drone a flattened sphere. The thorax contains the muscles which move

the wings and legs. In the abdomen are situated all the principal organs of the body, which are protected from injury by a series of overlapping rings. These are of a soft and tough material, and slide over one another so as to permit the greatest freedom of motion, and the lengthening and shortening of the body at will [Figs. 9 and 10]. From the mouth, the cesophagus extends downward through the thorax; just after it enters the abdomen, the gullet widens out into a crop, which is the honey-sac [Fig. 5, *b*]. Below this is the stomach, *c*, from the base of which a number of biliary vessels, *d*, *d*, diverge; the intestine, *e*, widens finally at *f* into the rectum.

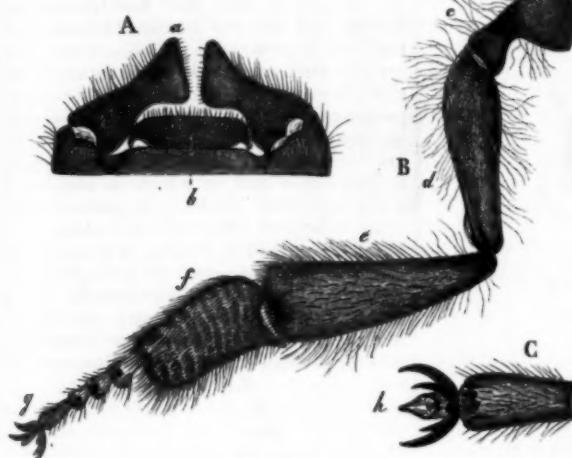


FIG. 3.
A, *a*, mandibles; *b*, upper lip. B, Hind leg of worker; *c*, trochanter; *d*, femur; *e*, tibia, hollowed on outer side as pollen-basket; *f*, tarsus with pollen-brushes; *g*, foot, front view, more enlarged. [From nature.]

10,000 to 60,000 workers in every swarm of bees, 20,000 being considered a fair number.

The queen [Fig. 1, *c*] is the only perfect female in the hive; she is mother as well as sovereign of the whole swarm. Her head and thorax are about the same size as those of a worker, but her abdomen is longer and larger; her wings are strong and sinewy, her legs smooth from the pollen-brushes, and wanting the pollen-basket,—the insignia of labor among her subjects. Her internal structure is even more different from the worker-bees than is her external form. The royal chiefs of wasps, hornets, and bumble-bees work themselves into royalty; but the queen of the bees reigns by divine right; she is "to the manner born," and rules supreme throughout her life. A hive, under all ordinary conditions, possesses but one queen.

The drones [Fig. 1, *a*], which are the males, are somewhat larger than the workers, and darker colored. Their jaws are shorter, and their legs destitute of pollen brushes and baskets. The number of drones in a good swarm is about 1,500.

Each bee [Fig. 1, *a*, *b*, *c*] is composed

The poison-bag and sting, and the muscles which control them, lie, in both queen and worker, in the lower part of the abdomen, the

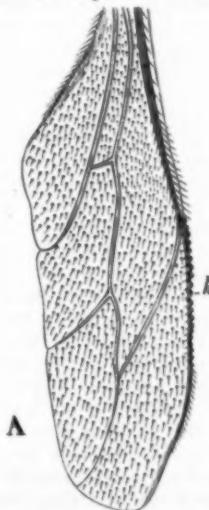


FIG. 4.
A, Inferior wing with hooks *h* to attach it to superior wing. [From nature.]

drones, as is very well known, possessing no weapon, defensive or offensive. The structure of the sting may be seen in Fig. 6 [A



FIG. 5. ALIMENTARY CANAL.
a, Oesophagus; b, honey-sac; c, stomach; d, biliary vessels;
e, intestine; f, rectum. [From nature.]

and B]. In A,—a sting freshly extracted,—the two parallel toothed saws, *s*, *s*, which form the sting proper, are inclosed in their sheath, *o*. In B, the double sting has been taken out of the sheath, *o*, and laid to one side. This sheath has two offices to perform; in the queen, who rarely stings, it serves to place the eggs,—is the ovipositor; while in the workers, who rarely lay, it protects the sting.

When a living bee becomes excited, its sting is shot out; if the flesh of its tormentor can be reached the ovipositor, which is strong and hard, makes the first impression; the barbed blades then advance alternately, striking deeper and deeper into the flesh; the muscles about the poison-bag contract, and its contents are forced down through the hollow between the nearly adjacent backs of the saw-blades into the wound. The barbs upon the edges of the darts prevent the withdrawal of the sting, without carrying with it all the adjacent parts; the bee pays the forfeit of its life when it indulges in the luxury of revenge. This is, however, not the case when it stings another bee, for it manages in that case to insert the sting between the abdominal rings into the soft organs beneath, from which it is able to twist it out after its adversary is dead.

A queen may be tortured to death; she may be torn limb from limb, but she will never sting, unless she meets a "foeman worthy of her steel." It is found that she will never, under any provocation, sting anything but another queen.

The senses of the bees are very acute. By the aid of smell they find the sweetest flowers, and thus the delicate cleanliness of the hive is preserved. While certain odors are very attractive to them, others are excessively repugnant. This fondness for certain perfumes is used by bee-hunters in discovering the nests of wild bees. When wild bees are seen loitering around, an upright stake, to the upper end of which is attached a small horizontal platform, is planted somewhere near; on this platform is placed a bit of full comb, and in front of it is suspended an open phial of annis, an odor they particularly love. To expedite matters, one of the strange bees is frequently captured by inverting over the flower from which it is sucking a small cylinder with glass over the end. The bee flies up to the lighted end; the lower part is covered with the hand, and the cylinder placed over the honey-comb on the platform. As soon as the cylinder is darkened, by putting something over the top, the bee goes down to the honey and

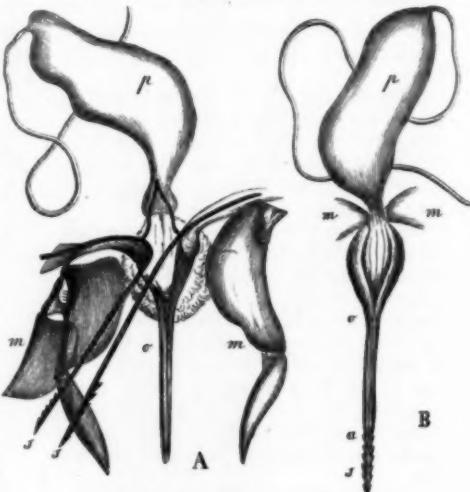


FIG. 6. STINGING APPARATUS.
A, *o*, Ovipositor which is also sting-sheath; *s*, *s*, two barbed blades of sting laid out of sheath; *m*, muscles; *p*, poison-bag, connected by narrow tube to poison-glands, which are not here represented. B, Sting in sheath but projecting beyond it from *a*. [From nature.]

fills its honey-sac. When fully gorged, it is released; a bee, with its honey-sac filled, always makes a "bee-line" for the hive.

When the load of stolen sweets is deposited, the little pilferer comes back,—usually with a companion,—guided by the scent of annis; both alight on the platform, and are held in mild captivity till they are filled. One is then released, the direction it takes is noted;

does our iris. Beneath this point, the cone, *f*, narrows down to the point, *g*, where it receives a branch of the optic nerve. A glance at Fig. 8, in which the nervous system of the bee is delineated, will show how important eyesight is to the bee, for the

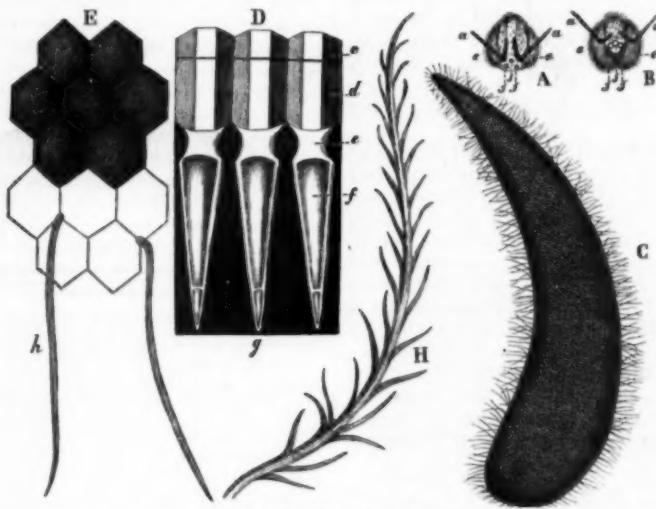


FIG. 7 HEAD AND STRUCTURE OF EYE.

A, Head of worker. B, Head of drone. (5 diam.) C, Composite eye of worker, each mesh of net-work being a hexagonal lens. E, Hexagonal lenses and protective hairs. (400 diam.) H, Branched hair occurring over the head and body of bee. [From nature.] D, Vertical section of optic cones: *e*, *d*, plano-convex lenses; *e*, pupil; *f*, cone; *g*, point where optic nerve enters eye. [After Carpenter.]

the stake is then carried to some distance to the right or the left of its former position, and the second bee released. The point at which the two "bee-lines" cut each other is the position of the pest.

Vision seems the least perfect sense among bees. The eye, though so wonderfully complex [Fig. 7, C], is far from being a perfect optical instrument. The eye proper is a compound organ, made up of a multitude of separate lenses. E gives a superficial view of a few of these lenses very greatly magnified; in the lower portion, where they are merely diagrammatic, the protection hairs, which are thickly set over the surface, may be seen. The internal structure [after Carpenter] is shown in D. Each single eye, or ocellus, is made up of several parts. Above are two plano-convex lenses, *e*, *d*,—the plane sides being adjacent,—so organized as to correct chromatic aberration,—that is, a colorless image is produced by the rays which pass through them. The incurved portion of the rod at *e*, surrounded by a perfectly black substance, reduces the size of the aperture into which light penetrates, as

optic nerves are almost as large as the whole brain, and far larger than the spinal cord. The bee has surely enough eyes, and they are so arranged as to look in every direction at once. One cannot help thinking what a clear-headed little fellow the bee is to disentangle in his brain the different images produced by the myriad eyes that take in the whole horizon at once. The physical difficulty about these wonderful eyes is that their focus is not adjustable. From a distance, their vision appears to be keen and unerring. When a bee comes home from one of its collecting tours, it may be seen to dart down to the door of its own hive with perfect precision, though fifty others just like it may be close by; but if by any chance it does miss its own door, it wanders about blindly for a little while, then rises in the air, sights it again, and darts down straight for its goal.

In the middle of the head, three bright hemispherical dots may be seen [Fig. 7, A, B, *s*, *s*, *s*]; these supply an imperfect vision, capable of perceiving light, but probably unable to distinguish form. Some

interesting experiments, lately made by Sir John Lubbock, make it certain that bees can distinguish color. Honey placed upon blue paper, to which a bee was put, constantly attracted the same bee, though the paper was moved to various spots, while red, orange, and green paper bearing honey substituted in its place failed to attract it. The experiment was repeated many times, the colors and position being constantly changed, but the little creature was always true to her colors, returning faithfully to her first love.

The most important organs of sense, with bees, as is the case with other insects, are their antennæ [Fig. 13]. By means of these minute jointed appendages they are able to receive impressions, and to communicate intelligence. Huber wished to determine how the loss of a queen became so quickly known to the multitudes of bees constituting a swarm. He therefore divided a hive, by erecting through the middle of it, a double partition made of two parallel sheets of fine wire gauze, about half an inch apart. In one of the compartments the queen was left. Communication, by touch alone, was

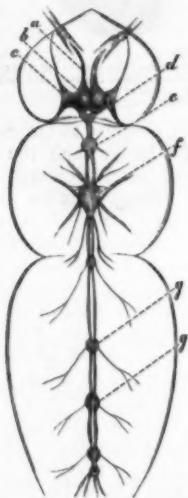


FIG. 8. NERVOUS SYSTEM OF BEE.

a, Cerebral ganglion; *c*, optic nerve; *a*, nerve of antenna; *d*, sub-oesophageal ganglion; *e*, prothoracic ganglion; *f*, mesothoracic and metathoracic ganglion united.
[From Cuvier's "Regne Animal."

prevented between the two portions of the hive. The queenless half of the colony went through the usual excitement at the loss of a queen. This finally subsided and they set to work constructing royal cells,—by

way of providing a new sovereign,—exactly as is the case with a colony deprived of its royal mistress. He then substituted a single partition of wire gauze and removed the newly constructed queen's cells. The bees, after a little crossing of antennæ through the

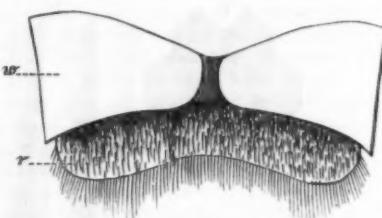


FIG. 9.
w, Abdominal plate forming part of the body-rings; *w*, wax pocket overlapped when on the body of the bee by the abdominal plate beyond.

partition wall went back to work, satisfied that there was a queen in the hive.

The first thing, of course, in the domestic economy of the hive is the construction of comb. When a swarm of bees is about to leave its old home and seek another, each bee fills itself with honey. After entering their new home, the gorged bees suspend themselves in festoons, or curtains, by hooking their claws together and hanging from the top of the hive. They hang motionless for about twenty-four hours. During this time the honey has been digested and converted into a peculiar animal oil, which collects itself in scales or laminae beneath the abdominal rings. This is the wax [Figs. 9 and 10]. One of the workers, called the founder, then draws from its own body by means of its clawed foot a scale of wax. This it breaks down and crumbles, and works with its mouth and mandibles till it becomes pliable, and it then issues from the mouth in the form of a long narrow ribbon, made white and soft by an admixture of saliva from the tongue. Meanwhile the other bees are making ready their material in the same way. On the ceiling of the hive an inverted solid arch of wax is built and from this the first foundation cells are excavated, all the subsequent ones being built up and around these, which are usually three in number. The size and shape of the cell is determined by its future use; but all comb is formed of two sheets of cells placed back to back, the partition walls of the two sheets always alternating with one another. If the comb is intended for brood, twenty-five cells [Fig.

11, *w*] of worker-brood and sixteen [*d*] of drone, go to the square inch. Store-comb for honey or pollen is frequently irregular.

When a fertile queen in laying season, begins to deposit her eggs, she places them, by means of her ovipositor, at the base of the cells, and slightly glues them there. Drone-eggs are always placed in the larger, worker-eggs in the smaller cells; and they are laid first on one side and then on the other, of the same sheet of comb. At the end of three or four days the eggs hatch into a small white maggot. The nursing bees may now be seen watching the newly hatched larvae; they pour into the cell the food for the young, which is pollen and honey that has been swallowed, partially digested and regurgitated. The baby-bee not only eats, but it also swims in a bath of this regurgitated food. As it grows, it is thought, the proportion of honey taken by the insects is increased. The maggot grows rapidly, coiling itself around in the base of the cell till finally its extremities touch. The nurses never quit their little charges; when the larva is hungry it calls the attention of the nurse to its wants and is fed; when its appetite for any reason seems impaired, the nurses arouse it and offer food, which it opens its mouth to receive. In from four to six days, according to the temperature, the larva grows almost large enough to fill the cell; the nurses then seal over the apartment with a light-brown porous and convex lid of wax, and the larva enters the pupa stage. From the middle part of the under lip two silky threads issue, which cling together and form a single thread; continually extending and retracting its body, it spins a silky white cocoon, something like that of the silk-worm. These stages of development have been watched in glass cells in which eggs were placed. The pupa is now complete; the insect is nearly its natural size though still very imperfect in its organization. The enormous amount of food taken in by the larva probably supplies the power by means of which the perfectly organized insect is developed. The worker-bee requires thirty-six hours to complete its cocoon, which entirely incloses it; the queen takes only twenty-four hours to spin hers, but she wears her silken robe only over her head, thorax, and first abdominal ring, leaving the other portion of her body—toward the mouth of the cell—unprotected. This, as we shall hereafter see, is a curious provision to insure peace and harmony to the hive.

After the worker-bees and drones have been sealed up in their cells, all care on the part of the nurses ceases. When they attain maturity and are ready to come out, occasionally some aid will be afforded the drones in their struggles to extricate themselves, but the workers begin their hard and toilsome life in the cradle, and must manage to get along alone. Sometimes one little struggling creature, half out of its cell, has to dive into it again and again to avoid being trampled upon by the busy multitude above it, who give not the smallest heed to its struggles. Each bee, as it quits its cell, leaves behind the cocoon which it has spun. The workers immediately go into the empty cradle and clean it out without remov-

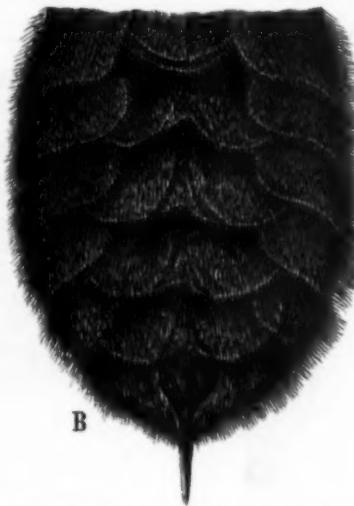


FIG. 10. ABDOMINAL VIEW OF THE BODY, SHOWING RINGS, STING, ETC., IN POSITION. [FROM NATURE.]

ing the cocoon, which they fasten neatly and firmly as a lining to the cell. Brood-comb is very much strengthened by this means, but after a number of bees have been hatched from a single cell, the successive layers of lining diminish its capacity, and with it the size of the bees which develop there. The smaller bees become the nurses of future generations of young, while the larger ones, hatched from cells of normal size, perform the heavier out-door work of the community.

The treatment which a queen receives is very different from that given to her subjects. Her cell, as becomes the state of the royal mistress of the hive, is larger than those of the workers. It is usually formed near the edge of the comb; instead of being a

straight, hexagonal tube, like those in which both workers and drones are reared, it is large and rounded, and instead of being horizontal, it is dependent [Fig. 11, A, *g*]. The queen's cell looks very much like a browned pea-nut, both in shape and color. Into it, instead of bee-bread,—or partially digested pollen and honey, which is the food of the common larva,—is inserted by the nurses a food which is called royal jelly. It is a translucent, jelly-like substance, with a slight astringency of flavor. Several analyses have been made by different chemists; but in what the difference between the royal and the plebeian food exactly consists, is not, even yet, quite clear. But that there is a difference of quality as well as quantity, remains undisputed.

amply supplied with honey by means of a hole in the cover of her cell, through which she continually extends her proboscis. The seclusion of her cell proves very irksome to her majesty, it would seem, in spite of its ameliorations; for during the whole period of her captivity she utters a peculiar cry, called piping. On the authority of the first apiarians, the statement is made that the bees recognize this as the utterance of royalty. "So long as the sound is heard," says Bevan, "the bees stand about the cell waiting with their heads slightly inclined."

When a hive is left queenless, by accident or design, the greatest agitation and distress prevail. The bees leave their work and cluster together, as if in consternation. After a time, however, they go to work vigor-

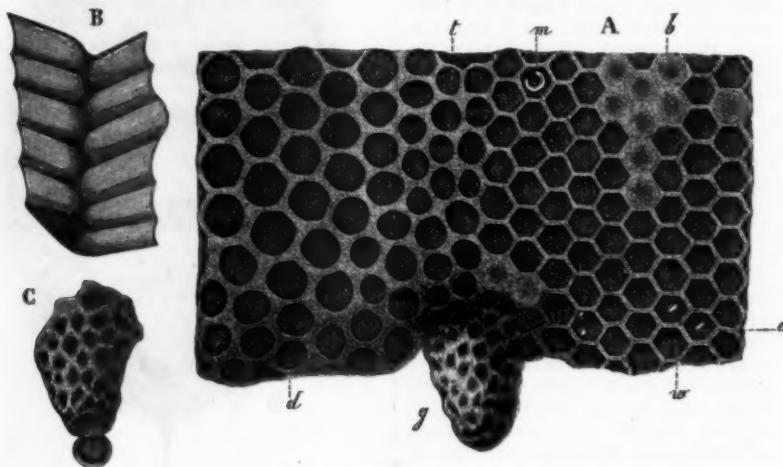


FIG. 11.
A, Comb, front view: *d*, drone-cells; *m*, worker-cells; *f*, transitional cells used for storing honey and bee-bread; *g*, queen's cell;
b, brood capped over; *e*, eggs; *m*, larva or maggot. B, Section of sheet of comb, showing inclination of cell.
C, Queen-cell, with cap cut off by workers. [From nature.]

From the moment a royal cell is built and the inmate hatched out, the most marked distinction is made in favor of the future queen. The workers are provided with only just so much food as they need and devour, but the queen is regally supplied with more than enough. When she is mature, instead of leaving her to struggle unaided into the light and air, the workers cluster about her cell and gnaw away at the cap, scooping out waved circles over it till it is very thin and transparent, and the movements of the royal insect may be seen. She is not allowed her freedom yet, however, but is detained close prisoner for some days, being in the meantime consoled for her captivity, by being

ously to repair their loss. Three worker-cells, that lie adjacent and in a good position, are selected, the partition-walls are cut away, and the three cells thrown into one. Two of the worker-maggots are destroyed, and the third is supplied with royal jelly, the common food having all been carefully removed. This worker-larva, which has been three or four days in the egg state, and one, two or more in the larval condition, is now, at this late stage of its development, *to be changed into a queen!* There is scarcely another fact in all natural history so wonderful as this. Two days' feeding on a different food, the occupation of a larger cell, a difference of position, and possibly

increased temperature, are sufficient to develop the larva—which, under other conditions, would have been a worker, with all the physiological structure and the instincts necessary to its peculiar office—into a queen, utterly unlike it in structure, and possessing scarcely one instinct in common.

This change of treatment—for sometimes not more than two days out of the sixteen is required for a queen, or two out of the twenty for a worker, to mature from the newly deposited egg—gives to the queen a different shaped tongue and mandibles, and a lengthened abdomen; it makes the tibiae flat instead of spoon-shaped, and deprives the *tarsi* of the fringe of hairs which make them serve as pollen-baskets; it suppresses the development of the pollen-brushes, and of the pincer-like portions of the tibia; it alters her color, curves her sting, deprives her of wax pockets, and of the organs for the secretion of that substance; and it marvelously develops her whole reproductive system. But the change of mere physical structure is slight when compared with the absolute reversal of all her instincts, as we shall see.

With marvelous precision, the bees, when they find themselves queenless, not only go to work to supply themselves with a new sovereign, but they construct a number of queen-cells to provide against all contingencies, knowing that the rival sovereigns will settle the succession among themselves. When a worker-bee escapes from its cell, it is usually in a somewhat flaccid and feeble state; the queens are detained for several days, probably that they may gain their vigor before being exposed to danger; for even with her myriads of loving subjects about her, each new queen is in peril of her life. As soon as she escapes the vigilance of her guard, or is permitted by them to leave her cell, she eagerly traverses the comb. If in her wanderings she stumble upon another royal cell, her rage breaks forth, and she endeavors to sting her helpless rival to death; this she sometimes does, owing to her antagonist's imperfect cocoon. The bees, who seem to enjoy an honest fight between their rival sovereigns, are stanch advocates of fair play, and usually interfere to prevent such cowardly destruction of the royal embryos. In one instance, where the whole

process was watched, a newly hatched queen ranged the comb for two days in search of her rivals' cells, and was only prevented from destroying them by the interference of the workers. As soon as the second queen began piping, the swarm, to which the first belonged by right, left the hive; but by accident, the first queen, instead of accompanying the swarm, was left behind. The two deadly rivals were seen marching over the comparatively deserted comb. They did not at once observe each other; finally, one party of the workers becoming impatient, held the first queen, while another party seized the second, dragged her up, and left her face to face with her antagonist. The two queens grappled, the workers having cleared a space, around which they stood to watch the contest. Each queen strove to insert her sting between the abdominal rings of her opponent without permitting her antagonist to accomplish the same feat. Finally, the second queen gave the fatal thrust. In the meantime, the queenless swarm, although it had been hived, came flocking back, but too late to witness the fall of its sovereign.

This anxiety to have the fight out is very common, but it is quite beneath the code

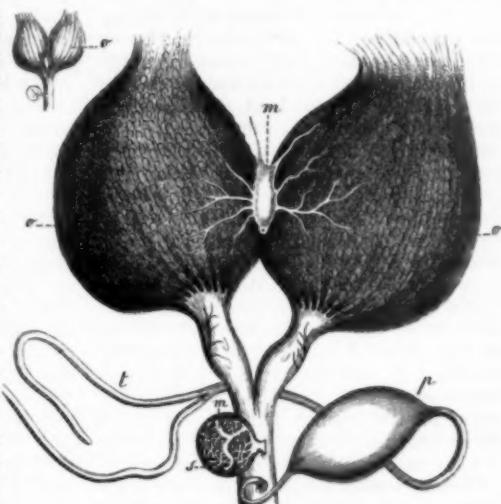


FIG. 12. OVARY OF LAYING QUEEN. (NAT. SIZE AND MAGNIFIED.)
s, s. Ovaries; s, spermatheca; p, poison-bag; m, m, muscles.

of bee chivalry that any sting but a royal one shall destroy the superfluous queen. When, as sometimes happens, it is necessary for a swarm of bees to dispose of a queen,

she is never stung by her subjects, but held prisoner till she dies of starvation—a questionable mercy on the part of the bees; and a high price to pay, one would imagine, for the dignity of dying royally. The queen, herself, not only accedes to this arrangement, but, as has been said, refuses even in self-defense to use her sting against anything but another queen.

Only twice does a queen leave her hive,—once when she leads off a swarm and once when she goes out that she may be fertilized. A few days after her liberation from the royal cell she takes flight. Many dissections of queens have been made, both before and after this flight,—and it is invariably found that before it the spermatic sac [Fig. 12, *s*] is filled with a simple colorless fluid, while after it, it contains myriads of spermatazoa. The ovaries, *o*, *o*, are two oval masses of

tubes filled with ova, the mouth of the spermatic sac opens just below where the tubes from the two ovaries unite, and every egg in passing down this tube is obliged to

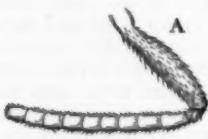


FIG. 23. ANTENNA.

pass close by this opening. The queen possesses the extraordinary power of fertilizing each egg, or not, as she pleases, and by so doing, of determining the sex of her offspring; for the unfertilized eggs invariably produce drones, while the fertilized ones produce workers or queens. Young queens who have never left the hive, queens who have been detained there for three weeks after they have been hatched, very old queens, and those which have been subjected to intense cold, or long protracted hunger,—almost amounting to starvation,—lay only drone eggs. These, upon dissection, always show a spermatic sac empty of spermatazoa, and in every case but the first and last the sac has withered away. The spermatazoa contained in this tiny sac are sufficient to fertilize every worker-egg laid by the queen in her life-time, which lasts several years. During that time she lays in some instances as many as three hundred thousand eggs.

Certain worker-larvæ, whose cells have been near the queen's, and which have probably partaken of the royal food, develop into what are called fertile workers; like the unfertilized queens, they lay eggs, but these are always drone-eggs. This curious case of parthenogenesis among the bees is not without parallel in the insect

world. It has been bitterly disputed, but is now established beyond all shadow of doubt by the best naturalists of Europe.

Von Siebold dissected some hundreds of hermaphrodite bees and found them to exhibit both externally and internally a marvelous mixture of sex. Some of the drones showed this merely by having a sting, or some peculiarity of head or mandibles, which characterize the workers. In other cases the combination, or fusion as he calls it, was much more remarkable. I have seen the mixture of the organs, sometimes upon the anterior half and sometimes upon the posterior half of the body; sometimes extending through the whole body, and sometimes limited to a part in such a way that the right side may possess all the character of a drone and the left of a worker, or *vice versa*.¹ Besides this hermaphrodite conformation by sides there is every sort of mingling of sex in exterior form and in interior structure, though the external and internal variations appear to be quite independent of each other. These curious phenomena, Von Siebold suggests, may be due to the fact that the eggs were insufficiently fertilized. As drones are produced from eggs not at all fertilized and workers from those fully fertilized, so these hermaphrodite eggs may have received a certain portion of the spermatic fluid, but an amount below the minimum required to perfect worker-eggs.

The hive, of course, becomes after a time overstocked by the amazing fertility of the queen. When the weather becomes very warm, the bees begin to realize the discomfort of crowded quarters, and to prepare for colonization. Several royal cells are begun, sometimes as many as twenty, but usually four or five. When a new queen begins piping, preliminary steps are taken, scouts are sent out to select the new home, the hive is a scene of great excitement, and by the time the young queen is considered able to take care of herself, the swarm quits the hive, led off by the old and fertile queen. The swarm is composed of many young bees and a number of veterans whose ragged wings and hairless bodies show that they have seen something of life. The departing queen soon settles on the branch of a tree or other convenient spot, and the whole swarm collects in one solid mass around her, too large sometimes to be contained in a peck measure. If the queen, from the weight of her body, or the weakness of the unused wings, falls to the ground, as sometimes happens, the bees scatter everywhere

to hunt her up, and, if they do not find her, they come trooping back to the hive.

After the time for the fertilization of the queens is past the drones are slaughtered. This usually occurs early in July. The workers fall upon and destroy the defenseless idlers, by inserting the stings between their abdominal rings, and then, when the work of death is done, throwing them out of the hive.

It is not easy to draw any line of distinction between the marvelous instincts of these little creatures and the reason of man. The seat of this faculty, however we may define it, is apparently the brain; the relative size of this organ bears a proportion to the intelligence of the insect; the brain in bees is large, but in ants,—whose wisdom is even more wonderful, it is relatively larger. There is, however, some curious connection between the intelligence manifested by bees, and the possession of certain of their organs in a normal condition. If a worker-bee is deprived of its antennæ, it either loses all its instincts, or else, which seems more probable, is in the condition of a human being who had suddenly, by a single stroke, been deprived of several important senses. In a society where communication, except by touch, is impossible, and where no mutual aid is afforded, such a condition would be most pitiable. A bee thus mutilated stops working, crawls languidly to the door of the hive, where it remains motionless, going out at night-fall to perish.

If a queen be not fertilized her instincts in regard to laying desert her entirely: she places her drone-eggs in worker-comb, or on the edge of the cells, or anywhere else. In other respects, however, her instincts seem unimpaired.

When a worker-bee goes out to collect stores for the hive, it visits only one kind of flower on one excursion. By this means the pollen is not mixed when it is packed away. Each layer of honey in a cell is homogeneous, and the flowers visited are cross-fertilized without being hybridized. When a bee enters a flower to get its honey and pollen, its flexible proboscis [Fig. 2] is plunged into the nectarium, and the honey is lapped up, rather than sucked, and then swallowed. A part passes into the true stomach [Fig. 5, *c*], but the largest portion is retained in the honey-sac, *b*. When this is filled, the bee flies straight to the hive, enters a cell in the store-comb, and by a muscular contraction presses the honey out of its sac, back through its oesophagus and

mouth into the cell. Some change undoubtedly takes place in the fluid while it remains in the sac, for honey made from sugar and water is scarcely distinguishable from that made from raspberry juice; but its quality is largely determined by the flowers upon which the bees have fed, clover honey, for instance, being much finer than buckwheat honey.

The workers have entire charge of the economy of the hive, and tidy little housekeepers they are. Every particle of foreign matter, every speck of impurity, every dead bee is immediately removed. Sometimes the difficulty cannot be met by strength; then wisdom comes in to circumvent it. Réaumur, the French naturalist, once observed a bee consultation over a large snail which had penetrated a hive. They went to work, and with propolis,—a gum gathered from certain trees and invaluable in their housekeeping,—the bees first glued the snail-shell to the glass pane of the hive, and then covered the whole mouth of the shell with a thick coating of the substance, hermetically sealing up their enemy and burying him alive. On another occasion, a slug invaded a hive; the whole creature this time was buried in a mausoleum of propolis, so perfectly air-tight that no odor could offend the nostrils of the swarm.

Moisture and treacherous draughts are shut out by the bees, who fasten up every crack and cranny of the hive; but, at the same time, perfect ventilation is secured by a curious device. Rows of bees station themselves along the cells, beginning at the doors, and radiating toward the different portions of the interior hive, in warm weather; by a vigorous and perfectly timed motion of their wings, currents of pure air are kept continually streaming through the hive. While purifying the dwelling, the bees apparently cool themselves by this fanning.

Bees undoubtedly have traditions which are handed down in certain families from generation to generation. In some instances, each new swarm, year after year, from a certain hive, will send out scouts to observe, and then try to find lodgment in one particular spot. As the drones live only a few weeks, and the workers, at farthest, seven months, and as the old queens lead off the new swarms, and so never remain many months in the parent hive, it must be communicated knowledge that directs the bees.

Much has been said about the mathematical accuracy of the bees' cell; but they have something more than mere mathematical accuracy. There is, it is true, an ideal type

of cell, which will give the largest capacity with the greatest strength and the least material, and to this the bees always approximate. The size and shape of brood-cells are invariable, for this is essential to the proper development of their young; but store-comb cells are sometimes very irregular. If the comb has to curve,—as sometimes happens,—the bases of the cells on both sides are normal, but the cells on the concave side narrow toward the top, and those on the convex widen, by just so much as will make them symmetrical. Surely there is something much more marvelous in this than any mere mechanical accuracy. The bee is bound by no cast-iron rules to follow slavishly one model, but it uses what we have no other term for than reason.

Some notion of the wonderful intelligence of bees can be given by relating a single instance observed by a well-known bee-keeper. One of the hanging combs in a hive became detached from the ceiling, and falling, leaned sidewise against an adjacent comb, preventing the bees from passing through or getting access to the stores. They became very much excited over the accident, but soon went to work and built between the fallen comb and the one on which it leaned, two horizontal pillars of wax; they then cut away the upper surface of those cells which touched, sealed them over again, attached the upper surface of the broken comb to the roof of the hive, and removed the pillars, which had served their purpose as scaffolding and were no longer needed. Could human intelligence have met the difficulty in a more masterly way?

The devotion of workers to their queen is sometimes very wonderful and beautiful. Dr. Evans says: "A queen in a thinly peopled hive lay on a honey-comb apparently dying; six workers surrounded her, seemingly in intent regard, quivering their wings as if to fan her, and with extended stings as if to keep off intruders or assailants. On honey being presented, though it was eagerly devoured by the other bees, these watchers were so completely absorbed in their mournful duty as entirely to disregard the proffered banquet. The following day, the queen, though lifeless, was still surrounded by her guard, who, with the other members of the family, remained at their posts till death came kindly to extinguish both their affection and their grief; for, though constantly supplied with honey, not a bee remained alive at the end of four days."

The theory, which is an offshoot of evolution, that instinct is only habit transmitted through many generations, received some time ago an amusing and rather confounding demur from some writer in one of the English periodicals. The "worker-bees," says this writer, "afford some of the most marvelous instances of industrious instinct on record; yet, where do they get it from? Not from the drones,—their fathers,—for they are proverbs of idleness and sloth. Not from the queens,—their mothers,—for they were never known to do anything useful. The fact is, in the consideration of this great question of heredity, justice has never been done by the naturalists to the powerful influence of maiden aunts."

THE LEGEND OF GLEN HEAD.

RELATED BY A CAUTIOUS OBSERVER.

THEY say—though I know not what value to place
On the strength of mere local report—
That this was her home,—though the tax list gives space,
I observe, to no fact of the sort.

But here she would sit; on that wheel spin her flax,—
I here may remark that her hair
Was compared to that staple,—yet as to the *facts*
There is no witness willing to swear.

Yet here she would sit, by that window reserved
For her vines—like a "bower of bloom,"
You'll remark I am quoting—the *fact* I've observed
Is that plants attract flies to the room.

The house and the window, the wheel and the flax
Are still in their *status* preserved,—
And yet, what conclusion to draw from these facts,
I regret I have never observed.

Her parents were lowly, her lover was poor;
In brief it appears their sole plea
For turning Fitz-William away from her door
Was that he was still poorer than she.

Yet why worldly wisdom was so cruel *then*
And perfectly proper *to-day*
I am quite at a loss to conceive,—but my pen
Is digressing. They drove him away.

Yon bracket supported the light she would trim
Each night to attract by its gleam,
Moth-like, her Fitz-William, who fondly would swim
To her side—seven miles and up-stream.

I know not how great was the length of his limb
Or how strong was her love-taper's glow;
But it seems an uncommon long distance to swim
And the light of a candle to show.

When her parents would send her quite early to bed
She would place on yon bench with great care
A sandwich, instead of the crumbs that she fed,
To her other wild pets that came there.

One night—though the date is not given, in view
Of the fact that no inquest was found—
A corpse was discovered—Fitz-William's?—a few
Have alleged—drifting out on the Sound.

At the news she fell speechless, and, day after day,
She sank without protest or moan;
Till at last, like a foam-flake, she melted away—
So 'tis said, for her grave is unknown.

Twenty years from that day to the village again,
Came a mariner portly and gray,
Who was married at Hempstead—the record is plain
Of the justice—on that fatal day.

He hired the house, and regretted the fate
Of the parties whose legend I've told.
He made some repairs,—for 'tis proper to state
That the house was exceedingly old.

His name was McCorkle—now, while there is naught
To suggest of Fitz-William in that,
You'll remember, if living, our Fitz-William ought
To have grown somewhat grayer and fat.

But this is conjecture. The fact still remains
Of the vines and the flax as before.
And knowing your weakness I've taken some pains
To present them, my love, nothing more.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

DESPITE the prominence which Louis Adolphe Thiers has maintained before the world for full half a century,—a prominence which has not seldom reached the point of making him the central figure on the stage of European politics,—I much doubt whether the marvelous power and versatility of his character were thoroughly understood, even by his own countrymen, until within the past decade. He was one of those men who are so eminent in several spheres of labor that it is difficult to say in which they are pre-eminent, and deserve the highest meed of fame. At this moment, we are not sure whether he will be best remembered as an historian, as an administrator; as a politician, as a practical statesman, or as a parliamentary orator and debater. This age, indeed, has been peculiar, especially in England and in France, for that versatility in public men, of which Thiers was perhaps the most conspicuous example of all. Lord Brougham was at once a great lawyer, a powerful parliamentary speaker, an able jurist, an entertaining biographer, and, if not exactly a man of science, at least a man of wide and varied scientific learning. Mr. Gladstone is scarcely more eminent as a statesman and orator than as a Homeric and ecclesiastical scholar. Everybody knows that Mr. Disraeli's introduction to fame was by means of a series of brilliant fashionable novels. Earl Russell relieved the searching duties of statesmanship by writing an excellent biography of his friend Tom Moore. The late Lord Derby probably prided himself more on being Mr. Gladstone's rival as a Homeric translator than on competing with him for the championship of the forum. The Duke of Argyll, who plumes himself on his capacity as a legislator and as an executive officer, is perhaps quite as well pleased when the critics praise his "Reign of Law" as when they praise his last fiery assault upon Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Peers. In France, this versatility of statesmen has been quite as conspicuous as in England. So strongly did the third Napoleon feel that it was almost an essential ornament to a French statesman to be a man of letters, that he spent years on a "Life of Caesar." Guizot pursued literature with all the ardor of the young collegian who enters the literary field decorated and inspired by the prizes of his *alma mater*,

until he was blinded, bent and paralyzed by extreme old age. Fond as he was of political power, his fondness for his pen amounted to a passion. It only suffices to name Lamartine, and Rémusat, and Dufaure, and Jules Simon, and Louis Blanc, and Édouard Laboulaye, to see how general and elegant has been the literary culture of recent Frenchmen who have been also powers in politics.

Thiers is interesting by reason of a versatility more marked than that of any other public man who has been mentioned. He wrote the best history of a French period that has been published. He was so able a journalist that it may almost be said that he, more than any other man, brought the great modern force of journalism to bear upon the capricious government of the last Bourbon with such weight that that government crumbled beneath it in a day. He was so wily and tactical a politician that to him, more than to any other, Louis Philippe owed his throne. Statesmanship came so naturally to him—to him, the son of a Marseilles locksmith, the bad boy of his school, the once needy adventurer who went up to Paris with a native-born literary passion to try his fortune on the slimmest of prospects—that, after occupying in turn the offices of minister of finance, of the interior, of commerce, and of justice, and, above all, of premier of France, and having been conspicuously and brilliantly successful in each, it would have puzzled his shrewdest contemporaries to decide in which he had achieved most for his country. He was, moreover, so able a parliamentary orator that for many years his mounting the tribune was an eventful incident; while, with a figure the reverse of imposing, and a voice that at first provoked rather an amused smile than admiration, he never failed to win the homage of that absolute silence which is the highest compliment a large assemblage can pay an orator.

The record of Thiers's public life, of his political and literary triumphs, is before the world, and has been recapitulated over and over again in every civilized land during the past few weeks. It is not my purpose to follow him again from his father's musty shop in the hot little by-street of Marseilles, where he was born, through his checkered career, until he finally attained the vacated power of the last Napoleon; but rather to

enable the reader to catch such glimpses of his personal traits and qualities as I may, from having not seldom seen, and heard, and studied him.

It was in the early summer of 1867 that I first saw M. Thiers. He was then one of that small, but plucky, band of Orleanists and Republicans who, in the legislative body, offered a valiant, though ineffectual, opposition to the policy of the Second Empire. It had been announced that a great debate was to take place on the Mexican question. That was just the time when Napoleon's scheme for imperializing Mexico was being demonstrated a monstrous failure; indeed, two months did not elapse before the execution of Maximilian proclaimed its doom. Wending my way across the Seine, I soon found myself in front of the Palais Bourbon, that imposing pile built a century and a half ago for a duchess of Bourbon, owned until his death by the hapless last prince of Condé, and now the property of the nation. I had already received a card of admission to the gallery of the Corps Législatif from the "Secrétaire Général," and hastened through the "Hall of Four Columns" and the "Hall of Peace" to the side door which admitted me to the place reserved for strangers. The corridors were now filled with eager crowds; deputies were being button-holed by anxious friends, who besought of them admission tickets; officials and clerks were bustling hither and thither, and I was only just in time to secure a front seat in the gallery. The hall in which the legislators of France met to deliberate was semicircular in form, with Ionic columns, surmounted by gilt bronze capitals, supporting the galleries. The president's chair was placed at the axis of the semicircle, and the benches rose in front of him, one behind the other, after the manner of an amphitheater. The hall was graced with many fine pieces of symbolic statuary, while over the president's head was a bass-relief, representing France distributing rewards to the arts and manufactures. The draperies of the hall were in crimson velvet and gold. Below the president's desk was the famous "tribune"—a small platform, ascended by steps at either side, and with a slight railing in front: the stage upon which the great political actors of France had displayed their oratorical art for many years. Still below this was the desk occupied by the secretaries. The general air of the hall was light, cheerful, almost brilliant.

When I took my place in the gallery the hall was nearly full of deputies, gathered in

knots, and creating a buzz of conversation. In a few moments the tall, spare form of Eugène Schneider, the president, with snow-white hair and white cravat, ascended to the chair, and the bell on the desk was sounded, announcing the opening of the session. It was interesting then to look around, and identify, one after another, the famous orators and statesmen of the time, whose names were every day familiar on the boulevard and in the drawing-room, and photographs of whom peered out at you from every other window on the Rue de Rivoli.

Most of them were easily recognizable: the firm, serious, sallow Rouher; the bulldog head of old Granier de Cassagnac, the mild and smiling Duruy, and the sedately military features of Marshal Niel, the conqueror of Solferino; and, on the other side, the bushy gray head and beard and long brow of Jules Favre, the intellectual face of Eugène Pelletan, the spare and large-eyed old revolutionist, Garnier-Pagès, and the burly form, bald head, and calmly dignified bearing of Jules Simon. At first, I saw no figure that resembled my idea of Adolphe Thiers, the man I was most anxious to see; but presently a friendly Parisian, seated beside me, at my request pointed him out to me. The little man was almost completely hidden among the crowd of deputies; he did not sit with the other leaders of the opposition, at the extreme left of the president, but a little to the left of the center of the hall; and at this moment he was busy looking over some notes, doubtless the heads of the speech he was about to deliver from the tribune. Few men so famous are so disappointing at the first glance as was M. Thiers. One expects the great to betray something at least of greatness in their outward appearance; it may be added that one is more often deceived than confirmed in this expectation. Instead of a face and figure molded to command respect and veneration, I saw a little, short, rather square and squat personage, restless, ungraceful, and rather German in clumsiness than French in elegance, with snow-white hair, very thick and very stubby, cropped close to his head, giving him a belligerent aspect, which his sharp, brilliant, almost fierce, black eyes, glaring from a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, notably enhanced. Thiers must, indeed, have greatly changed in the flight of years, if the pictures of him in his younger days were faithful to truth. They represent him as handsome, with rich curly locks, poetic eyes, and a finely chiseled contour

of feature. Yet there was something in the strong face of three score and ten wanting in the more comely one of five and thirty. Sturdiness and force were impressed upon every lineament. No man ever bore age more lightly, despite his long career of tempest, vicissitude, intense labor, and occasional triumph. As he sat among his colleagues in the hall of the legislative body, his features lit up ever and anon with a bright smile, and then his restlessness and fierceness utterly vanished, and he looked like an easy-going old German host, dispensing welcome in some hoary *schloss* on the Rhine. His rather large, square face, marked with almost no wrinkles at all, was then almost rosy in hue; though a few years after, when he had become president of the Third Republic, this rosiness had vanished, and he had become pale and sallow. Every motion was quick, energetic, and hinting of an astonishing degree of physical, as well as mental, vitality. His countenance, as has been hinted, betrayed very rapid changes of expression. When it was settled in composure, which was rarely, it was rather keen, subtle, and pugnacious than anything more amiable. Amiability, indeed, was far from being a conspicuous characteristic of his speeches and methods as a public man. He had an enthusiastic relish for opposition; he loved the combat of the forum, and, like Lord Brougham, was more at home when opposing than when defending a measure or policy. To "thunder from the benches of the opposition" always seemed his special delight. He seemed to enter the tournament of the tribune often for the mere sake of the wordy hurly-burly; nor did a series of conflicts like this, exhausting to men of finer sensibilities and slighter constitutions, extending in his life over a period of fifty years, take a noticeable amount of his pugnacity out of him.

The Mexican debate began, and it was not long before it came the turn of M. Thiers to send his shot of raillery, criticism and bold denunciation into the imperialist camp. A buzz of excitement and curiosity swept through the chamber, and a murmur from the deputies, "*Le voilà; c'est lui qui monte la tribune,*" could be heard in the gallery, as the snow-white head was seen to rise among the group on the left center, and move slowly toward, then up the steps of, the tribune. Every one bent forward with attention, betokening a deep interest: the foremost of living Frenchmen was before us. His short figure seemed yet shorter in the

black frock-coat which he wore, buttoned close up under his chin; the short, stubby white hair above the forehead seemed actually to bristle as he slowly glanced about the chamber, his eye resting a moment, with an expression of not ill-natured, yet very decided, defiance on Rouher, the minister of state. Then his fingers wandered through his bristling tuft, and made it feather up more like a plume than ever. With one hand he took out his handkerchief and placed it conveniently on the railing; with the other he disposed the two glasses on the little table which were always to be seen there when Thiers spoke. These contained, one red wine, and the other water; and, as he spoke, he now and then took a sip of the water, following this up immediately with a sip of wine. These arrangements made, the little man placed both hands on the railing before him, and waited for absolute silence. A deputy, belated, was hastening to his seat; Thiers, adjusting his gold spectacles, glared at him long and sternly. He seemed to put off his exordium till the last moment, taking advantage of any slight interruption to prolong the pause. Then, after a slight cough, a thin, shrill voice, of a ludicrously high treble, yet very clear and very penetrating, fell upon the ear. This voice has been compared to a piccolo in a full orchestra; it seemed so thin that one fancied that "nothing could live 'twixt it and silence." Yet not only was it clear, but M. Thiers articulated so roundly and distinctly that every word he uttered could be heard in the remotest corner of the hall. He began quietly, without gestures; nor did he seem to make use of the rhetorical device of setting forth with a striking sentence or sentiment, to which some orators resort, so as at once to rivet the attention of hearers. He was too sure of himself and of his audience, and of his subject, for that. As he proceeded, the salient traits of his oratory betrayed themselves. These were clearness of thought and style, boldness, but not passion, in attack, method, vigor, and close, compact reasoning power. His speech was less a set oration than a colloquial talk. He put himself and his hearer at ease with each other at once. He seemed to be rather talking with you than speaking at you. With none of the graceful and poetic imagery that marked Lamartine's style, none of the calculated, yet overpowering, fury of Gambetta, none of Berryer's dialectic power, or Montalembert's studied and scholarly diction, Thiers had perhaps as much influ-

ence with a cultivated and partisan assemblage as either. From one end of his speech to the other, there was no hesitation for a thought or a word; never a fault of memory, never a disorder of ideas. He arraigned the empire for its Mexican folly in language the most forcible and analytical; yet he was never once so far betrayed by his hostility into an unparliamentary epithet or expression, as to give the imperialist president a fair occasion to call him to order.

M. Thiers, it is well known, always took great pains with his speeches, which were studied even to the last refinement of phrase and verbal coloring. They were long prepared; and after they were delivered, he used often to spend entire nights in the office of the "Moniteur" correcting and amending them for official publication. Yet in extempore debate he had no superior, perhaps no equal, until Gambetta arose. A sudden discussion always found him ready with his facts and his figures, his ever available power of irony, and his inveterate pugnacity. Nor did extempore debate ever betray him into flying over, or descending below, his subject. Sometimes he was impetuously indignant, and exceedingly bitter in his retorts; but he rarely made use of his temper to lend the impressiveness of wrath to his eloquence. He was most dexterous in speech; there were tact and finesse in the wit that once in a while sparkled forth, and he was almost finically precise in the accuracy of his figures and statement of facts; but was not master of the art, in which Gladstone is *facile princeps* among recent statesmen, of making figures eloquent.

The most astonishing thing about Thiers in his later years was his absolutely exhaustless energy and capacity of labor. He was a man of action to the last; yet his activity in the outer world, both as a political and as a social personage, did not preclude absorbing mental labors in the solitude of his study. His day, when president of the republic, was equal to a week of another man's time, in accomplishment. The few hours that he slept were, indeed, the only hours of his actual leisure, and this was even more true when he was seventy-five than when he was thirty-five. He threw himself into whatever work was before him with an intense *élan* that was almost furious. He was up with the dawn, and the deputies, politicians, editors, or officials who wished to hold converse with him were asked to his hotel at hours in the morning when the polite world all around was wrapt in its

deepest slumber. Beginning the day thus, he had no sooner swallowed his coffee than he plunged into state papers, read reports, dictated responses, and held council with his ministers. Lunch-time found him chatting vivaciously with a coterie of political adherents and personal friends, from whom he would hurry away in the early afternoon to attend the session of the Assembly. In the Assembly he was fairly incorrigible. As president, indeed, it rather behooved him to keep aloof from the legislative body than to mingle in its almost perpetual fray. His colleagues at first urged, then protested, that he should leave at least the brunt of the political conflict to them, and in this wish they were undoubtedly joined by his adversaries, who were never over-eager to join issue with him in debate. Thiers gayly laughed the advice away, told his friends that he did not know what it was to be weary, and that he flattered himself that his tongue was not the least potent of his and their weapons. He repaired every day to the Assembly ready to explode at a moment's notice, and often and again *did* explode, invariably to the discomfiture of his foes. At last friends and foes combined to gag him forcibly. It was resolved that the president should not speak without giving the Assembly formal notice beforehand; and moreover, that after he had spoken the Assembly should thereupon at once adjourn. This rendered it impossible for him to mingle freely in the debates; but the fiery, energetic little man soon made it apparent that he was not to be gagged; the resolution became a dead letter, and ere long he was leaping to the tribune as often, and haranguing over its railings as lustily, as ever.

It would seem that, the session of the Assembly ended, his day of political, and especially of social, duties was but begun. He hastened from the Versailles theater to his house, where he found already awaiting him a room full of guests whom he had bidden to dinner. Of the group at the table he was the jolliest, most talkative, most entertaining, and most juvenile. After a two hours' speech, and at seventy-five, Adolphe Thiers could easily be the life of the domestic feast. Indeed, he had a fund of conversation as perennial as Macaulay's, and scarcely less interesting. Nor was it confined by any means to the politics of the day, in which he was so deeply immersed, and of which he was by far the most potent spirit. His talk wandered from the latest

debate to the newest opera of Gounod, the *première* representation of the preceding night, the freshest social scandal, the most recent lucubration of Renan or Feuillet. He descended upon the ephemeral topics which, for the nonce, floated bubble-like on the social surface; and while not precisely witty, his sallies were often so humorous and so humorously shot off, that they replaced the epigrams of celebrated wits. After the dinner came the reception in the drawing-room, more numerously attended; here too he was the center and the light. Or, perhaps, there would be a great state soirée at the Palace of the Élysée, when those halls and corridors (the scene where was hatched that plot of the *coup d'état*, one result of which was Thiers' incarceration in the Conciergerie) were thronged with thousands of the noblest and gayest of Parisian society; in which Thiers, with his squat figure and sparkling eyes, was ever surrounded by groups of princely and political celebrities, generals, ambassadors, and *grandes dames*, with whom he chatted with all the vivacity of an impetuous youth. An English writer, speaking of Thiers as he appeared at these Élysée receptions, says: "Strange as the fact may seem, he bore at such times a queer likeness to the great Napoleon. His small figure, his pale face, and his keen eyes, as he stood in the midst of tall princes and soldiers, and as he looked up at a boyish angle, every time that he spoke to his bending companions, formed a caricature of the emperor standing among his marshals."

Keenly as Thiers enjoyed the din of political war, he loved also at times to escape from it; to shut himself in that noble library, with its bronzes, its paintings, and its rare old tomes, in the Place Sainte-Georges, which was demolished by the Commune; to escape to the sea-side, and there still work, but work on profounder and more peaceful themes than the budget or the amnesty. At Trouville he might be seen in the morning wandering or driving along the beaches, almost always with some companions of both sexes, and always talking in his sparkling, rippling way. Later in the day he would be found, perhaps, studying experiments on marine gunnery; anon he would be shut up in his sea-side study, deeply immersed in an essay on the immortality of the soul. It was not with him as with most statesmen, who, having tasted power, are suddenly deprived of the intoxicating cup. He did not pine in fruitless

solitude, or become a cynic, or study revenge upon his enemies. He had an inexhaustible resource in letters,—an ever-attendant comforter in a mind not only active in many directions, but easily diverted from one occupation to another. Fallen from political power, Thiers went blithely to his meditations and his books. He once wrote to Emile de Girardin, when he was at the height of his power and his fame, that he was for the while sick of the quarrels and intrigues of Versailles. He said that it was time for him to seek congenial repose in his books and his pen. This was soon proved to be but a momentary whim; but it betrayed what was probably, after all, his most absorbing passion.

And, indeed, to see Thiers in his noble mansion in the Place Sainte-Georges, before it was devastated by the Commune, was to see him at his best. The house reflected in every part, in every disposition and every ornament, the many-sided taste of the owner. Purchased and adorned with the sums received for his histories of the Revolution and of the Consulate and Empire, its whole sphere was one of literary culture and artistic elegance. Its garden, lying in one of the most thickly settled quarters of Paris, was a model of elaborate horticultural art. Within the beautifully frescoed corridors and salons were to be seen a wealth of rare bronzes, many water-color copies of the masters, and geographical charts, maps and globes, which betrayed his partiality for historical study. In his library were multifarious evidences of his more private pursuits. Piles of newspapers, cases full of pamphlets, masses of manuscripts, mostly in his bold, large handwriting,—a handwriting amusingly in contrast with his diminutive person.—heaps of letters, some carefully docketed, others carelessly thrown aside; every mechanical appliance to make contemplation physically pleasant, and every object of art so disposed as to greet cheerfully the eye of the mediator; above all, his book-cases, crowded with the works which told of the wide range of his literary taste and the catholicity of his studies;—these were the features which greeted you as you entered that charming room. Looking along the rows of volumes, you saw such books as Rabelais and Montaigne, Juvenal, Voltaire, d'Alembert; a Winckelmann hinted his fondness for art. There were the Greek and the Latin historians, but not the poets; while a very large portion of the library was absorbed by military and political works—by Vauban

and Colbert, Montesquieu, Courier, and Adam Smith.

Another place where it was well worth while to see M. Thiers was at the Academy of France. There his little figure was so familiar that it must sorely be missed by his learned colleagues. It is doubtful whether he was not more proud of his title of "Academician" than of his title of "President." For more than forty years a member of the "Forty Immortals," he divided with his old political rival, Guizot, the controlling authority of that august body, and might often be seen for hours, at his desk in the Palais Mazarin, looking up some recondite subject, or holding a spirited discussion with some brother academician on the book of Revelation or the credibility of Gibbon. It is pleasant to say that, when both were

old men, Guizot and Thiers had a warm reconciliation; and, wandering together arm in arm, under the wide-spreading oaks of Val-Richer, Guizot's Norman seat, agreed to let by-gones be by-gones, and spend the waning of their days as friends. Indeed, as M. Thiers approached his eightieth year, something of softness and gentleness came over his restless and pugnacious spirit, and his judgments of men became kindlier. Many old enemies were reconciled to him; and not the least remarkable of these reconciliations was that with Gambetta, whom Thiers roughly called, in 1870, a "furious fool," but whom he learned to honor as a man, and to respect as a politician and orator, and with whom he cordially worked as an ally in building up and defending the republic.

THE ERIE CANAL,

AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

UNTIL within the past few years no doubt has been seriously entertained that New York would forever retain its relative supremacy as the commercial and financial center of the continent, and to one bred and born in that city, it appears worse than heresy to give credence to any real fears in that regard. At times unpleasant statistics meet the eye. The exports to a large extent, and the imports in a lesser degree, seem to be seeking other ports, but the resolute confidence and faith of a loyal New Yorker do not abate one jot. "The conditions are temporary and exceptional," he says; "they will soon disappear, and New York will recover any ground lost from these vague undefined causes."

It is proposed in this paper to show the intimate relations that have always existed between the city and the Erie Canal; noticing how these have gradually changed, and how new conditions have arisen of late entirely dissimilar to those in force for the past forty years.

The settlement of the city dates from the year 1609. Its growth for many years was very moderate, and in its early days there were no indications of its brilliant future. During the seventeenth century the sea-coast became lined with other small ports: Portland, Salem, Boston, New London, Newport, Perth Amboy, Philadelphia, Annapolis, Baltimore, and Norfolk,—each with

a good draught of water in the harbor. By them were controlled the exports and imports of their respective localities, the fertility and productiveness of which were the measures of the growth of these cities. In time, as the population grew more dense and the internal avenues of trade improved, the tendency to centralize appeared; smaller towns stagnated while the larger increased. At the date of the Revolution, by "the survival of the fittest," Boston, New York, and Philadelphia had absorbed the greater part of the foreign trade north of Mason and Dixon's line.* The general conditions of the growth of New York in the early days were not encouraging. It was not especially fortunate in the character of its tributary region; it had no available water-power, and by its insular position was isolated to a certain extent from the surrounding country, which was only fair as to quality of soil. It soon became apparent that Philadelphia was to be a most formidable rival. This city was not settled until 1682, seventy-three years later than New York, but the circumstances that surrounded it were more favorable. Its founder, William Penn, a most sagacious

* In the comparisons proposed to be made, Brooklyn will be treated as part and parcel of New York: the dividing river separating the city in name but not in fact, the two forming one city in the same manner that the Middlesex and Surrey sides of the Thames form London.

man, possessed great wealth, influence, and administrative powers; by his wise measures and skillful policy he consolidated and built up the settlement; the colonists, principally Quakers, were industrious, thrifty, and law-abiding; a catholic spirit of toleration invited and encouraged immigration; the lands in the vicinity were fertile; the climate was mild and the water-power abundant; and the Delaware River was navigable to that point for the largest class of vessels then known. The result of these conditions was very marked: the growth of the city was rapid, and in 1735 its population became equal to that of New York, of which it then took precedence. In 1790 Philadelphia was the larger by 30 per cent., and at the beginning of this century, was unquestionably the leading financial and commercial city.

About this period, the emigration from New England began to take a noticeable shape; the stream at first was but small, but year by year it gathered volume. Crossing the Hudson and following up the valley of the Mohawk it spread out on either side (the valley proper having been previously occupied by the original settlers from Holland), and still pushing westward, it reached the fertile lands of the Genesee country. The wilderness soon was changed into prosperous settlements,—Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo and other towns started into life, stimulated by a productive soil, which was peculiarly adapted to the raising of cereals. From its position, this section became mainly tributary to New York. The immigration to Western Pennsylvania was slower; it lacked a great reserve like the eastern states to draw from, and the lands were not so fertile. As a consequence the two cities gradually again approached in importance, and in 1820 Philadelphia lost the preponderance in the export trade, though its population was 137,000 while that of New York was but 123,000. The Western New York lands were, however, comparatively isolated from a market; at a distance from navigable streams, and with roads of the most primitive kind, exchanges were conducted under great disadvantages; the cost of transporting coarse agricultural products absorbed most of their value if hauled any great distance; and, as the producer could export but a small part of his crop so he could import but little. Living thus within himself, he enjoyed a home market in its most rigid sense. The need of an outlet became imperative; nor was the character of the highway or its location

ever doubtful, the topography of the country absolutely determining it.

The Appalachian range, extending from Georgia to the St. Lawrence, presents a nearly continuous wall separating the sea-board from the valley of the Ohio and the lakes. The most complete gap is that made by the Hudson through the Highlands. From Troy, the head of tide-water, the valley of the Mohawk extends westerly, and still farther a broad fertile plateau spreads out to lake Erie. The elevation of this plateau is less than six hundred feet above tide-water, descending nearly uniformly in the direction of east-bound trade like an inclined plane. The remarkable advantages of this formation were appreciated at an early day, and the project of a canal to connect the waters of Lake Erie and the Hudson was soon seen to be feasible.

The project was not due to an inspiration of genius as is commonly supposed; Nature had too unmistakably marked out the path; man could not err, he had simply to avail himself of the advantages extended.

It will be remembered that "the West" of those days was Western New York, then known as "the lake country," and it was the main object of the proposed canal to supply its needs, and not those of sections still more remote which the frontiersman had barely reached. Undoubtedly to some speculative minds the possibilities of the existing "West" may have presented themselves as worthy of consideration, but it was the urgent need of an immediate outlet for Western New York that compelled the construction of the Erie Canal.

Under the vigorous lead of DeWitt Clinton the project took shape and was pushed forward to completion. The canal was opened for navigation throughout its length in 1825, the capacity of the boats being less than one hundred tons. The canal was a pronounced success at once, the tolls received during the first year being over a half million of dollars. The business gained rapidly, and in the next decade the tolls increased to one million and a half per annum. The relative advantages of the two leading cities until this time were about counterbalanced. In 1825 their respective populations became again equal, but from this year must be reckoned the wonderful advance of New York. In 1860 its population combined with Brooklyn was 1,076,000, while that of Philadelphia was 565,000. In 1870, New York had 1,400,000; Philadelphia only 674,000. In 1875, New York had

1,548,000. No such brilliant progress has probably ever before been witnessed in the growth of a metropolis, for it must be remembered that the increase was not alone one of mere numbers but more of wealth, traffic and concentration of industries. New York had absorbed the control and direction of the leading enterprises and become indisputably the financial and commercial center of the country. The notable fact that Philadelphia took the precedence and retained it for over eighty years and until the opening of the Canal, demonstrates that the present leading position now held by New York is owing neither to its harbor nor to its central position, but mainly to the topography that made the Erie Canal possible.

The past identity of the interests of the city and the Canal makes it interesting to analyze the sources from which the water highway secured its trade and the influences that were brought into action. Although the motive for the construction of the Canal was to supply a state need, it soon became apparent that its mission was much more extended and that the benefits were to be national. The great West soon felt the influence of this avenue to the eastern market. The growth of the states north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi was stimulated, the increase of population from 1820 to 1840 being over three hundred and sixty per cent. while that of the state of New York was only one hundred. The advantages of this water transport were available at first only to such sections as possessed easy access to the lakes, but local canals were soon projected and constructed in the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and, acting as local arteries, these brought the produce of the interior to Cleveland, Toledo, and Chicago; and thus uninterrupted water transport was obtained from the very heart of the valley of the Ohio to the shores of Europe itself. As a necessity this increasing volume of trade sought New York through the Canal, and the wealth and importance of the city increased proportionately.

It was difficult, however, to extend the system of local canals beyond a certain limit, and consequently large districts remained undeveloped and unproductive. When most needed, however, a stranger appeared in the guise of an ally and friend of the Canal; a humble gleaner was the rôle that the western railroad first assumed. By means of local detached lines it gathered up the products of isolated localities and brought them to the navigable rivers and lakes, from which the

Canal was the outlet to the sea-board. The growth of railroads in the western states was slow: in 1850 only about a thousand miles of rail had been laid; from that period, however, the increase was rapid, the mileage of constructed roads in the western states above named being, in 1860, 11,000, and in 1870, over 23,000 miles.

The causes of this rapid development are patent. Like the Western New York of the preceding generation, these states were producers of agricultural products which were valueless without an outlet. This the railroad could furnish, but as the necessary capital must be drawn from local sources the most rigid economy of expenditure was required. The right of way was generally given. The construction was extremely slight in character, and every exertion was made to pare down the original cost to the lowest possible sum. The building of a road increased the production, and consequently the value of the lands in the vicinity. This was quickly noted by others and acted as a powerful stimulus, since no locality was willing to lag in the rear. Thus the necessities of the position, self-interest, and rivalry all combined to aid this rapid extension of territory made tributary to the Erie Canal.

And now let us glance at the business that has been done through the Canal.

The tonnage of agricultural products arriving at tide-water in 1840 was 294,000 tons, increasing with tolerable regularity until the culminating year of 1862, when the amount was 2,087,000 tons, an increase of over seven hundred per cent. in twenty-two years. The diversion of agricultural labor caused by the war diminished the tonnage; in 1871 it partially recovered, amounting to 1,500,000 tons; it has since declined year by year, amounting in 1876 to but 882,000 tons, a diminution of over fifty per cent. in fifteen years, and this in the face of an immense increase of production in the states beyond the Mississippi. It is interesting to note how small a proportion of this trade originates now in the state of New York. In 1836 the state furnished seventy per cent. of all the cereals transported, but in 1876 less than twenty per cent. This fact is important as showing to what a diminished extent the state at large is interested in the Canal, and consequently how small is the motive for its enlargement. This loss of trade by the Canal is of grave significance and worthy of the most careful study. Are the causes of this diversion transitory and evanescent, or will they

continue to exercise a disturbing influence ? So long as the Erie Canal was the main avenue for western products the position of the city of New York seemed impregnable ; but the opening of new channels, and the consequent changes in the currents of trade may render its pre-eminence much less certain.

The question arises, To what are we to attribute the decadence of the Canal ? Mainly, it is to the changed relations of the railroad, which, ceasing to be a dependent, began to assume the position of a rival, and in place of bringing freights to the Canal, transported them directly to the sea-board without its intervention,—a policy only made possible by great reductions in the cost of movement.

The substitution of the railway for the Canal was not a sudden one, as the gradual decline of tonnage receipts indicates. The first lines were constructed in short detached links generally subsidiary to the navigable streams with which they connected. At first, only passengers and light merchandise were transported, but soon the coarser freights were added, but only for short distances ; thus the railroad superseded the stage-coach and the farm-wagon, but not the canal-boat. The slight and inferior construction of the earlier roads was a matter of necessity, the capital being mainly local, procured with difficulty and in small sums. The problem was generally to complete the road as soon as possible, and all other considerations were secondary. The rails were light, and often of the old strap pattern ; ties were laid on the natural soil ; bridges and other structures were of wood, and lightly built ; the equipment was of small power and capacity, and the appliances generally inferior and defective. As the traffic increased, it soon became apparent how unfavorable were such conditions to economical operation ; and gradually these defects were amended. The light rail was replaced by one of a heavier pattern ; the road-bed was thoroughly ballasted and drained ; permanent structures of stone and iron replaced those of wood ; powerful and effective engines of improved construction were introduced ; sidings were increased in number and extended when they were inadequate ; double tracks were constructed ; finally the iron rail gave place to the steel. All these improvements tended to greater economy of operation, and largely reduced the cost of transport. Perhaps the greatest improvement occurred in the administration itself. The small, sep-

arate, independent links were combined into continuous lines, and local boards, controlled by narrow views and jarring interests, were replaced by strong, united, centralized managements ; a thorough system of organization controlled all the minutiae of the business ; a direct responsibility was secured in all the departments, any loss caused by leakages or waste being at once detected and stopped ; and, withal, the fullest measure of efficiency was inexorably demanded. These economies lessening the cost of transport gradually changed the policy of the roads, and it was now seen that the coarser products could be carried at very reduced charges, and consequently for longer distances. With this new character of business, full cars and heavy trains began to replace the half filled cars and light trains ; the increased business in turn largely reduced the cost of operating, and still further stimulated this traffic.

To arrive at the amount of reduction in the cost of movement by rail, resort must be had to reports of leading trunk lines. In the earlier years of railroad operation, from various causes the statement of results was often defective and unreliable. The actual depreciation did not appear in the books or statements until renewals were required ; this was particularly the case in regard to rails and equipment. A road must be operated several years before the actual cost of repairs can be accurately stated. Again, when heavy expenditures were being made to provide for improvements and facilities, not only were these charged to account of "construction," but the opportunity was often taken to charge to "capital" many expenses which should have been placed against "current expenditure." This was intentional in some cases, and in others caused by an imperfect and inaccurate system of accounts, the line between these two classes of expenses being misty and ill-defined.

A continued operation of years and the substantial completion of the main lines have removed both the temptation and the opportunity to err widely ; one mill per ton per mile on the present immense tonnage would amount to so large a sum, that, if improperly charged to capital instead of to current, it would at once awaken suspicion and distrust. On the tonnage transported on the Pennsylvania road, that small rate would amount to over two millions of dollars per annum. It is evident that no serious error in this respect would remain unchallenged, and consequently the results as set forth in the later reports can be accepted as sub-

stantially correct. Taking these as a basis, the following results appear.

Before the war, the cost of movement on leading main lines was about a cent and a third per ton per mile. From 1860 to 1870 it was a cent and a half. In view of the advance of labor and materials, this was practically a reduction. Since that date the cost has gradually decreased. In 1875, on the trunk lines, the rate averaged about eight mills, and in 1876 only six,—the Pennsylvania road reporting under six, and the Philadelphia and Erie at five, the New York Central being stated at seven, and the Lake Shore at five and a half. The Baltimore and Ohio furnish no data on this subject. It will be remembered, moreover, that the above applies to the whole tonnage, both through and local, and that the former costs less to move than the latter, being exempt from large terminal expenses—cars not fully loaded, trains not filled up and other unfavorable conditions that effect the purely local trade. It is the opinion of the managers of the New York Central and Pennsylvania roads that the net cost of through freight will not exceed four mills. For the purposes of comparison with the expense by the Canal, it will be safer, however, to make no deduction on this account, but to take the rate of six mills as the cost of through tonnage. In the computation of the Canal expense, as given below, the interest on the boats is included. It is therefore proper, in making a statement of comparative cost of the two modes, to make an allowance for the interest on railroad equipment; a rate of half a mill will cover this, thus making the total railroad expense six and a half mills. But the rail is not confined to the necessity of transporting at average net cost. During the season of navigation, if a serious loss of business is threatened, the alternative is presented of discharging skillful, experienced men, permitting rolling stock to lie unused and deteriorating, disarranging the general current of trade, or of carrying at rates below apparent cost. It can readily be seen that less absolute loss may, and, in the policy of a company, does, often ensue by submitting to a temporary reduction rather than incur the great loss consequent upon a diversion of business.

But the rail possesses other and obvious advantages: The time occupied in transit is much less; a shipper can transact a much larger volume of business on the same capital; bills of lading are more negotiable, the risk is less, and insurance lower; no change of arrangements is necessary consequent on stoppage in winter; grain can be sent in

smaller lots; it is less apt to heat, and arrives in better order.

It is now necessary to investigate the cost of movement by the Canal; this can be ascertained by taking the net amount received for freight after deducting tolls. This must be taken in series of years so as to arrive at an average, since one single year might be influenced by disturbing and exceptional causes. The receipts for freights measure not only the ordinary expense of operation, maintenance and depreciation, but also such a fair profit and interest as will induce the investment necessary to secure a sufficient supply of boats. If freights rise above the average, and consequently an undue profit is made in any one year, the effect is to stimulate the construction of additional boats; an over supply generally ensues, the rates fall, and building ceases, the law of supply and demand fully controlling the matter. Assuming, therefore, the receipts as a basis, it will be found that the cost of transporting one ton per mile by the canal has averaged for the forty-seven years, extending from 1830 to 1876, a trifle over, eight mills. If the conditions were to be the same in the future, that rate could be assumed as the normal cost. But two disturbing elements must be considered,—one, the increased size of the boats, the other, the exceptionally high prices of the war period. From 1850 to 1860, prices were not extravagant for either labor or material, and did not vary greatly from those now prevailing. The rate for this decade averaged seven mills, but the size of the vessels was smaller; the gain from increased capacity has, however, been partly neutralized by the increase of time required for a trip. The actual reduction would be about 20 per cent., making the net result five and a half mills if boats of the size now in use had then been employed. From 1860 to 1870, the rate continued at seven mills, the gain by increase of size of boats being counterbalanced by advance of prices. From 1870 to 1876, inclusive, the rate was five and a half mills; this period comprises years of great activity and great depression, the highest rate being over seven and the lowest under four. From this experience, the rate under present conditions would be five and a half mills, and the results of these several periods coincide with the experience of other canals. If the prices of labor and material should continue to fall, the rate might possibly be placed at five and a quarter mills. This, however, is a minimum, and it is doubtful if it would attract the capital necessary for the construction of new

boats. This expense does not include that required for the maintenance and operation of the Canal itself; this is paid by the tolls which, it is presumed, in the future will be established at no higher rates than will keep the works in proper order; they cannot be permanently lower, for the constitution of the state expressly forbids any expenditure exceeding the receipts of the previous year.

For the past ten years these expenses of maintenance have averaged a mill and three-quarters per ton per mile; in 1876 they were a mill and a half. If the tonnage should be less, of course this rate would increase; but with the present volume of trade, this can be assumed as the proper amount, provided the works are kept in thorough repair and are efficiently operated; the total minimum expense will, therefore, be not less than five and a quarter mills for movement, and one and a half for maintenance of the Canal, a total of six and three-quarter mills, against six and a half by rail. In both cases it includes cost of movement, embracing maintenance of way, interest on equipment, but not on the works themselves.

But it may be urged that the Canal still continues to transport at low rates, and that during the present year it has regained some of the trade heretofore lost. The reason is obvious; a very large part of the Canal expense consists of the interest and depreciation of the boats; the present rates barely pay the actual working expenses,—there is no margin for interest or repairs, and owners are compelled to witness their capital gradually obliterated, as the boats pass out of existence. The building of new boats has about ceased: in 1862 more than eight hundred were constructed; in 1876 only seventy-five. Again, the exceedingly low tolls established this year, by the Canal Board will not afford a revenue sufficient to maintain the works in a proper condition. The tariff must be increased or the Canal permitted to get out of repair; the present rates are therefore exceptional, and do not disprove the past experience of actual cost.

To the shippers has inured the benefit of the cheapened cost by rail, for freight rates were reduced in the same proportion as lessened cost; thus in 1858 the average rates on the New York Central and Erie averaged two and a half cents, while in 1876 the rate was about a cent, and on the Pennsylvania Railroad only nine mills. Naturally, these reduced charges have completely revolutionized the internal commerce of the country, and the rail has entirely

usurped the position formerly held by the Canal. The change has not been abrupt but steady, and no backward step has been taken. The lighter merchandise was first absorbed, and in time the heavier general freights. At the close of the war the rail had secured the general merchandise passing in both directions, although it had not interfered materially with the coarser freights, such as agricultural products, lumber, stone, etc. At that date intelligent railroad opinion did not favor the idea that the railroad could ever compete to a great extent for this cheap bulky traffic; a part, it was thought, might be diverted to the rail during the winter, and in some exceptional cases during navigation, but it was generally conceded that the position of the Canal as enlarged was, as regards this traffic, impregnable, and that it must continue to be the channel by which agricultural products would be transported. By degrees, as unexpected economy of movement by rail was attained and the cost of the two modes became equalized, it became apparent that the Canal was to have a contest for its very existence. The total tonnage arriving by the Canal at tide-water in 1840, was 470,000 tons; in 1850, 1,370,000; in the culminating year of 1862, 2,917,000; in 1870, 2,290,000, and in 1876 only 1,740,000, showing an absolute decrease of general traffic of thirty per cent. since 1862. But, while this loss was occurring on the canals, the general internal commerce of the country was rapidly increasing, and railroads were showing the most astonishing gains. In 1853 the tonnage on the Canal was four-fold greater than that of the New York Central and Erie roads combined; in 1876 it was only about one-third. The traffic on the other trunk lines assumed immense proportions, the movement on the Pennsylvania road alone during last year being over ten millions of tons. Of the grain trade which but a few years ago was practically monopolized by the Canal, only fifteen per cent. of the amount arriving at tide-water in 1876 was transported on it, eighty-five per cent. being by rail.

But it may be asked,—Cannot some radical improvements be introduced to lessen the Canal costs, as has been done with the railroad? and instantly the magic word "steam" will present itself to many minds. That steam can be applied economically to canal-boats admits of no question, always provided that the vessel is of a certain size; and just here is the difficulty—the Erie

Canal boat is too small. No practical man would dream of applying steam to a canal-boat of fifty tons, nor would he hesitate to apply it to one of a thousand tons. Experience alone must be the guide in determining the smallest-sized vessel in which it can be used to advantage, and there has been a large experience in this matter. Steamers have been plying on the Delaware and Raritan and the Delaware and Chesapeake canals for over thirty years, and the result has proved that steam is not economical when applied to boats of two hundred tons, and this is confirmed by recent experiments on the Erie Canal itself.

For steam implies skilled, and consequently, expensive, labor, with additional capital, greater wear and tear and less capacity for cargo, and these the gain in time does not offset. No power for a small vessel has been found so cheap as a pair of horses and a driver. A steamer towing one or more barges has decided advantages, but the serious loss of time occurring at the locks, where each boat has to be passed separately (thus delaying the others), will prevent this plan from being adopted to any extent. The same objection holds to the Belgian system,—which involves the laying on the bottom of the Canal of a wire cable, to which a steamer with a tow of boats is attached,—though an economical use of power is undoubtedly attained thereby. But even if the application of steam to the existing class of boats met with partial success, yet the reduction of expense would be too slight to meet the difficulty. To enable the Canal to compete with the rail some more radical change is necessary.

There is a remedy for this Canal decadence—a heroic one, *viz.*, to abandon entirely the present work and construct an enlarged canal fitted for boats of a capacity of not less than eight hundred tons. For this three routes have been suggested, each having its terminus at Albany: one starting from Buffalo on or near the present route; another from Oswego *via* Oneida Lake, and the third from the St. Lawrence *via* Lake Champlain and the existing Champlain Canal,—an improvement of the Hudson River below Albany being included in the plan. The estimated cost of any one of these schemes is from twenty to fifty millions, and in all probability the actual expense would exceed the latter sum. What parties are so interested as to expend this large amount? Certainly not the state of New York. The Canal was built mainly

as a channel for the products of the state, but as the area of the cereal production moved westward, the state's interest lessened year by year; in 1876, of the total tonnage arriving at tide-water, as has been above stated, only one-fifth was furnished by the state. While such a project would be of undoubted advantage to the city, it is clear that the state would never consent to incur a vast debt in order to provide a cheaper mode of transport from the west. It is true that the general government might be induced to consider one of these rival schemes, but as foreshadowed in the report of Senator Windom to the United States Senate, "legislative necessity" would compel the consideration at the same time of the construction of impracticable canals connecting the Kanawha and the Tennessee rivers with the sea-board—in fact such a proposition would be the signal for opening the door to schemes so wild as to revolt the common sense of the nation. It is therefore to be presumed that the Erie Canal will remain at its present size for many years to come.

The disuse of the Canal will be hastened by the entire separation of interests that exist between the boat-owners and the Canal itself considered as property. If boats are not profitable, no regard for the future prosperity of the Canal will induce further ventures. A reasonable prospect must be had that the earnings will be sufficient to provide for the interest, and to replace the boats when worn out: there is no other motive to build. The position of railroad equipment is different; the ownership of that and of the road being identical, the former is maintained and renewed in the interest of the fixed property and irrespective of the earnings derived from the equipment.

The depreciation of boat property in the last few years has been enormous; the earnings barely paying the immediate expenses, proper repairs have not been made, nor have new boats supplied the place of those that have passed out of existence. In 1862 the number of boats was about six thousand, and as the life of a boat is estimated at twelve years, an annual supply of five hundred would be required to maintain the working capacity of that year. The yearly average of boats built for each five years, between 1861 and 1876, has been successively 540, 330 and 240; for the past two years the average has been 88, and at present, building may be said to have ceased. Since 1862 it is supposed that about forty per cent. of the boats has disappeared, and the existing

equipment is old and much impaired in value. With this disastrous experience, it is idle to expect the investment of new capital, except under the improbable, and in fact impossible, contingency that rates will so advance as to enable boat property to earn a fair revenue sufficient to meet the expenses of interest, repairs and depreciation. Furthermore, a reasonable assurance must be had that these conditions will be continued for a series of years co-equal with the life of the boat. The disuse of the Canal is therefore simply a question of the decay of the existing equipment. There may be exceptional cases of building for special purposes, but the construction is practically at an end.

In five years from this date, it is probable that only twenty-five per cent. of the tonnage of 1862 will continue to exist; the rate of tolls that can be exacted from the small tonnage then transported will not suffice to maintain the Canal in proper order, and it will then be possible for the New Zealander of Macaulay to sketch the ruins of aqueducts from the summits of disused locks. In the face of fruitless efforts to avert the result, and after long discussion of its future management, the Canal will be forever abandoned.

To sum up: The Erie Canal, taking into consideration its capacity, length, amount of traffic and the interests involved, was perhaps the most important artificial water-avenue that had ever been constructed; it wonderfully hastened the local developments of the districts through which it passed; it provided a market for the surplus of the West, and lessened the cost of food of every person living east of the Hudson. All its functions were beneficent; its gracious task was

"To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,"

and it was well worthy of the fostering care that it had received. In view of these facts it may seem unkindly and ungrateful to predict that its days of power and vigor have passed away forever, and yet the conclusion is irresistible. That the rail can carry as cheaply as the Canal; that its advantages in other respects are overwhelming; that the trade of the country is attracted to it more and more; that the business of the Canal lessens year by year, and that its equipment is gradually melting away and will soon cease to exist,—all these are facts that can be neither explained away nor ignored.

Accepting the fact that the Canal must

disappear, what will be the effect on the future of New York? The Canal has been of vital importance to the city, securing for it the command of the export trade, and this reacting to increase the imports. This commerce built up powerful steamer lines and attracted foreign capital; the trade of the country became more and more centralized, and the city became the undisputed commercial and financial and social center of the continent.

Two questions now present themselves: Will the export trade of the city be materially affected by the diversion of commerce from the Canal? and if so, Will the general prosperity of New York be seriously impaired thereby? It would not be within the scope of this article to enter into an exhaustive analysis of all the elements that may modify the export trade of the future; too many conditions are as yet undetermined; too many factors unknown to permit the problem to be now solved. The rapidity of the movement westward of the center of cereal production; the deepening of the St. Clair Flats and the consequent increased capacity of lake vessels; the completion of the Welland Canal; the increased economy of movement on the Mississippi; the success that may be attained in deepening its mouth; the determination of the capabilities of the several trunk lines; the increased facilities afforded by them, particularly as regards elevators and warehouses at the termini,—all these involve disturbing elements which may effect radical changes in the future.

In case some export trade should be lost, whether the general trade of the city would be affected and to what extent, is a question still more complex; the influences that would control are so subtle and elusive, so impossible to fix and define, that the inquiry would fail to attain absolutely reliable results. The experience of the past six years, though limited, is not unsatisfactory. In 1860, of the total tonnage exported from the six principal sea-ports, forty-six per cent. was from New York; in 1870, fifty-three per cent.; in 1873, sixty per cent.; and in 1876, fifty-seven per cent. The gain in 1870 was undoubtedly caused to a great extent by the diversion of cotton shipments from the Southern ports, while the slight loss shown in 1876 was due to the increase of the corn shipments at Philadelphia and Baltimore,—the latter city exporting in 1876 twenty per cent. more corn than New York. The import trade of the city does not as yet ap-

pear to be affected, its percentage of the whole import trade in 1860 being sixty per cent., in 1870 seventy-one per cent., and in 1876 precisely the same. It cannot be disguised, however, that the present is no infallible guide for the future; the period is one of transition; and the rivalry of the future will be sharp, keen, and intensely aggressive. No city should suffer itself to be handicapped by an ounce of dead weight. New York in particular must reform the present crude, clumsy, expensive methods

of receiving and distributing traffic; in this respect it lags in the rear of both Philadelphia and Baltimore. Every effort must be made to reduce to a minimum all expenses of transfer; the car, the warehouse and the vessel must be practically brought together, and no stupidity of municipal officials must be permitted to intervene; old usages must be modified, and the most approved modern methods and appliances adopted. For this work, skill, energy, and brains are essential; past recollections will not suffice.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Woman's Winter Amusements.

We have many reasons, in the direct testimonials that have come to us, for believing that an article which we published in this department a year or two since, on "Winter Amusements," was remarkably suggestive and stimulating in the establishment of clubs for culture and recreation. We spoke specially of reading clubs, "Shakspeare clubs," etc. The project was entered upon in a great many towns throughout the length and breadth of the land, and great good has come of it. To open a still wider field of intellectual recreation and instruction is the object of this article.

In a certain country town, which we need not name, there was established last year a "Rome Club." A considerable number of intelligent ladies, moved thereto by the existence of a literary club among their husbands and brothers, gathered together and formed a club among themselves for the study of historical cities. Rome was chosen as the first city to be investigated—its pagan history, its Christian history, its art in various departments, its relations to the world at various epochs, etc., etc. Subdivisions of the larger topics were made, and each woman was given a branch to study, with the duty to write out her conclusions and results, and to read them at the weekly meetings of the club. It is declared to us by one who watched the developments of the enterprise that, as the result of that winter's most interesting work, this town contains the largest number of women who know everything about Rome that any town in the United States can boast. Every available library was ransacked for material, books were overhauled that were black with the undisturbed dust of a century, knowledge was organized, put into form, and communicated; and when the winter closed, the women found not only that they had been immensely interested, but that their field of knowledge had been very much enlarged.

This year, this same club will take up another city. Whether it will be London, or Paris, or

Jerusalem, or Athens, or Venice, we do not know, and it does not matter. But what a mine of interest and instruction lies before them in any of these! How very small do the ordinary amusements of a town look by the side of the employments of such a club as this! What a cure for gossip and neighborhood twaddle is contained in such a club! What an enlargement of the sphere of thought comes of such amusements and employments! How the whole world, through all its ages and among all its scenes and peoples, becomes illuminated with a marvelous human interest, to women who study it together, and with a certain degree of competition, in this way!

Well, a club for the study of the great historical cities can be formed anywhere, and there ought to be a thousand of them formed this winter. Wherever there may be women who find life something of a bore, when followed in the ordinary way, wherever there may be women who have leisure that hangs heavily upon their hands, or a round of tasteless courtesies to go through with, wherever there may be women whose minds are starving while they execute the routine of housekeeping duties, there will be found the materials for such a club as this. They would be better daughters, wives and mothers, for the culture that would be won by such a club, and be saved the everlasting yearning for an impossible career that seems to be moving so many women's souls at the present time. Life is good and duty is good, if we only give them flavor. Porridge without salt may be nutritious, but it is not palatable. The great want of the clever women we are rearing in such numbers, is not so much a public career as a palatable private one. A round of humdrum household duties, or a round of fashionable courtesies within the rigid rules of etiquette, becomes tasteless to any woman. What better can she do for profit or for pleasure than to season her life with society in the pursuit of knowledge?

Of course, enterprises of this kind are not neces-

sarily confined to the study of cities. Countries may be studied with the same advantage,—perhaps even with greater advantage. A special topic may be taken up. At this time much is written upon art. It is practically a new topic in this country. We, as a nation, are now making our beginnings in art. The greatest sculptors and painters America has produced are living men to-day. Art has no history here. Art, historically, then,—art in its relations to civilization—art in its influence upon personal character—art as an outgrowth of life and a power upon life—furnishes a subject that may well interest a group of women for a winter, not only, but for many winters. We know of girls who are as much interested in works of political economy as if they were novels. We can hardly imagine anything more interesting to a club of bright girls who have left school, than a winter in political economy. The subject may be pursued, simply as a matter of social reading and discussion; or each may be charged with gathering the distinguishing views of given writers, and presenting them in brief.

The great point is to get together, and to become interested together in some region of knowledge, or art, or exalted human concern. Life with men is active, exciting, exhausting. The club life of men is very rarely intellectual, and very rarely in any way elevating. Much of it debases and curses, with its eating and drinking and its selfish separation from the family life. A woman's club should always be an addition to the family life, and so transform a home into a temple. There are many women in the world who wish they were men. There is not one man who wishes he were a woman. The simple reason is that woman has not yet learned how to give flavor to her life. We do not believe that God has made the lot of the sexes unequal. When woman shall make the most and best of her life, she will spend no time in wishing for a coarser nature and a rougher lot than her own. Let her avail herself of the means at her hand for making her life interesting, and the work will be done. That she may conquer the realm that legitimately is hers we put the club in her hand, and beg her to use it.

The Bondage of the Pulpit.

THE phrase which furnishes the title of this article is not original. We borrow it of a distinguished orthodox theological professor in Rochester, who, having omitted the articles which he wrote upon it from his "Free Lance" book, has got through with it, we suppose, and has thus left it for the use of those who are not likely to become theological professors. We choose it now to introduce a few words with relation to the criticism of certain papers upon recent articles of ours on the proscription of certain ministers for opinion's sake.

First, if we have seemed to blame the ecclesiastical bodies that deposed Dr. Blauvelt and Mr. Miller from the ministerial office, let us place ourselves right. We have not intended to blame them. We do not see how, regarding the work of these men as they did, and under the obligations of con-

stitution and rule which were upon them, they could have done otherwise. They were not at liberty to do otherwise. However much personal liking for, or sympathy with, these writers the ecclesiastical bodies may have felt, they had no choice in dealing with them. Dr. Blauvelt and Mr. Miller had thought and come to conclusions outside of the machine, and the machine was obliged to cut off their heads. The trouble is with the machine, and the machine and the machine-makers and defenders are what we have our quarrel with.

It will be noticed that although the men in question have been cast out of the ministry, they have not been cast out of the church. That is entirely another thing. They may still be—as all believe them to be—good Christians, but they are not good sectarians; and that is all that this deposition means. They have modified their creed without in any way degrading their Christian character or Christian life. Indeed, the latter may have been very much improved and elevated. At any rate, their behavior shows very well by the side of that of the bodies which deposed them. Now what we want to show is simply this: that men—Christian men—have been cut off from useful positions, not because they have not Christian characters, lives, purposes, influence, but because, following the light which God has given them in their reason, and loyal to the voice of conscience, they have declared that some of their views of Christian truth are changed. This is what we find fault with, viz., that the church—the sectarian church, and we hardly have any other—is not large enough to think in; that it virtually puts a limitation to progress in the development of Christian opinion. We have no quarrel with men; we have no quarrel with newspapers. We would like to do what we can to make a larger place for Christian teachers. Do they object to it? Can they not be trusted in a larger place? Would they be likely to abuse their liberty if their creeds were shorter and more elastic? Then we must reverse all our American ideas of the influence of liberty upon the intelligent human mind.

"The Christian at Work" undertakes to expose to us the absurdity of our fault-finding with the degradation from office of Messrs. Blauvelt and Miller in these words:

"But let us put to the accomplished editor of SCRIBNER's one question: Suppose he accepted an article from an author, to be written on a certain subject, for the editorial department of SCRIBNER's; suppose the article contained an urgent plea for Communism and Socialism, honestly advocating them as essential to the welfare of society and in accordance with the spirit of our age;—would the editor print that article; and if not would there be 'anything like free thought or free speech within the limits of the SCRIBNER covers?—would there be a magazine writer who would not realize that 'his brain is imprisoned and his hands tied'? Does not the editor of SCRIBNER see how absurd his position is?"

Is it as bad as this? Can the relation which exists between the constituting power and the minister in office be compared to that which exists

between an editor and his subordinates? Is he but a mouth-piece of embodied ecclesiastical opinion? Has he absolutely no liberty at all? Are reason, conscience, heavenly teaching and inspiration for which the minister prays, only to have play within certain bounds, imposed by outside human authority? Then the teacher is indeed a slave, and is degraded by the act which installs him in office.

But the comparison is not entirely fair to us or to the writer's own side of the question. The conditions are not quite so bad as he represents them. He has seen fit to confine his illustration to editorial articles—to the editor's individual opinions. He would be more just if he would apply it to the whole magazine, and there we should meet him with the statement that while the drift and purpose of the Monthly are strongly along the lines of religion and morality—of liberty and purity and temperance and Christian culture—so strongly that no fool can mistake them, and no fool does mistake them—we are all the time publishing opinions which we do not believe in. We should not be disposed to suppress a plea for socialism or communism, if it were well written, by a true and honest man, though we hold the doctrines which these words popularly represent in lively detestation. We have always been trying to give the world of thinkers a fair chance, and to let the people know what honest thinkers are thinking, and what they are thinking about. Orthodox and heterodox alike have been welcomed in these pages, and the liberty of the latter has always seemed to make them more interesting writers. The orthodox are always running their machine, whether as politicians or sectarians, and never dare to get outside of it. We never fail to know what they are going to say. We have been hearing it for nearly sixty years, and, while it did very well for the first thirty, the reiteration becomes tiresome.

We heard defined, a few Sundays since, from a pulpit as generous as it is able, the distinction between a profession and a vocation. There are men who choose to be preachers. Having carefully weighed all other professions in the balance, they adopt the ministerial profession; yet a great multitude of them have no vocation. They are not called to preach. It is not a "woe" to them if they do not preach. They do not preach because they must preach. We can imagine a set of simple, professional men, who will be willing to take their creed and stay with it, and stand by it, and persecute their betters who, with the vocation to preach, take their license from the highest source, and the liberty that always goes with it. When such men as Swing and Eggleston and Murray, with their crowded churches, find themselves happier outside of the great sectarian organizations than within them,—more attractive, more useful, more influential,—the people ought to learn something of the vivifying effect of Christian liberty, and the necessity of either casting aside, or, if that be not practicable, of greatly modifying, the old machines. A minister who apprehends enough of essential Christian truth to be a thorough Christian himself, in character and in life,

is good enough to teach, if he has a divine vocation to teach, and the machine that cuts off his head is a wretched machine, which, in our opinion, ought to be smashed.

But what a lot of "religious newspapers" would be smashed under it! Ah! We had not thought of that! How we should dislike to lose "The New York Observer" and "The Congregationalist!" (Handkerchief.)

Indications of Progress.

To the eye of experience, there is always something pathetic in the hopeful and self-confident energy with which a young man of generous impulses and purposes strikes out into life. With faith in God, faith in himself, faith in human progress, faith in the influences and instrumentalities of reform, he goes to his work determined upon leaving the world a great deal better than he found it. He throws himself into his enterprises with zeal and *abandon*, and, after twenty or twenty-five years, wakes up to a realization of the fact that the world has not been very greatly improved by his efforts, and that it is not very likely to be improved by them. He has arrested no great tide of iniquity, he has not enlightened the hiding-places of ignorance, he has not resuscitated the dead, he has not righted the wrong. If not utterly discouraged, he goes on with his work because he loves it, because it seems to be his duty to do so, or, because, after all his lack of success, his faith in progress refuses to be killed, though "the good time coming" slinks away from his vision, among the shadows that brood over the future.

To help such men as these, and all those who profess to believe that the world is growing worse, rather than better, it is well, once in a while, to call attention to the indications of progress. The first that present themselves to one engaged in literary pursuits are those relating to the moral tone of literature. How often we are called upon in these days to apologize for the indecencies of the older writers! How threadbare has become the plea that they represented their time! We do not doubt that Rabelais could once have been tolerated in what was regarded as decent society, but no one can read him now without a handkerchief at his nose. Sterne was very funny and he was very nasty,—so nasty that no father of to-day would dare to read him to his daughters. Fielding, "the father of English fiction," would, if he were living to-day, be shunned by his children. What sort of a figure would Matthew Prior make in the literature produced in 1877? Why, the indecent poet of to-day is obliged to publish his own books! No respectable publisher will contaminate his shelves, even with his name. It matters little how many dramas Tennyson may write in these latter days, or how much he may attempt to give them the ancient form and flavor—they will always lack one element—that of indelicacy. He leaves coarseness, indecency, the *double entendre*, forever behind. They belonged to another age, and all these facts show that we have made a great advance.

Owing mainly to the wretched assumptions of dogmatic theology and the presumptions of priestly power, the literary men and women of former days were scoffers—open, aggressive, defiant enemies of Christianity. Now, although there is lamentation on every side that our greatest literary producers are wanting in faith—that they withhold their affectionate and truthful allegiance to the Christian religion, and regard the church as the conservator of a great mass of superstitions, the scoffers are few. We do not believe there was ever a time when the great majority of literary men and women held so kindly an attitude toward the Christian faith as they hold to-day. They are recognizing the fact that there is something in it,—a very powerful something in it, somewhere,—and something in it for them, if they could but clear it of its husks, and find the divine meat and meaning of it. They feel their lack of faith to be a misfortune. Now, the difference between this attitude and that of such man, say, as Voltaire, or Thomas Paine, marks a great advance. We still have Bradlaughs, it is true, but, though we tolerate them, and listen to them, they have a very shabby following.

The changes that have occurred in the church itself are very remarkable evidences of progress. For the last three hundred years the world has carried on an organized rebellion against priesthood, and has been slowly but surely releasing itself from slavery. The superstition of witchcraft has departed from it. It is true that we still try men for heresy, and tie their legs with creeds, but the followers of Calvin do not burn the descendants of Servetus. They "suspend" them "from the ministry,"—a mode of hanging which is not only quite harmless, but rather honorable than otherwise. The prejudices between sects have notably been broken down within the last fifty years,—a result which inevitably followed the decline of belief in the overshadowing and all-subordinating importance of theological formulae. Men are trying to get at the

center and essence of Christianity as they never were trying before; and they find that the more closely they approach the center, the more closely they get together.

In the world's politics, we still have war, but how modified is even this awful relic of barbarism! How jealous of it has the Christian world become! How it questions it! How it strives in a thousand ways to mitigate its horrors and inhumanities! What a shout it sends up when two great nations meet and calmly settle by arbitration a question which in any previous age would have been a cause of war! The duel, too, is in disgrace. Slavery is abolished nearly everywhere on the face of the globe. Prisons have been reformed. The insane, formerly forsaken of man, and supposed to be forsaken of God, are tenderly cared for by every Christian state. A thousand charities reach out their helpful hands to the unfortunate on every side. The nations are brought every day nearer to one another, in the interchanges of commerce, and in the knowledge of, and respect for, one another. Popular education is augmenting its triumphs and enlarging its area every day. And this record of improvement is sealed by vital statistics which show that the average duration of human life has been slowly but indisputably increasing from decade to decade.

The world improves, but it improves as the tree grows, "without observation." The work of one man's life is small when applied to twelve hundred millions of people, but it tells in the grand result. We discover a great nest of corruption in our government, and are tempted to despair, but we break it up. There are so many vicious men around us that we feel as if the world were going to the dogs, yet the recoil and outcry and protest we make show that we are more sensitive to the apprehension of what is bad than we were formerly. The world improves, and the man who cannot see it, and will not see it, has a very good reason for suspecting that there is something morally at fault in himself.

THE OLD CABINET.

WHEN, last month, I spoke of "trimming" Milton, I did not mean the word in the sense in which it is used by our sea-side landlady. She puts the cream and sugar on the breakfast-table, and pleasantly asks us to "trim for ourselves." A very pretty expression that,—much prettier than, "Have your cup rinsed?" which is, in some parts of the interior, the homely method of inviting you to partake of "preserves." In the phrase, the word "cup" is euphoniously substituted for the word "saucer," which is the article really intended, as the initiated guest understands.

I CALLED the landlord out last night to see the lunar rainbow. It was made by a fine sea-mist; it was colorless, and looked like the ghost of a rain-

bow. He had often seen the like of that, he said. He had seen the falling stars in 1833, too. He was a boy about eight years old; came down-stairs and went out-of-doors, for a chance, before dawn. The stars were falling as fast as you could see them, but look as sharp as you could, you couldn't see them start, and they went out before they teched the ground. He wasn't a bit scared, didn't have enough sense, but went back into the farm-house and called his mother, and said: "Mother, do the stars go away like that every morning?" There wan't no more sleep that night, you jest believe, and father he had a face that long—(measuring half-way up his fore-arm).

THERE has been no satisfactory explanation of humor, although a good deal has been written about

it. Can any one say why babies see everything in a humorous light—that is, everything that does not interfere with their happiness? If we could discern a baby's point of view, we might get at the origin of the humorous. I have not seen the whole of Darwin's history of his own baby, but fear he does not give due attention to this point. In such an investigation, every inquirer may be his own Darwin.

Some persons will laugh when they read the preceding paragraph, for the mere reason that the word "baby" occurs in it. In civilized countries, nine persons out of ten will laugh at almost any allusion to a baby. And if a baby is brought on the stage during a play,—a real, live, human baby,—the audience is "convulsed." It would be interesting to know if babies are regarded with so much amusement in uncivilized countries. We should be glad to be informed on this subject by the young missionary whom we heard preach the other day, and who was about to sail for Gabboon on the west coast of Africa.

Although there is extraordinary unanimity among civilized human beings as to the humorlessness of the idea of a baby, there is a great difference of opinion as to what other ideas are humorous. There are books and stories which some people read or hear with a grave face, while others "die of laughing" at them. If the editor of a magazine should determine to publish only such humorous sketches as every one would declare to be amusing, his magazine would be as doleful as a grave-yard; there would be nothing humorous in it from beginning to end, except those unconscious touches which relieve the monotony of some of the most solemn of human utterances.

SOMETHING was said here lately about people who pride themselves upon "telling the truth" to their neighbors. But it is all in Shakspere, of course. See "King Lear," act II, scene 2 :

"This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness: and constrains the garb
Quint from his nature: he cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 Than twenty silly ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely."

WHY do some persons consider Tourguéneff's last book ("Virgin Soil") pessimistic and depressing? The political views are about the same, we should say, as those of D. Mackenzie Wallace, whose article on "Secret Societies in Russia" is reprinted in the Supplement to "The Popular Science Monthly," No. 5 from the "Fortnightly Review." If it is the view o' a pessimist that a handful of amiable, unphilosophical, impracticable, hot-headed, brave and generous men, women and boys, mixed with a handful of silly-pated, chicken-hearted blatherskites, can-

not conduct successfully a great revolution in a country like Russia, and in favor of a people who do not know what all this bother is about, and who have no wish to revolt against anything or anybody,—if this is pessimism, then both Tourguéneff and Mr. Wallace are guilty. But in "Virgin Soil," a better way is pointed out, and in this way Solomine, the machinist, by all odds the most attractive character in the book, is "successful."

"Now, they say he has a factory of his own, not a very large one, somewhere in the government of Ferm, and he has established it on the co-operative principle. You may be sure he won't make a mess of his business. He'll make a good thing of it. He's sharp and he's strong, too; he is a great fellow. And, above all, he does not pretend to set right all social wrongs in a moment. The rest of us Russians, you know what we are like; we are always hoping that something or some one will come to cure all our troubles in a moment, to heal our wounds, to take away all our sufferings as one pulls out a bad tooth. Who, or what, is to perform this miracle? Will Darwinism do it? Will the commune? or Arkhip Perepeutie? or a foreign war? No matter; only let the benefactor come and pull out our tooth for us! In reality, all of this means: idleness, want of energy and reflection! But Solomine is not of this stamp; he does not extract teeth; he is a clever fellow!"

And as for the story itself, though there is pain enough in it, the true hero, Solomine, does he not even marry well? And the heroine, she also happily marries,—not her first love, to be sure, but the very man she ought to marry; and the enthusiastic young woman is doubtless to-day engaged in getting up classes among the men in her husband's mill, in her own proper garments instead of the spotted calico in which she tried to "simplify" herself in her earlier and more visionary days.

The most depressing part of the story is certainly that of the young man, Neshdanof. His life will be read with no pleasure by those who suspect in themselves the seeds of weakness and of failure.

The following, from Mr. Wallace's paper, shows what an interesting place Russia has got to be, from the romancer's point of view as well as from that of the student of social and political science. It will also show that some of Tourguéneff's strangest situations are "studies from life;"

"In April, 1875, a peasant, who was at the same time a factory-worker, informed the police that certain persons were distributing revolutionary pamphlets among the people of the factory where he was employed, and as a proof of what he said, he produced some pamphlets which he had himself received. This led to an investigation, by which it was found that a number of young men and women, evidently belonging to the educated classes, were employed as common laborers in several factories, and were disseminating revolutionary ideas by means of pamphlets and conversation. Arrests followed, and it was soon discovered that these agitators belonged to a large secret association, which had its center in Moscow, and local branches in Ivanovo, Tula and Kiev. In Ivanovo, for instance,—a manufacturing town about one hundred miles to the north-east of Moscow,—the police found a room inhabited by three young men and four young women, all of whom, though belonging to the educated classes, had the appearance of ordinary factory-

workers, prepared their own food, did with their own hands all the domestic work, and sought to avoid everything that could distinguish them from the laboring population. In the room were found two hundred and forty-five copies of revolutionary pamphlets, a considerable sum of money, a large amount of correspondence in cipher, and several forged passports. * * * It would be interesting to inquire how it has come about that there are in Russia young ladies of prepossessing appearance, respectable family and considerable education, who are ready to enter upon wild sanguinary enterprises which inevitably lead in the long run to the house of correction or the mines of Siberia; but I must postpone this investigation to a more convenient season. For the present, suffice it to say that there are such young ladies in Russia, and that several of them were condemned as founders and active members of the society in question."

MANY persons will be grateful to Mr. Proctor for what he says in *ST. NICHOLAS* about the Dipper. The Dipper is the most familiar constellation in the heavens. Of course everybody knows that a "constellation" is nothing; a mere fortuitous appearance; but nobody imagined that not only this collection of stars was not a single system, but that some of the stars composing the Dipper were careering through space, at the rate of eleven million miles a year, and that the others were careering in quite the opposite direction at the same rate. It will be seen that Mr. Proctor furnishes us with a capital illustration. When a man feels that he is wrongly classified by the public as belonging to a certain religious, political, artistic or literary group, he can point to the Dipper. The so-called Lake Poets might have pointed to the Dipper; Matthew Arnold can point to it, we have no doubt; Professor Huxley can point to it when he is called a "Positivist." Evidently the Dipper is to have new uses besides its former ones of indicating the position of the North Star, and of furnishing, under the name of "Charles's Wain," a pleasant phrase for British poets and dramatists:

"Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day—
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me queen of May:
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops."

"*1st Carrier* (with a lantern). Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed."

I HAVE asked my friend in blue flannel, who has just come back from his European vacation trip, to spare some moments from busy sea-side recreation—tumbling in the surf, sailing the "Rover," and what not—to jot down something about Joe Jefferson's London appearances. You will know the initials as those of a newspaper editor, wise in all matters theatrical:

You will remember, my dear Old Cabinet, that it was in England Mr. Joseph Jefferson first placed upon the stage Irving's weird and romantic story of "Rip Van Winkle;" it was there that he achieved his first great success in that char-

acter. You will also remember that, after an absence of many years, he returned thither to find a new generation of playgoers as eager to see and to laugh and weep over his beautiful and finished personation of the hero of the Catskills as were those to whom he originally presented it. His late visit, embracing a period of two years or longer, has been even more crowded with triumphs than was the former one; for not only has Mr. Jefferson been the most honored actor of London, but he has also been among the foremost of those whom the best London society has delighted to honor.

An American actor, to obtain even the most ordinary success in London,—and London means England,—has no royal road before him; he cannot command success except by the display of such extraordinary abilities as to overcome not only the jealousy of actors and managers, who will unite to defeat him, but the insular prejudices of the average Briton, who is deeply founded in the conviction that no good thing can come out of America. I need not say that the controlling charm of Mr. Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* is its tenderness and sweet humanity. Well! under the rough exterior of the Englishmen lie in deep, wide strata all the gentler elements of human feeling, and the great tender heart of John Bull was, by this consummate artist, made to throb responsive to the quaint humor, woes and mishaps of the Catskill vagabond.

Press and audiences were alike enthusiastic in commendation of the beauty and perfection of the spectacle which Mr. Jefferson showed them, and actors and managers were forced to fall into the popular current and drift with it. As for the managers, they went to the courts to fight for the possession of him, so great was the control he exercised over the London playgoers, and that in but a single part.

They made one mistake, however, which was in supposing that Mr. Jefferson was but "a single part" actor. They had never enjoyed the happiness, as we have done on this side the water, of seeing him personate the comic heroes of the great old comedies, or of the more recent farces; but he shook them from their error last spring when he appeared at the Compton testimonial benefit in Morton's clever farce of "Lend Me Five Shillings" as Mr. Golightly. On that memorable occasion all the prominent actors and actresses of London volunteered their services to testify to their admiration and respect for an old favorite of the public whom age, illness and poverty had laid their cruel hands upon. The occasion was a great one, and the leading artists of the stage—the Hamlets, Benedicts, Macbeths, Romeos and Juliets—crowded forward, begging to be permitted to go on even in the smallest parts, to say, "The carriage waits," or, "My lord, a letter."

In this unique performance, which lasted nearly all of one day, and which netted the superannuated comedian several thousand pounds, Mr. Jefferson was allotted a most prominent part—that of the hero of Morton's before-mentioned farce. Knowing the man as we do, my dear Old Cabinet, we can understand with what diffidence he came, as the day and hour drew near, to regard his appearance on an alien stage in a part so entirely different from that in which he had built his great fame as an artist. The best of English-speaking actors had allotted them that day characters which they had played before London audiences very frequently and with great acclaim; but he alone of them all was on trial before that British public whose respect, admiration and love he had won while playing *Rip Van Winkle*. No doubt he hoped, as his American friends in London expected, that his success on that occasion would be a great one, but it proved to be greater even than he had dared to hope for, or they to expect. It was at once generally acknowledged by the vast and delighted audience that witnessed it that no comedy acting of such exquisite delicacy and finish had been seen in the London theater during their time, and Mr. Jefferson walked off the boards that afternoon the hero of the Compton benefit. The next morning the "Times" and the other leading journals thundered the praises of the great artist who had by the infinite grace, elegance and refinement of his art eclipsed even the most honored traditions of the British stage. They insisted that, as his visit was drawing so near to its close, he should, before he concluded it, appear in a number of his light comedy characters, and in answer to this almost unanimous demand, Mr. Jefferson entered into an engagement to play a brief season of comedy at the old Haymarket. His last London engagement at the Princesses

Theater had lasted six months, during all which time, and up to the very night before his departure for the Haymarket season of farce, the house overflowed with the most cultured audiences of England.

At the Haymarket, Mr. Jefferson elected to appear in two of Morton's farces, viz., "Lend Me Five Shillings," and "A Regular Fix." The opening of the initial performance showed the great actor to be exceedingly nervous, and he scarcely did justice to himself in the early scenes of the farce; but as he was warmed to his work by the applause and laughter from the front, he threw off the saucy doubts and fears which hampered him, and showed to his English friends such an exquisite and refined expression of comedy as they had never seen upon a London stage. Whatever Joseph Jefferson does is gracefully and charmingly done, and there was something eminently graceful and charming in his personation of Morton's heroes. His humor flowed spontaneously as grass grows, or water runs; nothing was forced or hurried, and every light touch or broad effect evinced not only the genius but the care of the artist. A subtle delicacy of treatment, an elegance of expression, characterized the whole performance, gave it completeness, and made it the perfection of dramatic art.

To conquer the prejudices of a people who place an actor of Teole's caliber at the head and front of comedy acting, in favor of a higher art, was no easy task; but Mr. Jefferson succeeded in doing it. He compelled approbation from press and public, and while the engagement was not peculiarly as successful as that at the other house where he played *Rip Van*

Winkle, it was as complete an artistic success as the old Haymarket had ever witnessed, or as any actor could desire. Indeed, its want of overflowing houses was a compliment, for the people of England had so grown to think of Mr. Jefferson as associated with poor Rip that they did not care to dispel the fine illusion by seeing him in a mere farcical character. The ghost of that old Dutch vagabond stood at the door of the Haymarket warning them away. Rip had made them *feel*, while Golightly and de Brass only made them *laugh*.

What he did most thoroughly succeed in doing was in dispelling the conviction that his art was narrowed to a single part, and in demonstrating that it was broad and deep as the bounds and foundations of comedy; that else it had no limits. This remarkable engagement, in which only two farces were played, lasted eight weeks, drawing nightly large audiences, and placing Mr. Jefferson in the very front rank of English-speaking comedy actors—of that comedy which is light as air, and yet a tangible something of real wit and humor.

Mr. Jefferson is now homeward bound after his too prolonged absence, and I believe the wish is a common one that he will occasionally give to his American audiences a touch of his quality as an actor of light comedy. His *Rip Van Winkle* is the perfection of art, but so also are his *Hugh de Brass*, his *Mr. Golightly*, his *Dr. Pangloss*, his *Bob Acres*, as well as those other great parts of the old English comedies which he so exquisitely interprets.

L. C. D.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

French Plays for American Amateurs.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Foker, the friend of Arthur Pendennis, fell in love with Miss Blanche Amory, he followed her everywhere,—not the least frequently, to the French play, telling his fond mother that he "went to the French play because he wanted to perfect himself in that language, and there was no such good lesson as a comedy or vaudeville." Whatever may have been Mr. Foker's motive in making this last statement there is no doubt that he showed in this, as in other acts of his life, a singular shrewdness. There is no school for learning to speak and understand a language so good as the performance of its best modern plays. The only wonder is that it should have been left to the unscholastic intellect of Mr. Foker to discover this. Perhaps it is also to be wondered at that the great discovery, having been once made, was not immediately pushed to its legitimate limits with a resulting and incalculable improvement in the quality and the quantity of the French spoken by young persons of both sexes gifted with the ordinary advantages of education. French poetry is read in many schools, and the scholar learns that Calypso could not console herself. Yet in most cases the scholar studies French as a means, not as an end. He wants the language to use; he needs it to help him along in travel or in trade; he wishes to speak and to understand it, and if he can also acquire a knowledge of its literature, so much the better; but that alone is not his aim. Now poetry, especially French poetry, is the most literary kind of literature. The reading of it

will hardly advantage a man much in the actual use of the tongue. The diction of poetry is often obsolete, archaic and recondite. Now, for practical use one needs fresh, nervous, idiomatic expressions, which the elegant extracts of the French reader will not give. The reading of history and prose fiction is of greater use. But even this is likely to be more formal—at least more stiff in style—than the colloquies in which the ordinary student must expect to engage. It may be assumed that nine out of ten attack a foreign language to conquer it sufficiently to hold a conversation in it. Now, where, obviously, can they find anything better for their purpose than a work in which there is nothing but talk? The play fills the bill exactly. An inkling of this fact seems to have been had by some teachers, who have, however, failed to seize its exact bearings. They have sought to satisfy this demand for dialogue by the use of the plays of the classic drama,—the tragedies and comedies of Racine, Molière and Corneille. Setting aside the fact that most of these are written in verse, and treat of subjects alien to modern life, their vocabulary is not adapted to the wants of most learners of the language. They are of course beautiful works of art, and the glories of French literature, which no man can fail to enjoy when he has once gained sufficient knowledge of the language to begin to appreciate style. But they are not best fitted to aid him in gaining his first control over the words of a foreign tongue. They belong in short to the literature of the past, and not to the life of the present. What the student requires is the talk of the Frenchman

of to-day. This he can get best in the plays written by the Frenchman of to-day. In these he will find just what he needs,—dialogue in the form in which he is likely to hear it in real life, and the vocabulary which he will have to use in his dealings with his fellow-creatures in foreign parts. Nor is this all; he will (if he should choose or have pointed out to him the proper works) have an opportunity of gaining insight into the character and modes of thought, the failings, feelings and ways of life of the modern Frenchman, as they seem to himself. The student will not only be acquiring the right vocabulary and accustoming his ear and his mouth to its use, but he will also insensibly become possessed of a knowledge of human nature as it has been modified by the environment of the modern Parisian.

In no way are the brightness and cleverness of modern French literature more clearly shown than in its writing for the stage. In all the technicalities of the theater, in taste, in skill, in the production of the greatest effect with the least apparent exertion,—in all these the French dramatists are unrivaled. Nor is their ingenuity less in the devising of plots. The story is nearly always interesting, and the interest of the story is not weakened by long descriptions or lengthened analyses. The characters must speak and act for themselves. No obscurities are possible, for the action must take place before the reader's eyes. A good play is a skeleton novel,—a novel with all the best points preserved and all the weak excised. It takes but little ingenuity to turn a play in French into a novel in English. Indeed it has been done again and again. Mrs. Mowatt translated "Les Doigts de Fé," of MM. Scribe and Legouvé, into her "Fairy Fingers." Mr. Charles Reade in his "Hard Cash," and Miss M. E. Braddon in her "Rupert Godwin," took the skeleton of "Les Pauvres de Paris," by MM. Brisebarre and Nus, clothing it each after the fashion that seemed most fit. Regarded merely as literature, French plays have nearly all the merits of French novels, besides very marked advantages of their own.

In view of these facts, what has been done to facilitate the reading of modern French by students of the language in this country? Not very much. But what has been done has been well done. Professor Ferdinand Böcher of Harvard University has selected and edited a college series of modern French plays to which he has appended notes. Henry Holt & Co., the publishers of this series, also issue another series of modern French comedies—some nineteen plays in all, well chosen and well adapted for their purpose.* To point out another score of French plays just suited to the reading of American students is the object of this paper.

It may first be premised that any of these plays can be obtained from any of the many foreign book-sellers in our large cities. If not on hand, they can be imported to order in about five weeks' time. The cost of each play in France varies from one to

two francs, and the importing book-sellers, as a rule, charge the gold franc as thirty-five cents currency, including the freight and duty; for our inestimable tariff kindly imposes a tax on the pursuit of knowledge.

For beginners in linguistics, a play in one act is best. And it is surprising to note how many excellent one-act plays there are in French. The learner has time to finish the single act before he gets tired with the subject. He is generally at the end of the book before he has wished himself done with the whole thing—a precious advantage, as those who remember their early struggles with a foreign language and the numberless novels they left half read will readily attest; in a play so short, moreover, the plot is likely to be simple and easily followed, and the characters cannot but be few. The chances for confusion and consequent loss of interest are therefore likely to be less. Among the best French comedies in one act are two by Mme. de Girardin, "La Joie fait Peur" is in M. Böcher's college series; it has one strong, highly wrought situation of more dramatic force than the whole five acts of some plays: there is a version of it in English by Mr. George H. Lewes, called "Sunshine through the Clouds;" and Mr. Dion Boucicault has also used it as the basis of his pretty play, "Kerry, or Night and Morning." The second of Mme. de Girardin's one-act dramas, "Une Femme qui déteste son Mari," is equally dramatic: Mr. Tom Taylor has skillfully adapted it to the English stage under the title of "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing." Mention is made of the translation or adaptation in English of these plays, in order that those familiar with the English play, or caring to become so by the expenditure of fifteen cents,—the regular price for pamphlet plays in this country,—can gain some idea of the French play before going to the trouble and expense of ordering it from France. But they must be warned that rarely, very rarely, indeed, does the English version do justice to the French original. *Traduttore, traditore*, says the Italian proverb. Translator: traitor. In general, the adapters have only seen in the French play a situation or a subject which they have sought to render roughly in English. And in this transplanting, the tender and twining shoots of taste and fancy are often broken. The dainty comedy becomes a roaring farce or a rough-hewn melodrama. In only one case that I know is the English play better than the French; and in this case the English is the original. "Un Anglais Timide" is a version in French of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's very funny farce, "Cool as a Cucumber," made by Mr. Charles Mathews for his own acting when he appeared at the Palais Royal Theater in Paris, ten or fifteen years ago. In general, the English play is inferior to the French in true dramatic effect, and in literary taste and skill. "Old Gooseberry," for example, merely misrepresents "Les deux Sourds," the absurd comedy in one act by M. Jules Moinaux. "Un Mari dans du Coton," by Lambert Thiboust, has not fared so badly; there are three English versions, of which the best, "A Husband in Clover," by Mr. Herman Merivale, is

* Another and similar series is published by Hachette of Paris as the "Théâtre Français du XIX. Siècle."

a neatly turned little play. There is no direct version of M. Léon Gozlan's "Dieu Merci, le Couvert est Mis!" but, as the subject is identical with "Eigensinn," a German play by the late Roderich Benedix, the English version of this, called "Obstinacy," will fairly give an idea of the French. Another of M. Gozlan's comedies, "La Pluie et le Beau Temps," is in one act and well suited for those who desire bright and yet simple reading; there is an English version, called "Love and Rain." MM. Meilhac and Halévy are perhaps best known by their "Frou-Frou,"—the latest variation on the theme of "The Stranger," and "A Woman Killed with Kindness,"—and by their libretti for M. Offenbach's "Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein," "La Belle Hélène," and other operas. But they have also written plays which the most careful mother may freely permit the most innocent daughter to read. "L'été de la St. Martin" is an idyl in one act, a charming little play, fragrant as new-mown hay and delicate as the Indian summer whose name it bears. Another little play of theirs, "Les Brebis de Paunage" enters our list, although it turns on the risky subject of love; it has been Englished under the name of "Follow my Leader;" this fairly enough indicates the scope of the plot, which sets forth the efforts of one lady to make another fall in love with a gentleman by crediting him with innumerable affairs of the heart,—making in short a regular lady-killer and Don Juan out of an innocent and harmless Mr. Smith. Half a dozen other one-act plays of which there are no English equivalents—none at least deserving mention—are: "Le Serment d'Horace" of Henry Mürger; "Le Sanglier des Ardennes" of Amédée Achard; "Les deux Veuves" of Félicien Mallefille; "Un Caprice," by Alfred de Musset; "Le Postscriptum," by M. Emile Augier; "Gringoire" of M. Théodore de Banville; and "Les Femmes qui Pleurent" of MM. Siraudin and Lambert Thiboust. This last is in the series of modern French comedies which also includes "Le Village," an act by M. Octave Feuillet, adapted by Mr. George H. Lewes as "A Cozy Couple." Last, but not least, come two plays by M. Eugène Verconsin, "C'était Gertrude" and "En Wagon," the latter of which, a very amusing little embroil, is supposed to pass in a railroad train—like Mr. Howells's dainty little comedy, "The Parlor Car." But the strongest and most valuable re-enforcement to our list of one-act plays is a pair of handy volumes, recently edited by M. Ernest Legouvé, and the title of "Le Théâtre de Campagne," and containing in all about twenty little plays, written for the most part especially for amateur performance, by well-known dramatists, including MM. Meilhac, Labiche, Legouvé, Henri de Bornier,—the new dramatic poet,—Edmond Gondinet, and Ernest d'Hervilly. These comedies are admirably adapted for reading aloud, or for amateur acting. A few of them are unfortunately in verse, but the lines are so fresh and facile that the constraint of meter is hardly to be detected. Nearly ten plays being included in each volume, the price is less than in buying singly. I do not know where the student desirous of acquiring

idioms and colloquial phrases of daily use can do better than in the purchase of either of these volumes. In the first series, "La Soupière" is especially to be recommended, and in the second, "Le Mari qui Dort," a delightful specimen of exquisite French verse, in nowise stilted, and flowing as freely as prose. This last would make an excellent stepping-stone between the modern prose-plays and the earlier classical comedies in rhyme. In the two volumes there are only three plays—"Paturel," "Les Petits Cadeaux," and "Sa Canne et son Chapeau"—which need be skipped, and this not because they are offensive, but solely because they suppose a knowledge of things of which the young are likely to be ignorant.

It is curious to note how few comedies there are in two acts. With the exception of the artistic and even poetic "Sweethearts" of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, I do not know one first-rate two-act comedy in English; and they are almost as rare in French. Besides "La Poudre aux Yeux," by MM. Labiche and Martin, in the college series, there are at least two other lively little plays of this length suitable for our purpose,—"Le Train de Minuit," by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, and "Une Pêche Miraculeuse," by MM. Nus and Durantin, one of the lightest, brightest and funniest farcical comedies in the French language.

Plays in one or two acts are perhaps the only ones which amateurs should attempt to read; and there are but few French plays in three acts to be readily recommended; most of them, unfortunately, are a little too free and easy in style and subject to suit our sterner ideas,—in fact they seem intended not for the descendants of the Puritans, but rather for the Impuritans. Two of the best for the purpose of the student are by M. Victorien Sardou; one, "La Perle Noire," is dramatized from his own Edgar Poe-like tale of the same name; the other, "Les Pattes de Mouche," has also its connection with the American story, for it was evidently suggested by Poe's "Purloined Letter." It has been skillfully turned into English by Mr. Palgrave Simpson under the title of "A Scrap of Paper," and Mr. Charles Mathews has prepared a condensed version of it called "The Adventures of a Love-Letter." Eugène Scribe, the master in whose footsteps M. Sardou is treading, wrote, in association with M. Legouvé, an ingenious and interesting play in three acts called "La Bataille des Dames," rendered into vigorous English by Mr. Charles Reade, whose nervous and rapid style lent it an added force and directness.

There are also in M. Böcher's series a few longer plays in four and five acts,—"La Maison de Penarvan," and "Mlle. de la Seiglière," by M. Jules Sandeau; "Les Doigts de Fée," by Scribe; "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," by M. Octave Feuillet; "Jean Baudry," by M. Auguste Vacquerie; and "La Cagnotte," by MM. Labiche and Delacour.

An effort has been made in the bringing together of the plays here cited to have the collection fairly representative of the dramatic literature of the day in France. In the list of a score or more plays

may be found the names of nearly every French dramatist of the first rank, with the obvious exception of M. Dumas *filz*. Augier, Feuillet, Sandea, de Musset, Scribe and Legouvé, Meilhac and Halévy, Mme. de Girardin and Sardou, are each represented by at least one act. And there is not a single play on the list to the reading of which by her daughter, the most fastidious mother could object. Such a list is certainly an answer to the reiterated assertion that all the dramatic literature of France is immoral. Many, if not most, French plays were written merely to amuse; some, a considerable number indeed, were designed to instruct also; and a few, I may say, a very few are consciously and intentionally, and of malice prepense, immoral. Many of them are—if the word may be hazarded—unmoral; and many of them again deal with problems whose solution is taxing the brain and affecting the existence of modern society. These last, it is needless to say, are not fitted for the young, however unexceptionable may be their morality; they are not spoon-meat for babes, and they have not found mention in the foregoing paragraphs, the object of which has been to draw attention to a few light and bright French plays, simple in plot, easy in style, and sparkling with a wit which, while it may rarely rise to the fineness of attic salt, never sinks to the coarseness of *sel gaulois*.

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A Market for Art-work.

AMONG the readers of SCRIBNER there are many artists, and more amateurs who would gladly go through the hard training which makes artists, but who live in inland towns where neither instruction nor a market for their work when it is done, can be had. The commission charged by the large dealers on such sales is often about ninety per cent. To meet this want, and to meet the needs also of city

artists who find it difficult, for various reasons, to reach buyers of decorative work, certain influential and wealthy women of this city opened, in September, salesrooms for the exhibition and sale of pictures, statuary, house-decorations, designs in pottery, art, and ecclesiastical needle-work, any and everything in short which can be included under the head of decorative art. The rooms are intended not only as a dépôt for the work of well-known established artists, but for those who are entirely unknown. No prestige is required to gain admission. Pictures, statuary, needle-work, etc., when received, are submitted to the judgment of a committee, which is composed not of connoisseurs but artists of reputation. A label expressing the approval of the society is attached to such as are of real merit; but all alike are offered for sale, for the space of three months. If the article is sold in that time ten per cent. of the price is deducted as commission; if not, it is returned to the artist. The expense of transportation is borne by the artist. It is the intention of the Society to afford instruction in certain branches, especially in art needle-work, and the decoration of pottery, in which American designers are groping about hopelessly. Most of the finest work on the Minton and Doulton ware is done by women, even the delicate paintings on *plat tendre*, or *plat-sur-plat*. There is no reason why this career should not be opened to American women of talent and skill.

The Society proposes to establish branch committees throughout the country, to examine and adjudicate upon offered work.

The rooms (No. 4 East Twentieth street) are open to artists of both sexes. The plan was at first intended to benefit only women; but the Society has wisely, as we think, declined to acknowledge any distinction of sex in art.

R. H. D.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Bowen's "Modern Philosophy."*

FRANCIS BOWEN is Alford Professor of Natural Religion and Moral Philosophy in Harvard College, and the author of a volume on American Political Economy. Since the war this work has been republished with remarks on the management of the currency and finances since the outbreak of the war of the rebellion. He has also delivered various lectures on metaphysical subjects, written treatises of minor scope and edited works of standard importance. John Stuart Mill noticed his objections to theories of his own brought forward in a printed series of lectures on English philosophers from Bacon to Sir William Hamilton. Professor Bowen is about 65 years of age, and has been dealing with abstruse questions of metaphysics all his life; it

will be readily seen therefore that he is particularly well fitted for examining the various claims of the philosophers of the 17th, 18th and present centuries. It need not be expected that a man of such antecedents should divest himself entirely of his own predilections and prejudices, but we may certainly await evidences of a fairly judicial turn of mind, and more than all, great clearness in unraveling and spreading out the intricate mazes of argument on abstract subjects. This last, perhaps the highest praise that can be awarded a publication of the kind, is indeed the chief recommendation of Professor Bowen's new volume. A certain number of persons, quite ignorant of such questions, will undoubtedly undertake the reading of this book for purpose of self-instruction; but even among those who at college have been over the ground allotted to metaphysics there must be comparatively few who will not be heartily thankful for a clear style

* *Modern Philosophy from Descartes to Schopenhauer and Hartmann.* By Francis Bowen, A.M. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

and thoughtful, well-reasoned presentation of the old questions. It would be an instructive move if some one could travel about among the graduates of colleges and collect the opinions of mature alumni on the advisability of teaching metaphysics to the undergraduate. A heavy majority would be sure to vote that the time used in that study was almost wasted, or at any rate, that much more might be done for a boy in the same time if the same effort were applied in another direction. Perhaps those who advocate the study of subjects suitable only to mature brains would be driven as a last resource to the unfailing argument,—and an argument by no means to be despised,—that if attention to metaphysics be not given during the college course it will never be taken up again in after-life; whereas under the existing system the mind may lie fallow for twenty or forty years and then prove to have been prepared by that slight early training. At Harvard, however, the growth of the system of optional studies may settle that question amicably by leaving the study very much to the free will of the student.

Professor Bowen's work consists of an Introduction giving the general line of argument, and succeeding chapters in which the main ideas are elaborated and historically proved. Most of the chapters are successive reviews of the leading ideas on metaphysics enunciated by eminent philosophers from the time of Descartes on. Descartes, Spinoza, Malebranche, Pascal, Leibnitz and Berkeley, are the stepping-stones by which we reach Immanuel Kant. Four chapters are allotted to Kant. Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Schopenhauer bring us down to the present day, and face to face with Hartmann, the modern German pessimist, and his philosophy and metaphysics of the unconscious.

A book treating of the affairs of the highest moment to man, and striving to compress into 480 pages the *gist* of the theories brought forward by a line of deep thinkers extending over some four centuries, cannot be adequately reviewed in the limits allowed by this periodical. All that can be done is to indicate the general scope of the work and then try to fix the position of the author when facing the great questions that have agitated the schools of philosophy during the historical ages. The preface lets us in at once to the main secret; it answers frankly the tacit question asked by every religionist, skeptic, free-thinker or materialist, when he takes up a book of philosophy: Into which of the main divisions of belief or skepticism does the writer fall? Mr. Bowen says that he has earnestly desired to avoid prejudice on either side, and to welcome evidence and argument from whatever source they might come, and that after forty years of diligent inquiry he is now more firmly convinced than ever that what has been justly called "the dirt-philosophy" of materialism and fatalism is baseless and false. "I accept with unhesitating conviction and belief the doctrine of the being of one personal God, the creator and governor of the world, and of one Lord Jesus Christ in whom 'dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily;'

and I have found nothing whatever in the literature of modern infidelity which, to my mind, casts even the slightest doubt about that belief."

This is a bold and strong stand to take for a man who is about to review a number of philosophers, the great majority of whom, no matter how near their speculations may have carried them to the tenets of Christianity, were nevertheless unbelievers in the personal divinity of Christ. And it comes with special force from a professor at Harvard on account of the reputation for skepticism which that university bears. In the historical and exegetic pages that follow there is little sign of animus on the part of Professor Bowen, although the ugly epithet just quoted—dirt-philosophy—might lead one to expect rancor. But he does not fail to bring out everything that can militate for his side,—the side of ideality, spirituality, the unsensual; moreover, his judgments in the case of philosophers who have been much decried for pessimism and nihilism, are softened whenever the latter show signs of wavering before the dreadful results of their speculations. Von Hartmann is such a man, and Mr. Bowen's sympathetic and almost genial review of his "Philosophy of the Unconscious," the most popular and the most modern that Germany has produced, is one of the many obligations under which the professor has placed all who are interested in such studies. On the other hand, space may be made only for these notices of the modern English philosophy, so far as it appears in Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer. Mr. Bowen likens the history of philosophy to a pendulum swinging to and fro between extremes of opinion. Disgusted with the mockery, sophistry, and empiricism of Voltaire, Diderot, David Hume, and Condillac, the current of opinion turned in the other direction, and the advent of what is called the Scotch philosophy was hailed with joy in England and France. But in our own day another great swing of the pendulum has taken place. Once more, as in the eighteenth century, we have a period of enlightenment, of "clearing up." As the former period was denominated the Age of Reason, the present boastfully calls itself the Age of Science. Mr. Charles Darwin only repeats Helvetius and Lord Monboddo when he tells us, "that man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World." Mr. Spencer literally follows David Hume, when he asserts that the illusion of the freedom of the will consists in supposing that at each moment, the ego is something more than the aggregate of feelings and ideas, actual and nascent, which then exists." Mr. Huxley pithily expresses the necessitarian doctrine when he protests, "that if some great power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock, and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer." Positivism, notorious as it has become, has few adherents of any mark. Since Comte, the names of only Congreve, Harrison, and Bridges in England, and Littré in France, occur to Mr. Bowen. Mr. Huxley took leave of positivism

with a stinging epigram, designating it as "Catholicism *minus* Christianity."

This will have to serve as a slight means of fixing Mr. Bowen's general stand-point on the great questions of every age. The book is clearly expressed, very readable, and without doubt an admirable textbook for advanced students in philosophy, whether in university or at work by themselves.

Holmes's Poems.*

A ONE-VOLUME edition of a poet's complete works always tempts one to a thorough re-perusal, more strongly than a collection of his various books gathered in a long succession of years. Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. evidently recognize this fact, and have done good service in supplying such editions under the names, "Favorite," "Centennial," and "Household." In the last-mentioned series we are now given for the first time all the poems of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and within this pen-fold, as we may call it, have been gathered all the "fugitive" poems that had escaped the author down to dates so recent as that of President Hayes's Boston banquet in June, and the Woodstock celebration in July, of the present year. Those two occasions coming so near together and marked, in the volume before us, by poems that stand side by side, were noticeable for a sharp contrast of political opinion; and the fact that the same cheerful poet celebrated both is characteristic of this whole collection. Dr. Holmes's career as a writer of verse now covers the long period of forty-seven years; and he must be an alarmingly sedate poet—in fact, no poet at all—who could preserve the same frame of mind and put forward the same opinions at all times during so extensive a term. Still one is peculiarly impressed by some of the sharp contradictions of sentiment in the effusions of Dr. Holmes. In 1832 we find him presenting a song for a temperance dinner in New York, and in 1858 was written his well-known praise of wine, "Mare Rubrum," at the opposite extremity of the abstinence question. But his polished Anacreonism never has a very dangerous look, always seeming rather assumed than deep-seated, and his real sentiment is one of moderation :

"Tis but the fool that loves excess; hast thou a drunken soul?
The bane is in thy shallow skull; not in my silver bowl."

Then again, during the war, Holmes is the poet of wrath, and now he is the poet of reconciliation. Whatever mood is uppermost, the feeling that seems called for, he is ready to express. If one tires of this in re-reading him, and longs for an atmosphere of profounder purpose, one must remember that he is listening to a writer whose inspiration is eminently "occasional." In this volume there are no less than thirty-two compositions for meetings of the Harvard class of '29; about thirty other pieces especially designated as occasional, and many more scattered through the book which were furnished for anniver-

saries and reunions. Among the two hundred and fifty comprised in the whole list, one-half are meant to serve some transient purpose of this sort. Deep themes are often touched, and there is a great deal of genuine feeling shown, but what one most notices is the brilliancy and the humor. There are several exceptions, and curiously enough two of the most striking are the first two of all the poems; "Old Ironsides," and "The Last Leaf." The first is full of fire, the second of pathos, and worthy of Browning at his best. In general, however, the higher flights of the poet are not the strongest, and we own to a little surprise at finding on a full review that much of his humorous or witty writing falls rather flat, as if needing apt elocution and the presence of an audience to give it effect. But, though we have mentioned two of the earliest pieces as surpassing many later ones, we do not mean to obscure the fact that within the last fifteen years, Dr. Holmes has achieved some of his finest metrical successes—notably "Dorothy Q.," and that splendid Revolutionary ballad, "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill." This fact increases our conviction that his fame rests on the possession of a true poetic gift, as well as on that of fun, wit, and elastic good-nature. There is some crudeness to be regretted; we could wish that one so well endowed might have had added to his resources a stronger musical element; and we think the poet's confession—

"to me more fair
The buds of song that never blow"—

may be due in part to a life of crowded occupations, denying him time enough to bring his flowers to the richest bloom. But no one will quarrel with the fate that has given us a New England poet with so much of the smoothness and point of Pope, the brightness of Gay, and the wit and drollery of Hood.

Tourguéneff's "Virgin Soil."*

"I NEVER read a novel of Tourguéneff's," a friend of ours remarked the other day, "without feeling as if I had been eavesdropping—as if I had overheard things I had no business to know." We do not exactly share the feeling; but the remark, nevertheless, expresses something of the absolute reality with which this author invests his fictitious characters. Long after their cruelly consonantal and polysyllabic names have faded from our memory, their individualities linger in our minds like those of friends or acquaintances of past years, who at the time affected us with a decided antipathy or attraction.

It is difficult to analyze this most subtle quality in Tourguéneff's art,—how he invariably contrives to breathe a living soul even into the most insignificant actors in his novels. His method, by the way, is not analytical like that of George Eliot; it is rather, to use a philosophical term, synthetic. He registers with painstaking minuteness every

* The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Household Edition. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

* Virgin Soil. By Ivan Tourguéneff. Translated with the Author's sanction, from the French Version, by T. S. Perry. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Leisure Hour Series.

peculiarity of character and appearance, even to a freckle in the face or a mole on the neck; he observes every fleeting intonation of the voice, every little oddity of habit and manner; but somehow invariably succeeds in uniting all these accumulated details into a living and spirited whole. He invests them with a subtle aroma or sphere, and in the end the result never fails to crystallize into a very distinct and recognizable personality.

It is needless to add, then, that in "Virgin Soil," as in all his previous stories, the characterization is masterly. Take for instance Neshdanof, the nominal hero, with his fastidious, aristocratic nature, his fine hands, and his vague, aesthetic yearnings. As the illegitimate son of a nobleman, born with the tastes and proclivities of the upper classes, but thrown early upon the mercy of the world, he feels at war with himself and the society which is responsible for his condition; and this inner conflict leads him into the camp of the socialists. They hate what he hates, or imagines he hates; and although their plebeian speech and habits jar upon his fine nerves, he suppresses his disgust and honestly tries to persuade himself that it is his own nature which is at fault. But such a conviction must be inborn; Neshdanof, at all events, finds it hard to acquire. His attempts to carry out his socialistic theories (in which, after all, he but half believes), to identify himself with the people, to become a plebeian among plebeians, form the most pathetic chapters of the story and only need a little stronger spice of humor to relieve their grim uncompromising earnestness. Neshdanof's highest achievements in his conscientious endeavors to make a peasant of himself is to distribute a few socialistic tracts, to dress himself as a traveling journeyman, and to get, not "gloriously," but most drearily drunk—all from a rigid sense of duty.

One of the finest pieces of *genre* painting which this or any other novel has to show is the description of the family of Sipiagin, the liberal statesman whose perfumed elegance pervades the book like a haunting odor of attar of roses. Sipiagin seems to be intended by the author as the type of the successful Russian politician—a lover of half measures, a despot and a barbarian at heart, with a strong external gloss of "European culture." Neshdanof is taken into his family as the tutor of his son, and has the misfortune to fall in love, or what amounts to the same, to believe himself in love with Sipiagin's niece, Marianne. Our space does not permit us to attempt to unravel the little intrigue to which this gives rise,—the flight of the lovers and the final tragic, and still consistent and thoroughly logical, *dénouement*.

Tourguéneff is as strictly neutral in his attitude toward socialism as in his former novels he was toward Nihilists, Slavophiles and Bulgarian patriots. His interest is merely that of a psychologist; he stands by attentively watching every social movement, with an artistic delight in every new type or new modification of old types which it is sure to develop. And in the present instance, it is safe to admit, his harvest has been a very rich

one. What a fine, sturdy and thoroughly living figure is, for instance, the engineer Solomine with his quiet intelligent smile, his common sense and his proud independence! Then the brave, unpractical and hot-headed Markelof, the grim and angular Mashurina with her absurdly pathetic devotion to Neshdanof, the whimsical, half generous, half calculating Pakline, who persistently hovers on the outskirts of the movement, and in the end sells "the good cause" for a cigar,—what a gallery of imitable portraits!

It has frequently been urged as a blemish in Tourguéneff's novels that they are too distinctly Russian, and that our interest in them must therefore ever remain an historical rather than a human one. It was on this account especially grateful to us to hear a man, once prominent in the antislavery movement, affirm that the reading of "Virgin Soil" had recalled that epoch most vividly to his memory, that in fact he could point to corresponding types among the early abolitionists. Every social movement, then, be it good or bad (and no social movement is wholly either), has its Neshdanofs, its Markelofs, its Solomines and its Paklines; and the book which gathers these into striking and convenient groups has, in spite of its distinctly national character, an abiding and universally human interest.

We have noticed a few inaccurate and infelicitous expressions in the present translation. The French *simplifier* which occurs in half a dozen passages of the French version hardly expresses the exact idea which the author intended to convey; and the English "simplify" is still more remote from the right meaning. One of the German translators adopts the extremely awkward verb *verallgemeinern*, while another very happily embodies the author's meaning in the simple word *verbauern*—to make a peasant of oneself, to become a rustic. It is difficult to invent an exactly fitting term in English; but even a paraphrase would have been preferable to "simplify," which is rather misleading. However, Mr. Perry's rendering, on the whole, is correct and conscientious.

Miss Martineau's Autobiography.*

IT is easy enough to discover the flaws and faults of the character which Miss Martineau has sketched for herself in her autobiography, and the reader is rather disposed to judge sharply one who is herself so very free in her strictures upon the character and the behavior of others. Miss Martineau certainly has a disposition to think people wicked who are in some way opposed to her. We might mention other short-comings which the book discloses. But the life of such a person as Miss Martineau is of itself proof of the unimportance of faults when seen in a mind which is at once sound, conscientious, and energetic. She was a person of a strong and of a fortunate cast of mind. Benevolent, dignified, with a moral sense and a self-respect so strong as to make it necessary that she do her

duty. She was fortunate in finding at hand a work which, while it satisfied the demand of so energetic and upright a person for labor, supplied just the boon which her nature required—the opportunity of utterance. The necessity for utterance, she tells us, was the sole reason with her for writing. A matter-of-fact lady who was her relation and the inmate of her family, and who had known her from childhood, asked Miss Martineau if she did not write for money. Miss Martineau said "No;" for fame? "No;" for usefulness (thinking now surely she had it)? "No." It was difficult for the author to make her understand that she wrote because it was a necessity of her nature to express her views as they matured. Yet Miss Martineau made no claims to being a writer of genius. She was one of that old English class whom "books, and work, and healthful play" make happy. She was one in character with that people among whom she appeared as a reformer. Born a dissenter and writing upon political economy in a country where a little French and the harpsichord were supposed to be accomplishments sufficient for women, she seemed to her countrymen as something quite unheard of, most eccentric, and revolutionary. But when a few years have passed away and the ridicule and the criticism have closed, she is discovered to be only another English person doing in an English way the new work of the English people.

It is true that most readers will be surprised to learn what a very important and indeed necessary person she was in England. One wonders how the country could have got on in case Miss Martineau had never existed. But it must be remembered on the other hand, that she was a very eminent author in fields of study for which hitherto women had been supposed to have no fitness. She was always being told that she was an extraordinary person; for it is certainly true that superior ladies who drink tea with each other are given to extremes of mutual laudation not practiced among men. Then Miss Martineau was deaf, and that deprivation would perhaps tend to limit the sufferer to the world of her own thoughts. But the defects which Miss Martineau's pages show were those of a strong, and in the main of a benevolent, character. She was candid and intrepid; her hand was ready promptly to follow her opinion; she tried to do her duty, and appears to have come sufficiently near to it.

There is a great deal of personal description in the book which seems to show a want both of good judgment and of good temper. How does Mr. Horne, who is still living, like to read of the impression which the arrangement of his hair produced upon Miss Martineau's mind? That Miss Martineau should take pains to tell us that Campbell was always drunk when she saw him appears to us an abuse of the power of the pen. A sounder judgment would perhaps have induced Miss Martineau to suppress her not very mature or profound views upon the poetry of Wordsworth. But, on the other hand, the book contains many evidences of her strong intelligence and benevolent disposition. In the account of her first meeting with Charlotte Brontë,

there is charming feminine tenderness. One evening in the autumn of 1849 Miss Martineau received a note which she and her friends examined very intently. It was from Currer Bell, inclosing a copy of "Shirley." About a month later there came another note asking to be permitted to call on the following day. Miss Martineau was at the time staying with some friends in London, and they desired her to ask the favor of Currer Bell's company for tea at six the next evening. Who Currer Bell was nobody knew. It was not even known whether the author of "Jane Eyre" was a man or a woman. As the hour grew nigh, it may be understood that the company became conscious of a certain curiosity and excitement. A little before six there was a thundering rap, and in stalked a gentleman six feet high, who proved, however, to be a philanthropist, come upon some errand concerning lodging-houses. He sat and talked until they wished him gone, and he did go before Miss Brontë came. Precisely as the clock struck six, a carriage stopped at the door, and after a minute the footman announced "Miss Brodgen." Miss Martineau's cousin informed her then that it was Miss Brontë, for they had heard the name before among other guesses. Miss Martineau says that she thought her the smallest creature she had ever seen except at a fair, and that "her eyes blazed." She glanced quickly about, and, knowing Miss Martineau by her trumpet, held out her hand. Miss Martineau says: "When she was seated by me on a sofa, she cast up at me such a look,—so loving, so appealing,—that in connection with her deep mourning dress, and the knowledge that she was the sole survivor of her family, I could with the utmost difficulty return her smile or keep my composure. I should have been heartily glad to cry."

Miss Martineau's autobiography is carried down only to the age of fifty-three. She undertook the work some twenty years ago, having at that time been informed by her physicians that she could not hope to live much longer. The biography is continued by the friend of whom she speaks again and again with such charming enthusiasm, Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman. If Mrs. Chapman is here and there somewhat sentimental and extravagant, her regard and reverence for this distinguished woman are most sincere, and her share of the work seems to be done very well and carefully.

Mayer and Barnard's "Light."^{*}

IN American Science no name stands higher than that of Professor A. M. Mayer. In physics and particularly in the domain of experimental physics, he is considered among the best authorities, not only here but also abroad; in fact he has been called by Tyndall the "American Helmholtz." His name is therefore a guarantee of the scientific accuracy of the series of works on experimental science, of which this little book is the first. After a careful examination we are fully convinced of the truth of

* Light: A series of simple, entertaining, and inexpensive experiments in the phenomena of light, for the use of students of every age. By Alfred M. Mayer and Charles Barnard. N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co.

the remark in the preface that "this book will occupy a place hitherto unfilled in scientific literature." The experiments include demonstrations on the measurement of the intensity of light, on reflection, refraction, the decomposition of light, and colors. The volume, it seems to us, is particularly valuable, not only in what it directly teaches, but in what it will suggest to the youthful inquiring mind. In these days when experimental and object teaching have taken so largely the place of the didactic, this little work must fill an important place.

Mr. Barnard, who has acted in the capacity of interpreter between the man of science and the student, has done his work well. His explanations of the processes and the apparatus are so lucid that no child of ordinary intelligence can fail to comprehend them. If the succeeding volumes are as good as this there can be no question of the success of the series.

New English Books.

LONDON, Sept. 4.

UNBROKEN dullness marks the current month in the publishing world, and will continue to do so until the advent of November recalls the wandering Englishmen to their homes, their firesides, and their books. The facilities for travel—increasing as they do, year by year—account in some measure for the period of "total abstinence" from publishing, now fast becoming an ordinary custom of the trade, during the three autumn months. Even the stirring events now occurring daily in the east of Europe are as yet unchronicled in books, and are left to the war correspondents of the newspapers, who indeed show an amount of literary skill and culture, combined with the essential qualities of endurance and daring enterprise, that would gain distinction in any walk of life. The battle scenes of Mr. Archibald Forbes of the "Daily News," written in hot haste during the fight and telegraphed home from the very field, will compare favorably with the most graphic word-painting of similar scenes by Napier, Thiers or Macaulay. While reading of this exciting kind is so plentifully supplied, it is perhaps not singular that books in the calmer fields of literature should be temporarily overlooked. A few late issues of the press may be mentioned incidentally: "Two Years of the Eastern Question," by A. Gallenga (2 volumes 8vo), is the work of an accomplished Italian gentleman, well known as a writer for the English press, and gives an account of the preliminary state of affairs growing out of the Herzegovinian insurrection and culminating with Russia's declaration of war,—as it fell under his observation during a residence at Constantinople in 1875 and 1876. "A Ride through Islam: A Journey through Persia and Afghanistan, via Meshed, Herat and Kandahar," by H. C. Marsh, 8vo, is another work whose appearance now is probably due to the newly born curiosity and desire for information felt as regards the real state of the Mohammedan nations since the unexpected display of vigor by the Ottoman Turks. The com-

ing winter will certainly bring forth a large supply of similar books; among those that are looked for, the one previously mentioned, by Captain Burnaby, bids fair to be in the greatest demand, judging from the orders in advance, from the large circulating libraries.

The abundant and passionate rhetoric of Mr. Algernon Swinburne has found a fitting subject for its exercise in Mr. Wemyss Reid's interesting and successful "Memoir of the Author of 'Jane Eyre.'" In his "Note on Charlotte Brontë,"—agreeing with all the praise that she has received,—Mr. Swinburne thinks that not enough has been said, and that the sisters, Emily and Charlotte Brontë, "make up with Mrs. Browning the perfect trinity for England of highest female fame." The discussion of the peculiarities of the two first of these writers leads to the old question of the distinction between genius and talent, and a vigorous and subtle analysis of George Eliot's works is entered into for the purpose of proving that—in comparison with the two sisters—she must be credited with the possession of the latter faculty only. Everything written by such a master of language as Mr. Swinburne must be read with pleasure if not with entire agreement in his theories, and in this work his strength is put forth, especially in praise of the comparatively overlooked author of "Wuthering Heights"—Emily Brontë, of whose "chainless soul" he is a violent and rapturous admirer. Of literature proper there is little else to record at the moment, though in a short time a volume of great interest to all admirers of Thomas Moore, whether as a man or a poet, will make its appearance. It will be a gathering from his unpublished papers, MSS. and correspondence, curiously preserved through many accidents and vicissitudes, combined with a selection of fugitive and scattered writings of his hitherto uncollected, and will form a necessary supplement to all previous editions of his works. A remarkable instance of the responsibilities attached to the use of paper and print is given by the venerated John Henry Newman. Change of religious profession seems to have been far from alienating the affections of his former admirers, when he was an Anglican clergyman. Though the reprints of his writings now extend to nearly thirty volumes, there is a demand for more, and he has been obliged, unwillingly, to re-issue the most powerful of his works directed against what is now his own creed,—Romanism,—under the title of "The Via Media of the Anglican Church, illustrated in Lectures, Letters, and Tracts, written between 1830 and 1841." In his own words, gladly would he obliterate them, and he reproduces them, "not without pain," but *Littera scripta manet*—there the writings are; he might suppress them for a time, but sooner or later his power over them will cease; the public still call for them, so the best way of dealing with the question seemed to be to republish the matter in the author's life-time, accompanied by a refutation, where the difficulties enlarged upon are carefully and satisfactorily answered. The first volume of the "Via Media," now published, may be considered

as a true "curiosity of literature," as it commences with a preface of a hundred pages in opposition to the arguments of the work, supported by a running fire of notes on almost every page to the same effect. Every one who remembers the passage at arms between Kingsley and Newman, must acknowledge that the latter is a master of the weapons of controversy; the arguments therefore that satisfy him in 1877, of his own fallacies in 1837, must afford a study of high logical value.

The estimable little series "Epochs of History" is continued with great spirit. The hand of a master is visible in the last of the series, "The Beginnings of the Middle Ages," by Dr. R. W. Church. The author is the successor of Dr. Milman as dean of St. Paul's, and it is satisfactory to find in that position, one who shows power equal to the execution of a monument as enduring as the "History of Latin Christianity" by his predecessor. Even in view of Mr. Seebohm's "Protestant Revolution" and Mr. Stubbs's "Early Plantagenets," it may be considered the most valuable of the series, though in immediate elements of popularity it may be surpassed by Mr. Morris's spirited and graphic "Age of Queen Anne." The high character of the series bids fair to be sustained by the forthcoming volumes; amongst them is "Frederick the Great and the Seven Years War," by F. W. Longman, of BAliol College, Oxford, a son of the active head of the publishing house of that name, lately deceased.

If it is, as some philosophers assert, an advantage for a country to be without a history, that privilege has been enjoyed by the Bermudas, or Somers Islands, up to this year. The mention of the "still-vex'd Bermoothes" in the "Tempest," and some poetical records of his visit to them, by Thomas Moore, are probably all that ordinary, well-read people could remember respecting the group, if they were put to the test, even though it forms a portion of the western quarter of the globe. This long silence is broken at length by the appearance of a portly volume by the late governor, Sir I. H. Lefroy, honorary member New York Historical Society, etc.: "Discovery of the Bermudas, Memorials of the Discovery and Early Settlement of the Bermudas, or Somers Islands, compiled from the Colonial Records and other Original Sources. Volume I. 1515-1632," to form two volumes, with maps, etc. In imitation of the states of the Union, the legislature of Bermuda has found the funds necessary for the perpetuation of their scattered and tattered records, and being ably seconded by the late governor, a very curious picture of English and colonial life in a state of perfect seclusion from the usual incidents of outward pressure, etc., is given, and Bermuda takes henceforth her place in the page of written history.

Mr. Darwin, the extent of whose painstaking researches is only equaled by his conscientious minuteness in recording every step of their progress, has lately brought out "The Different Forms

of Flowers on Plants of the Species," in one volume, uniform with his other writings on different branches of the same subject. "Scepticism in Geology," by "Verifier," is an attempt to re-open the old argument of the causes of the present condition of the earth, by one who is dissatisfied with the now generally received explanation given by Sir Charles Lyell. The students of a fascinating family of the vegetable kingdom will enjoy a great treat in the examination of "The Fern World," by Francis George Heath, author of "The Fern Paradise," etc., 12mo—a beautifully illustrated volume, enriched with nature-printed plates of ferns (impressions of the originals, not copies), wood-cuts, photographs, etc. It has the advantage of being a book of science as well as the work of an enthusiastic lover of nature, and glows with the poetry of the subject, while it supplies all needful information respecting the classification, culture, etc., of the most elegant specimens of the fern tribe. "Notes on Fish and Fishing," by J. J. Manley; also elegantly illustrated with wood-cut engravings from nature, combines literature and bibliography with a due proportion of technical information, where the angler will find chapters on the "Natural History of Fish," "Fishing as a Sport," and as a "Fine Art," and all other needful advice and counsel.

The conclusions arrived at by scholars on early Oriental and Biblical antiquities continue to be given to the world in new volumes of that valuable series, "Records of the Past," volume 9th, and "Lectures upon the Assyrian Language and the Arrow-headed Inscriptions of Nineveh and Babylon," by Rev. A. H. Sayce; but the expectation of archaeologists all over the world is most eager for the publication of Dr. Schliemann's great work on the "Grecian Remains of Mycenæ and Tiryns." The volume is now in a forward state of preparation, but the arrangements for its simultaneous appearance in three languages (English, French and German), and at four cities (London, Paris, Berlin and New York) on the same day, while it attests the general interest felt in the subject, necessarily involves considerable expenditure of time. The volume will be most lavishly illustrated, and nothing can exceed the conscientious thoroughness of the writer, by whose record every step in his discoveries may be followed and verified by the photographic representations of the very objects themselves that met his astonished view in the progress of his researches. Unless some difficulties now unforeseen should arise, the volume will be in the hands of the public about December 1st.

The "New Library Edition" of Shelley's poetical works is just completed by the publication of the fourth volume. It is in all respects a credit to the English press. The editor, H. Buxton Forman, has made the book all that unwearied diligence and good taste could effect, and the result is the first satisfactory edition of this great poet.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Fire-proof Dwellings.

A PRIZE having been offered for the erection of a fire-proof dwelling-house of moderate cost, a model fire-proof house has been built in Chicago, and was recently filled with representative furniture and tested with fire. The furniture and a part of the window-framing was consumed, and a portion of the wall-plastering fell; but beyond this, the building was not seriously injured, either by fire or water, and, in the opinion of the committee of experts who conducted the tests, the builder was entitled to the prize. The dwellings erected on the same plan as this tested house are of the cheapest possible construction consistent with protection from fire, and some account of their mode of construction may be of value. The foundations are of stone, laid in concrete, and the walls are of brick, 35 centimeters (14 inches) thick at the lower story, and 25 centimeters (10 inches) thick at the second story, and with a hollow space of 5 centimeters, the floor-beams and rafters for the flat roof in each case resting on a projecting shelf. These beams and rafters, though of wood, are rendered fire-proof by bedding them in a concrete of 50 parts sifted cinders, 25 parts mortar, and 25 parts plaster-of-paris. Wired netting, nailed to the under side of the beams, serves for a support for the plastering. Above the plastering, the concrete is poured in between the beams 3.8 centimeters deep, and when it sets, it forms a hard fire-proof skin above the ceiling and inclosing the lower sides of the beams. Rough floor-boards are laid over the beams, and on these above each beam is nailed down a beveled strip of wood, 3.8 centimeters thick, and placed with the narrow edge uppermost. Between these strips concrete is poured in the form of a pasty mass till the floor is covered to the top of the strips. A stream of water from a hose is used to temper the concrete and smooth it down, and when it sets it gives a hard, white stone-like floor. Finishing floor-boards are then laid over the concrete and nailed down to the strips. The roof is also covered in the same way, except that the tin roofing is laid down over the concrete. The partitions are made either of hollow brick or of concrete laid up against iron wires. The plastering is spread over this and against the brick walls of the house. The stairs are of brick, laid in cement, and the flues in the chimneys are lined with clay pipes. Houses built on this plan, two stories high, entirely finished without and within, provided with gas and water pipes, bath-room, etc., and with garden in the rear, marble door-steps, and terra-cotta window-caps, have been erected for \$2,000. Smaller houses, containing kitchen, parlor, pantry, hall, cellar and three chambers, have been built for \$1,700, and one-story houses with five rooms can be erected for \$1,200. These houses more nearly represent cheap fire-proof houses than anything yet erected in this country, and are valuable as illustrating some of the more

recent applications of concrete in domestic construction. In this connection, the solid wood floors, already described in this department, would be cheaper and stronger than the beam-floors, and very nearly as fire-proof, even without concrete. Such floors cannot burn—except very slowly, because the air cannot reach them, and even, if burned for a long time, will not fall till almost completely destroyed. Iron rails (second-hand from the railroad) have also been used for fire-proof floors in this city. They are laid about 60 centimeters apart, and are fastened together by rods passing through them and secured to the walls at front and back of the building. A table is raised just under the rails, and this concrete (cinders,—or powdered coke,—mortar and plaster-of-paris) is poured in between the rails. When it sets, the tables below are removed, and the floor may be plastered below and boarded above. Though only 10 or 12 centimeters thick, it is sufficient to resist fire and sustain the load on the floor.

Nature-Printing in Graining.

COPIES from the natural grain of woods are now used in place of the generally inartistic patterns employed where graining is done by hand. Graining, as commonly done, is, in an artistic sense, vicious, because false, and by copying directly from nature, the work will at least have the merit of truthful design. A slab of wood of fine grain is selected, planed, sand-papered, and then rubbed with a stiff brush to clean the pores of the wood. A single coat of raw oil is then applied, and at once cleaned off with benzine. The graining-color, mixed with boiled oil to the consistency of cream, is then brushed over the wood, and at once scraped off with a piece of stiff leather. This leaves the pores of the wood filled with the color and the surface clean, after the manner of some kinds of engraving. A clean printer's roller is then passed over the wood for a distance equal to its circumference, or one revolution. The elastic roller thus takes up the color from the pores of the wood, and, on moving the wet roller over wood or paper, an exact copy or transfer of the natural grain is reproduced. This copy, if heavy, will give another to paper laid over it while it is still wet. The roller, when carefully cleaned, may be used again, and perhaps a number of times, till the color lodged in the pores of the wood is exhausted. For graining panels, skirtings for walls and wainscots transfer rollers of various forms may be used, as the character of the surface to be grained suggests.

Milk-Cooler.

IT is recognized by dairy-men that milk is improved in quality by reducing its natural temperature to about 40° Fahrenheit as soon as possible after it is obtained. The usual plan of sinking the milk-cans in springs or in ice-water has the defect of

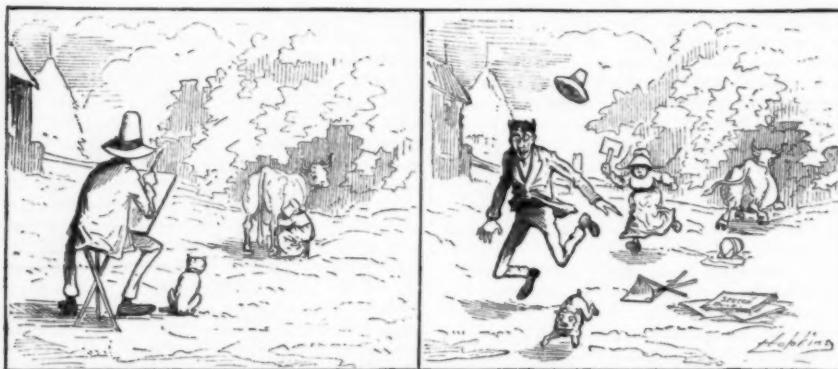
being a slow process, and milk-coolers have been devised that lower the temperature of milk quickly and cheaply. Among these is a cooler that is recommended as both cheap and efficient. It consists of two tin cans of any convenient size, and designed to fit one within the other. The larger can is circular, and contains a tin vessel shaped like an inverted cone. On the inside of this cone is a narrow ledge of metal wound in a spiral several times round the cone and ending at the bottom in a tube that passes out through the outer can. The smaller can is also cone-shaped, and is a few centimeters narrower and shorter. This vessel has a cover crowning in the center that fits tightly on top. In using the cooler, the large can is first filled with cold water, thus leaving the interior cone surrounded by the water. The second cone is then put in so that it fits close to the spiral ledge at every point and leaving a narrow space between the two cones. This inner cone is then filled with broken ice, sprinkled with salt, and is closed by the cover. A strainer for the milk is laid over the whole apparatus, and into this the fresh milk is poured. The strainer stops all impurities, and the clear milk drips through upon the cover of the cone, and then runs off on either side into the space between the two cones, and following the spiral ledge round the space, escapes

through the pipe below. By this device, the milk is made to run in a slender stream between the ice and water, and parting with its heat on the way. One passage of the milk through the cooler is said to be sufficient to reduce fresh milk to a desirable temperature.

A Suggestion to Miners.

THE abrupt change from bright sunlight to the intense darkness of a mine often causes a temporary blindness where the journey from the top to the bottom of the mine is made quickly. To allow the miners to recover their sight, it is the custom in some mines to have a well-lighted whitewashed room at the foot of the shaft where the miners can sit while recovering the use of their eyes. To obviate this delay, it is suggested that if one eye is closed for a moment or two before entering the pit and kept closed till the bottom of the shaft is reached, that on opening the eye the miner will be able to see distinctly the moment the lower darkness is reached. This custom is already carried out by miners in Mexico who come to the daylight and then return at once, keeping one eye closed during their brief excursion into the sunlight, and thus find no inconvenience in the change from dark to light or from light to dark.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



OUR ARTIST IN PURSUIT OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN PURSUIT OF OUR ARTIST.

Every Man his own Letter-writer.

MR. EDITOR: I find, in looking over the various "Complete Letter-writers," where so many persons of limited opportunities find models for their epistolary correspondence, that there are many contingencies incident to our social and domestic life which have not been provided for in any of these books. I therefore send you a few models of letters suitable to various occasions, which I think may be found useful. I have endeavored, as nearly as

possible, to preserve the style and diction in use in the ordinary "Letter-writers."

Yours, etc., F. R. S.

NO. I.

From a little girl living with an unmarried aunt, to her mother, the widow of a Unitarian clergyman, who is engaged as matron of an Institution for Deaf Mutes, in Wyoming Territory.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Aug. 23d, 1873.

REVERED PARENT: As the morning sun rose, this day, upon the sixth anniversary, both of my birth and of my introduction

to one who, though separated from me by vast and apparently limitless expanses of territory, is not only my maternal parent but my most trustworthy coadjutor in all points of duty, propriety and social responsibility, I take this opportunity of assuring you of the tender and sympathetic affection I feel for you, and of the earnest solicitude with which I ever regard you. I take pleasure in communicating the intelligence of my admirable physical condition, and hoping that you will continue to preserve the highest degree of health compatible with your age and arduous duties, I am,

Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,
MARIÀ STANLEY.

NO. 2.

From a young gentleman, who having injured the muscles of the back of his neck by striking them while swimming, on a pane of glass, shaken from the window of a fore-and-aft schooner, by a severe collision with a wagon loaded with stone, which had been upset in a creek, in reply to a cousin by marriage who invites him to invest his savings in a patent machine for the disintegration of mutton suet.

BELLEVILLE HOSPITAL, Center Co., O., Jan. 12, 1877.

MY RESPECTED COUSIN: The incoherency of your request with my condition (here state the condition) is so forcibly impressed upon my sentient faculties (enumerate and define the faculties) that I cannot refrain from endeavoring to avoid any hesitancy in making an effort to produce the same or a similar impression upon your perceptive capabilities. With kindest regards for the several members of your household (indicate the members), I am ever,

Your attached relative,
MARTIN JORDAN.

NO. 3.

From a superintendent of an iron-foundry, to a lady who refused his hand in her youth, and who has since married an inspector of customs in one of the southern states, requesting her, in case of her husband's decease, to give him permission to address her, with a view to a matrimonial alliance.

BRIER IRON MILLS, Secanqua, Ill., July 7, '77.

DEAR MADAM: Although I am fully aware of the robust condition of your respected husband's health, and of your tender affection for him and your little ones, I am impelled by a sense of the propriety of providing at time for the casualties and fortunes of the future, to ask of you permission, in case of your (at present unexpected) widowhood, to renew the addresses which were broken off by your marriage to your present estimable consort.

An early answer will oblige,
Yours respectfully,
JOHN PICKETT.

NO. 4.

From a cook-maid in the family of a dealer in silver-plated caskets, to the principal of a boarding-school, inclosing the miniature of her suitor.

1317 East 17th St., N. Y., July 30, '77.

VEVEREAD MADAM: The unintermittent interest you have perpetually indicated in the direction of my well-being stimulates me to announce my approaching conjugal association with a gentleman fully my peer in all that regards social position or mental aspiration, and, at the same time, to desire of you, in case of the abrupt dissolution of the connection between myself and my present employers, that you will permit me to perform, for a suitable remuneration, the lavatory processes necessary for the habiliments of your pupils.

Your respectful well-wisher,
SUSAN MAGUIRE.

NO. 5.

From a father to his son at school, in answer to a letter asking for an increase of pocket-money.

MY DEAR JOSEPH: Your letter asking for an augmentation of your pecuniary stipend has been received, together with a

communication from your preceptor, relative to your demeanor at the seminary. Permit me to say, that should I ever again peruse an epistle similar to either of these, you may confidently anticipate, on your return to my domicile, an excommunication of the cuticle which will adhere to your memory for a term of years.

Your affectionate father,
HENRY BAILEY.



THERE'S A SATISFACTION, AFTER ALL, IN BEING VERY YOUNG.

Nigger-Twiss'.

RIGHT hard work while it last,—dat's so:
Worruming backer all day long:—
Mizry gets in yer back, you know,
Speshly dem what aint so strong.
Dat's my fix;—but it seems ter me
Ise paid for it all when it comes ter dis:
My long-stem pipe, little Jake on my knee,
An' my pocket chock full o' nigger-twiss'.

Corn-cob? Yes, sir. It aint so fine
As dat 'hogany-colored one o' yours;
But I gits as much out o' dis o' mine
As de fines' one you ever did own.
De juice all dries in de cob, you see,—
Dat's de philos'phy o' pipes like dis;
An' a reed-root stem is de stem for me,
An' de sweetes' backer is nigger-twiss'.

Dem dar's cur'us things, sho nuf,—
Dem little splinters what lights jes so:
Hit dey heads whar de box is rough
A sort o' hard, an' away dey go!
I never liked 'em. It seemed ter me
De devil's in 'em some way. An' dis
Is jes as good an' as true, you see:
A red-hot, coal on de nigger-twiss'.

Wouldn' I like a cigar? you say.
No, sir, I thank you. Ise tried dem dar,—
Different, sir, as de night f'om day,
Fur apart as a cuss an' prar';
Hasn't no strength, it seems ter me;
Can't begin ter compar' wid dis:
Nothin' onder de sun can be
Sweet as a cob, an' some nigger-twiss'.

No—dat nuther! Well, I'll declar'!
 Dat is de beatenes' Ise seed yet!
 What is de name dat you call dat
 ar?
 Say it ag'in, please? Cigarette?
 Little Jake what sets on my knee
 Ud turn up his nose at a thing like
 dis,
 Ise gwine ter teach him ter do like
 me,
 An' suck de comfort f'om nigger-
 twis'.

Yes, dat's a fac'. 'Tis a lux'ry,
 sho,
 Backer is, whatever you say;—
 Seems like I never wants nothin'
 mo'
 'Cepin' ter set down here, dis way,—
 Take little Jake up on my knee,—
 Have me a corn-cob pipe like dis,
 Wid a stem as long as f'om you to
 me,
 An' a pocket chock full o' nigger-
 twis'.

A. C. GORDON.

Fruition.

THROUGH the long, dreamy, idle,
 summer tide,
 While yet for lovers she sometime
 must wait,
 She, with devices gay, her fortune
 tried,
 And strove to turn the magic leaves
 of Fate.

She severed one by one the petals soft
 From the great odorous roses blooming red,
 The while her restless fingers queried oft,
 Whether this year or next, she should be wed.

The fringes white she plucked from marguerite,
 Found in the dewy grass of meadow-lot;
 Exultant, if it gave assurance sweet,
 Dejected, if it said, "He loves you not!"

And with her rosy mouth in pucker small
 All in one breath, did oft essay to blow
 The feathery down from dandelion tall,
 To learn the secret maidens long to know.

She left at night her kerchief on the lawn
 That he thereon in dew might write his name,
 Which she would rise and read at earliest dawn,
 With beating heart and velvet cheeks a-flame

And glanced across her shoulder at the moon,
 When crescent-shaped she comes in palest gold,
 Imploring her to send the promised boon
 Of cavalier or faithful lover bold.

The four-leaved clover seemed to her a spell
 Which placed beneath her pillow soft at night,
 Her girlish dreams would wondrously fulfill,
 And with fruition crown her visions bright.

In short, I fear she did incline to stoop
 To childish deeds and follies not a few,
 Until one day, with nothing more to hope,
 She found her longings vague had all come true.

To try her fortune need there now was none.
 Unplucked, the daisy flourished in the dew;



JACK FROST AT WORK.

The red rose bloomed seductive in the sun
 And shattered, ere her touch its petals knew.

For while men vie together for her smiles,
 And lay their wealth and honors at her feet,
 While flattery's tongue her willing ear beguiles,
 She sighs to find her destiny complete.

And looking on the past through passion's glare,
 Through disenchantment and delusion vain,
 So calm it lies, unsullied, fresh and fair,
 She'd give her triumphs all to have it back again.

LUCY LEE PLEASANTS.

To One Who Had Called a Woman a Butterfly.

"Do ye not comprehend that we are worms,
 Born to bring forth the angelic butterfly
 That flieh unto judgment without screen?"

DANTE.

THOU, in thy scorn, hast given her a name
 Far better than was meant;
 It hints of highest glory, not of shame;
 She ought to be content!

Groveling in care, a creeping worm thou art,
 She bursts her chrysalis;
 The emblem of our being's deathless part,—
 What nobler name than this!

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

Rejected Conundrum.

IF a miller were to sell four bags of flour to an authoress, what would he be pretty sure to do?
 Answer—He would take her four sacks home.